# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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APRIL 11, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

## The Little General—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

# Two Tires in One!

## This is what the "Nobby Tread" Tire practically is—
## Two wear-resisting Tires in One

The big, thick, tough rubber "Nobs" that prevent skidding, are made on a big, thick, extra strong additional strip.

Then this heavy strip is welded by hand and vulcanized on to an extra heavy, extra strong tire.

You have got to wear out the big, thick, tough "Nobs" of rubber before you even start to wear out the extra strong tire underneath.

Then comes the great big difference in the quantity and the quality of the rubber and of the fabric that is used in "Nobby Treads."

An unusually large amount of rubber and fabric is used in "Nobby Treads," and

—only the very toughest and the best rubber, and
—only the strongest, especially selected fabric.

Then don't forget this fact,

—rubber quality can differ and fabric quality can differ just as much as the quality of leather can differ.

**These are the reasons for the history making mileage records of "Nobby Tread" anti-skid Tires during the past four years, and based upon these mileage records we recently announced that**

# "Nobby Tread" Tires

**are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of**

# 5,000 Miles

**The unusual wear-resisting quality**
**—the quantity of rubber**
**—the quantity of fabric**
**—the method of construction**
**all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" anti-skid tires,**
**—and maintained regardless of cost,**
**—and maintained regardless of price competition.**

**"Nobby Tread" Tires are REAL anti-skid tires, and mile for mile, dollar for dollar, they are by far the most economical kind of tires.**

# United States Tire Company

**NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.**

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE. Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer. *Note This:* Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

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## Hart Schaffner & Marx

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Chicago New York

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# THE LITTLE GENERAL

## By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

GRADUALLY the stragglers had dropped back, until now only two were left—a woman and a girl. They stood on a rise, before them a moor, parched and crackling, with eddies of fine dust.

The broad plain was saucer-shaped, lipped by the rise. Under the midday sun it cracked, and beetles crawled over it, seeking shade and moisture.

The lip rose at the far side into two hills—round bare breasts that had gone dry like the rest of the world. The trampled path led between them and the dust cloud hung there like a curtain. Through this curtain filed the children, twenty thousand of them, with gray banners and gilt crosses, but with feet that already dragged with weariness and eyes strained ahead for the city of the Sepulcher. As they shuffled on, the dust cloud grew denser. The gray-green of the hills turned brown; over the moor lay a gush that still quivered. When the last straggler had disappeared the girl drew a long breath.

"They have gone," she said dully, and put a hand on her mother's arm.

The woman shook off the hand almost fiercely. Her eyes rested, not on the dust cloud, but south, over the hills toward the far-away Mediterranean.

"For the cause of God and without price," she muttered, and crossed herself.

The girl turned and looked back. The village was not in sight. Along the path went groups of drooping figures, heavy-headed, sodden in grief—returning to childless homes, to quiet streets, to the long waiting. The exaltation of sacrifice was over. Through their lives had swept a sudden fever, and left them desolate.

"Come," said the woman, steady-voiced, and turned. "Come, child, the Holy Mother will care for them. They will neither hunger nor thirst. The path is smooth for the pilgrim's feet."

But the girl had less courage. She was hardly more than a child herself, still with a child's terror of the unknown.

"He is so small!" she said with trembling lips. "So small and so frail! Who is to cover him against the wind at night? The others are larger—they may take his bread. And what about his milk? Are there cows in the land of the infidel?"

"The Holy Mother will feed him."

The girl eyed her wistfully. Why was her own faith so faint? Surely the Holy Mother would indeed care for those who sought to rescue the Sepulcher of her Son from the unbeliever! A mother was a mother. And also had she not herself seen, in the church that morning, the holy image smile and bow in evident approval.

Still she hesitated to turn back. It was like abandoning the child, the little brother she had tended for all of his few years, who was now manfully trudging beyond that dust cloud, the smallest, she thought, in all that army. His little pilgrim sandals, how tiny they had been, not the length of a hand! And his gray coat with its scarlet cross! He had liked the cross—it was bright and glowing.

She had put him into the coat with slow tears.

"But do you know where you are going, little brother?" she had asked.

"Of course, great silly! We go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord."

"And when you reach it? The infidel is there with sword and battle-ax." She quivered with terror, but the child was undaunted.

"We bear the cross," he said. "When they see the cross they will kneel to it. And while they kneel we will kill them."

"Brave words!" she had cried and caught him to her. "Brave words, little brother!"

The dust cloud was settling again. All was as it had been, save for the trampled path across the moor. The beetles scuttled about, seeking moisture.

Suddenly it seemed to the girl that she could not bear the parting. She faced her mother, agonized.

"But a little farther!" she cried. "Let me go a little farther. Let me but see that he can keep up and is not left behind! Let me watch his feet until they harden!"

Fanaticism blazed in the woman's eyes. She caught the girl's wrist as in a vise.

"You!" she sneered. "Girls there are that followed—strumpets who retard the holy work. But boys only are called. The pope has said so. Go back to your goats and pray for faith."

Over the lip of the moor they turned, joining the procession that dragged its broken length back to the village. Geese cackled by the path, stupidly bewildered at finding themselves untended. Goats wandered at will; the dust cloud had swallowed up the small goatherds. The fever had left behind it chaos, delirium.

The girl followed her mother, but with many pauses to look back. It was not for women, this task of driving the infidel from Jerusalem and the Sepulcher; but if only one might help in woman's way, a cup of water to the thirsty, the protection of the small against the great!

She was a tall, slim girl, narrow-hipped, low-bosomed, broad-shouldered, with golden-brown hair in two heavy plaits. Her eyes were wide, fearless, fringed with black under narrow black brows. It was the day of the *droit de seigneur*. The girl had blood. It was said that the warrior overlord had begot her of this heavy-footed bigot who moved ahead, and surely, if it were true, he had put his mark on her. She had beauty in an almost radiant degree—beauty, fire, race, and with them all simplicity. Only one passion she had—the small brother, son of the woman by her husband, but retaining in curious fashion some of the attributes of the girl's father.

The path, now trampled broad, led back toward the river again; a stone bridge and beyond that the town. At the bridge the girl stopped for the last time and looked back with trembling lips. The dust cloud had settled. There was nothing in sight but the twin dry breasts of the hills, and over all the brass face of the July sun.

*"But a Little Farther! Let Me Go a Little Farther"*

The village lay in a plain, a stream, tributary of the near-by Rhine, on one side, with its bridge of stones gathered from the fields. With all the countryside to spread over, the town was compacted within its gates of narrow twisting streets; of overhung houses; of lower floors, fortress-like, with doors of heavy oak and huge bolts of hand-worked iron. For sole breathing space a market square in the center, with wooden shoes on sale, fruit, crockery. But the marketplace was empty, benches were bare. No vegetables withered in the sun. The streets, accustomed to the voices of children at play, now echoed only to the heavy clack of wooden shoes. People knelt in the silent church, and crossing themselves withdrew to their houses to pray again.

The woman went into the church, but the girl

passed on. There were plenty to pray, if prayer availed. But would prayer fill the small wallet with bread? True, the children of Israel had been fed; but they had been led by Moses, while these little ones were led by one of themselves, a child of ten! A sort of desperation possessed her, a madness of inaction.

As she went through the marketplace she passed a blind fruitseller, sitting unblinking in the glare. Lightly as she stepped, he knew her and called to her.

"Have they gone on?"

"They have gone, Father Nicholas!"

"Madness!" The fruitseller plucked at his beard.

"You—do you think they will come back?"

"I came back, child, but as you see! I, who with sword and battle-ax had no equal in all the country round! Aye, they will come back—perhaps."

"Is it very far?"

"A weary way. As they passed through the square their feet dragged. I gave them all my fruit, but it was little among so many."

The girl stood, wistful, her eyes turning ever south. "How do they go, father? By the sea?"

"Over mountains and then by the sea."

Having lived always on the plain, mountains meant little to her. The sea she knew not.

"They say that the Blessed One will turn the sea back, so that the children will walk dry-shod to Jerusalem. Do you think He will?"

"There have been many who wore the cross, and none have yet gone through the sea dry-shod." His quick ears caught her sharply indrawn breath; he modified his statement. "But all things are possible for the pure in heart. It may be that He will turn back the sea."

By grant of that baron who was the father of the girl the woman's husband had tended the town gates. But the husband had tottered home from the fatal excursion of Henry VI to the Holy Land, had lived long enough to become the father of a male child, and had passed on to the New Jerusalem, where the infidel ceased to trouble, and no Sepulcher, but a living Christ, awaited him. So the woman tended the gates and morning and evening crossed herself before her husband's dented shield and heavy sword.

The girl kept the gate that afternoon. Toward sunset came flocks of bewildered goats, untended, and sought admission; long lines of geese and thirsty cows lowing softly. She let them in to pursue their uncertain homeward way. The people still stayed in the church, watching the Virgin for another sign. But whereas in the morning she had seemed to bow and smile, now she stood gray and rigid, and the Holy Child lay weary with closed eyes.

At dusk the woman came and they ate their supper of goat's milk and bread together in silence. Some of the light had died in the woman's eyes. The Virgin had not

"He Was My Good Friend and You Killed Him"

smiled, and night was coming with the boy far away. The light of the open fire flickered over the girl's gold hair, over the child's bowl, empty on the shelf, over the sword and dented shield.

Mother and daughter had little in common save the boy. They sat on stools with a rushlight between them on the table. The silence of the town made their ears ache. The girl was quick to discover the mother's weakness. She bent over and put a strong young hand over the woman's.

"He is so afraid of the dark, mother!"

"It is starlight."

"Think you he has supped tonight?"

"I gave him food."

"Ah, but there were others who had come a long way and were hungry. What chance has he?" She rose. "Mother, I am going with him. He will die without me."

The woman was not tender, but suddenly all her fiercely restrained maternity leaped up.

"Am I then to lose everything? I have given one child—is it not enough?"

"I am strong. I ——"

The woman whirled on her.

"Aye, strong enough," she cried. "But you, with your eyes, your hair, your princess body—you that men turn in the streets to watch, what will happen to you? God does his work sometimes with crooked instruments. Saw you not today, fringing the procession, abandoned women, thieves, sharpers, all the vilest of the kingdom?"

The girl remembered the blind fruitseller and quoted him.

"For the pure all things are possible."

Her red lips, usually so tender, were mutinous.

At the time for the closing of the gates came a palmer, long of robe and broad of hat, carrying his palmer's staff. Sewed to the front of his gown in the shape of a cross, but now dusty and worn, was the sacred palm, emblem of his successful pilgrimage. But his face was set, not from the Holy Land, but toward it again. Although he used a staff it was with vigor. It rang out with a militant snap as he marked his way over the street stones—an elderly man with deep-set eyes that, like those of the children, looked ahead.

He passed on into the town, taking his way toward the blind fruitseller's. Though all the town harbored pilgrims, it was to the fruitseller that the majority made their way, sure of a shelter and a welcome.

Toward dawn the woman ceased tossing. The girl listened with haggard anxiety. It was sleep at last.

She made her few preparations hurriedly—a cloak, bread, fruit and a bit of cheese, and after a moment's hesitation one of the coverings from her bed. Summer nights were occasionally chill, and the boy was liable to a huskiness that sometimes became a choking.

The dawn came early over the plain, a brassy glow in the east, silhouetting a row of poplars that, like everything else, seemed to march toward the south. It threw long pale shadows across the marketplace, over bare booths and closed houses. In the center of the square lay a white banner with a red cross, dropped by some weary, childish hand.

The fruitseller's hut was closed and quiet. The girl waited with such patience as she could. Time was passing. Even the cuckoos, laziest of birds, were about and a cow lowed near by.

It was five o'clock when the palmer emerged quietly from the hut and rapped across the square. The girl followed him timidly; finally accosted him.

"Father!"

He wheeled.

"You follow the—children?"

"Yes."

"I too—I wish—my brother has gone. He is very small. I ——"

The palmer paused. The sun shone full on the girl, on her gold hair and black-fringed eyes, on her lithe figure. There was no fault in her.

"It is a long and weary way, child."

"That is why I must go. He—he has never been away from me."

The palmer would have said many things, thought deep, looked at the girl's troubled eyes and determined mouth, and said only:

"Come, if you will. I, who have nothing, can share nothing."

But the girl was content. She told him of the bread and cheese and of the fruit. She walked along beside him, stepping easily and freely, keeping time to the tapping of his staff, and talked of the yesterday: of the twenty thousand children from Köln, led by young Nicolas, who had swept through the village like the river at flood and had carried away all the boys—their purpose to do what four Crusades had failed to achieve, to rescue the Sepulcher.

"Do you think they will succeed?" she inquired anxiously. "Perhaps where the sword has failed, the prayers of little children ——"

"'I came not to bring peace, but a sword,'" said the palmer into his beard.

II

THE town had been lax that night of loss. The river gates were not bolted. The gatekeeper had lost three sons, all under twelve, and lay drunk to forgetfulness. The two passed out unquestioned. No need to seek the way; the unhealed scar lay before them.

Their Purpose to Do What Four Crusades Had Failed to Achieve

Through the long bright morning they walked, saying little. Now and then the girl looked back, but there was no pursuit. At noon they stopped in a shady place and she offered the palmer food. He took but a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were among low hills now, heavily wooded, so that the springs were not yet dead of the drought. Trampled about they were indeed; mud holes only, some of them, full of the tracks of small feet, basins feebly refilling after yesterday's thirsty onslaught. The girl's eyes read tragedy. She was for hastening on without pause. But the palmer was skilled in the ways of the road and the sun was white-hot. He rested for an hour or more, and then moved on without haste.

They were gaining on the children. In mid-afternoon they entered the village where the child-army had spent the night, sleeping in houses, in the streets, inside the gates, wherever a weary small body might lie. The holy palm brought them the small courtesies of the village—ale, bread, a cup of milk for the girl. And here they met the student.

He was sprawled out in front of a wretched inn, a mug of ale beside him, his long legs obstructing the narrow way. The palmer, who led, stopped at this barrier and plucked at his beard without words. The student hummed a song and looked ahead, whereon the palmer raised his peaceable staff and brought it down with vigor across the obstructing shins. From his slouching attitude the student leaped to his full height.

"Death of God!" he cried, and looked into the palmer's eyes, which were fringed with red lashes. Also his beard was red. Moreover, over his shoulder peered a face of most astounding loveliness. The student's heart stung suddenly as did his shins. With a mocking smile he doffed his cap and bowed deep.

"Pardon!" he said. "If I unthinking have blocked the way it was because of my thoughts, which are confusing—a problem in astronomy, which suggested itself last night as I lay in the fields, the town being full of children."

The palmer inclined his head and passed, but the girl delayed timidly.

"You saw the children then?"

The student's bold eyes missed no detail of her white throat, of her oval face, of the delicate line of her eyebrows. He looked and moistened his lips.

"Children!" he cried. "I have seen nothing else, mistress; children that go like a pest of locusts, devouring everything in their path. Beds! The children sleep in them! Food! The children hunger and must be fed!"

The palmer, not without a glance over his shoulder, had gone on out of sight. They could still hear the tap of his staff.

"Saw you then a very little one—a boy with hair like mine? One of the smallest? He carried a banner."

"Nay, mistress." His bold eyes traveled over her, noting her slender ankles and slim hands. "Among so many, covered with dust as they were, even such hair as yours, mistress ——"

Her color rose under his audacious gaze. Her troubled eyes turned in the direction the palmer had taken.

"Think you they are far ahead?"

"They move but slowly. With brisk going by sundown one could reach them."

Still he interposed his tall bulk in her path. Still he leered down at her, the mug of ale in his hand. But the tapping of the palmer's staff was growing louder again. He came in sight and stopped. As the student wheeled, brown eyes clashed with blazing red-fringed ones. Then with a sweeping bow the student stepped aside.

"Perchance, good sir," said the student derisively, "we may meet again. I, too, crave a sight of the Tomb."

The palmer muttered in his beard, and with the girl beside him moved on. Mug in hand, the student stood in the narrow street and listened until the tap-tapping of the staff faded into the mid-afternoon stir of the hamlet. His mocking eyes were not pleasant to see.

In his haste to leave behind the student and what he had read in his face the palmer pressed on. They did not stop for bread or meat; the girl felt a danger she had not comprehended and made no protest. Besides, were they not minute by minute nearing the army of the Little General of the Holy Ghost? Traces there were in plenty—dropped banners, flying clouds of dust, startled country folk slowly returning to their fields, springs swept dry. Soon they came on the stragglers, children in twos and threes struggling on, footsore, so weary that they zigzagged from side to side of the road and made slow going. In each hamlet these stragglers paused and asked their question.

"Is this Jerusalem?" they cried to the houses. But the townspeople, swept bare by the flood that had passed, could only shake their heads.

"Not yet, children."

So they wandered on, the stragglers making little plaintive spurts to regain the army, only to lose ground again.

*"All These Years I Have Held You in My Heart"*

But always, unfaltering, their childish eyes were fixed ahead. Those who had breath to sing, sang:

*"Fairest Lord Jesus,*
*Ruler of all Nature,*
*Thou of Mary and of God the Son!*
*Thee will I cherish,*
*Thee will I honor,*
*Thee my soul's glory, joy and crown."*

Back through the dust cloud came the song. The girl's heart ached, so indomitable was the spirit behind their weary voices. But the little brother was not among them. Something of pride mingled with her pain. He was keeping up, then, for all he was so small!

The palmer was a man of few words. Once or twice he asked the girl if she wished to rest, and on a negative reply had kept on his even way without noticing her. But the girl was conscious of comfort in his presence; the holy palm, too, visible symbol of the thing for which they were striving, gave her fresh courage. Once she spoke timidly:

"I have a very little money and we have eaten the bread. We must stop in the next town and buy food."

"Bread will be given for the asking. Keep your money," he replied gruffly. But a little later, as they paused at the top of a rise: "Give me the money," he said. "You will have danger enough without that."

Stragglers were plenty now. The roadside was lined with them. Some sat forlornly with blistered feet; others slept on dusty banks, heedless of the sun. Here and there one wept for thirst or homesickness. The girl was torn with pity. They made slower progress. There were eyes to dry, little motherings that must be done, and above all there was the boy to be sought. The palmer bent over his staff and waited.

Sunset found the rear of the procession a scant mile ahead—a grayish, dust-colored column that defiled slowly along the winding roads, banners whipping in the evening breeze, gilt crosses glittering in the low rays of a red sun.

There was no lack of food or need of purchase. The countryside, now aroused, was flocking to the line of march with the choicest edibles of that fertile land. The palmer and the girl could have supped a dozen times over. The girl ate heartily. An hour or so and she would be with the child, and she had eaten little all day. As at noon, the palmer ate a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were now among the hangers-on of the army. Groups of women with hard faces and evil eyes walked with swaying hips, or arm in arm with male adventurers who surveyed the countryside with the keenness of those who live by their wits. To the simple country folk, with their offerings of food, they threw coarse words. And always, just ahead, were the gilt crosses glittering in the sunset.

The student came up with them ere they had finished their simple meal. He swung along swiftly on his long legs, scanning each weary group as he passed it and whistling. When he saw the girl he paused before her and bowed. The palmer he ignored.

"Slow going, mistress!" he jeered. "Think you to baptize the infidel by such loitering?"

"If the journey is to be long one must eat and drink," said the girl simply.

Once again the eyes of the two men clashed for an instant. Then the palmer rose.

"Come, girl," he said. And to the student sternly:

"We are peaceful folk and would travel slowly. Our pace is not yours."

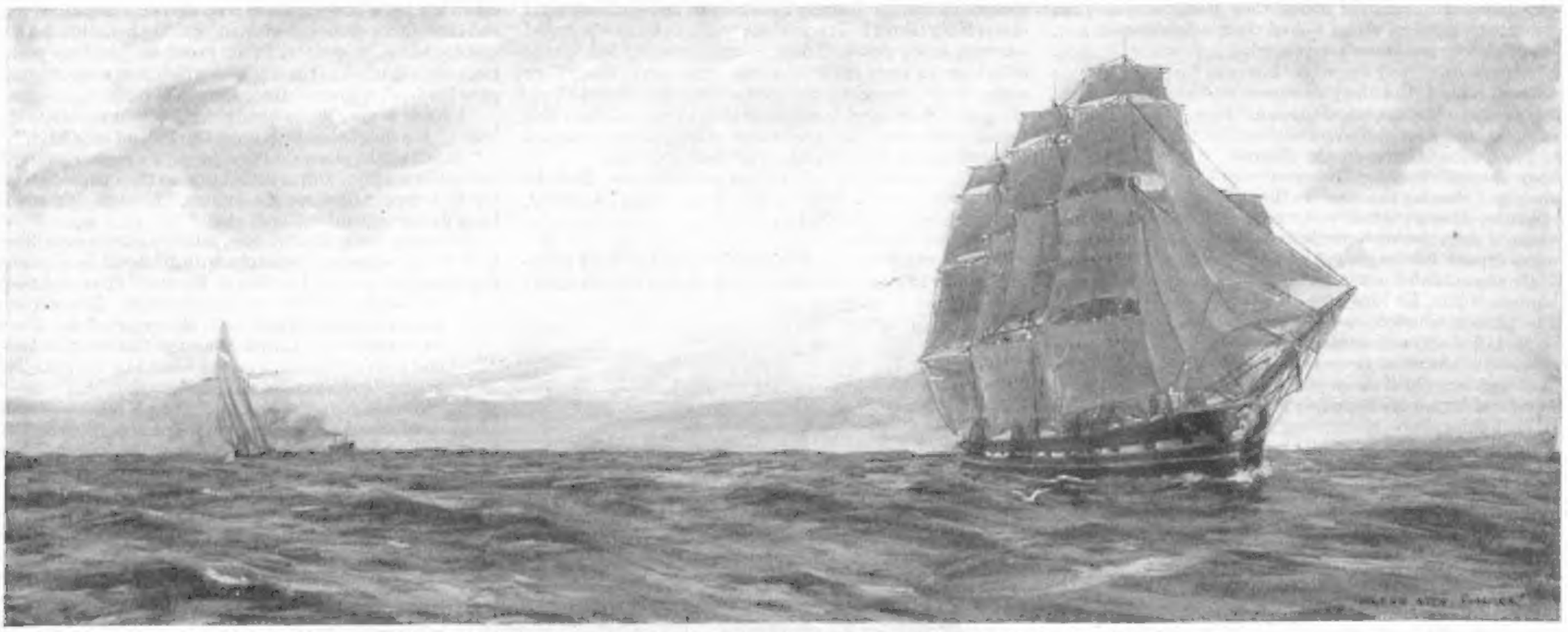
"Why," the student returned easily, "then my pace shall be yours." And fell into step beside them.

Now during all that day the palmer had watched the girl, saying little. He was past his youth and had foresworn the love of women; had foresworn passion and battle at the Sepulcher itself, in that dark valley of tombs, fringed by the gray desert, where the infidel jeered at his kneeling, dusty figure. So the eyes he turned on the girl were passionless, but tender, so brave a thing she was and so lovely. And now, from under his pilgrim's hat, he saw

(Continued on Page 46)

*Small Throats Rose to the Song of the Crusade*

# HOW I BECAME A PILOT



*I Think She Was About as Old a Craft as I Ever Saw, Apart From the Whaler Mary Snyder*

## By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHEN my father and mother discussed my future across the sitting-room table at evening they were sure that I showed great aptitude for the profession of teaching. Mother hinted that she hoped sometime to see me the president of, say, Princeton. As the event has proved, the sea was to be my sphere of activity and "pilot" my title. And mother is just as proud of me as if I were President Jordan instead of Pilot Jordan.

Because the sea offers a special, professional career, with good rewards and great responsibilities, I have thought that I should like to relate my own experiences. They may turn the thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith away from the already overcrowded and too-often petty professions to one that John Smith, Jr.—aged twelve—dreams of o' nights. It is frequently asserted that we have no American merchant marine. They tell us that in case of war we should be unable to man our battleships. It is claimed that the genuine seaman is extinct. The boys know differently. Six hundred thousand of them go to sea every day with W. Clark Russell or Captain Marryat or Robert Louis Stevenson. Little Tommy Little in Ottumwa knows how to handle a brig; knows the clew-garnet block from the main royal halliard. Billy Jones, of Salem, Oregon, can tell you instantly the difference between bracing a ship up on the starboard tack and letting her run free under tops'ls with two men at the wheel. As Captain Nelson, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Korea remarked to me one day, every boy between the ages of ten and sixteen is a sailor even if he lives at Blue Lakes, Idaho, and never saw a vessel of any kind in his life.

### On Board the Halys

THAT'S true, for I was raised in a small college town in Iowa, and the only water that floated anything was a small creek. But before I was eleven I could sail a ship. I dreamed ships, as did my pals, and when I managed to find an old sailor who had a much-mussed chart of the Pacific Ocean I knew perfectly well that I should never be anything but a sailor.

When I was twelve my father moved from the Iowa town to Seattle, then a struggling village surrounded by sawmills, brickyards and half-cleared land. It was still in father's and mother's minds that I was to be a professor. I was to go to Princeton and study four years, and then be appointed an instructor at eight hundred dollars a year. But there was a missionary ship called the Halys that carried a preacher up and down Puget Sound at the expense of an organization of churches, and my father knew the preacher, who was also master and pilot of her. One trip was enough. I turned my back on school and began to study the sea, which is really and truly a subject as engrossing and as hard to master as either law or medicine. You can become a doctor in four years; you can't get a master's ticket or a pilot's branch in less than eight.

It was one morning when the Halys—it is from the Greek word for fisherman, and referred to what the captain always unctuously called souls—lay off Everett that I was suddenly hailed by a sailor on a steamship called the Premier.

"Ahoy there! Take this line!"

Now I had been waiting since I could read to be ahoyed. I took that heavy line as it flirted out from the great side of the steamer and I made it fast in creditable time.

"Smart work, son!" yelled the man to me. "You're a sailor all right!"

That was *my* start. I went to the mate of the Halys, Tom Brown, and he agreed with me that I might do.

"Ye got plenty to learn, kid," he told me. "But when ye've had a couple of deep-water vy'ges ye'll get along like a house afire."

I am glad to say that both my parents realized that I would make a better seaman than I would an instructor in languages. I think it was a romantic strain in my mother's character that led her to understand me. I know that she persuaded father to arrange for my going as an apprentice.

"I understand that all sailors are called 'common,'" he remarked bitterly. "Our boy ought to be something better."

"He will be a pilot some day," said she. "What is it that pilots go up and down on?"

"Jacob's ladders," I replied promptly.

"You must be careful and not fall off," said she.

*Thus I Boarded My First Ship, Clinging to the Swaying, Swinging Ladder in the Darkness*

That went right to the heart of the matter. She spanned all the years of my apprenticeship and simply gave me instructions as to my conduct when I was a full-fledged pilot, boarding the liner at midnight in a gale.

Father's professional position gave him direct acquaintance with many men who were in the shipping business. He consulted them and they all said that I ought to get my first training on a Scottish ship. There was one lying at the time at Tacoma, called the Garnet Hill. She carried six apprentices in the halfdeck and there was one missing, lost during the voyage from Shanghai off the foreroyal yard. Through the agents my father made arrangements with Captain Robinson to sign me on and paid him the fee of one hundred dollars. This money was to cover the cost of my tuition and clothes and give me two shillings a month pocket-money for a year. It was agreed that if, at the end of the year, I proved my fitness to become a real seaman, I should be entitled to spend two more years on the ship as apprentice and that my fourth I should act as third mate.

### Acting Second Mate at Sixteen

I SPENT just three years and a half on the Garnet Hill and on my sixteenth birthday found myself acting second mate. I was then a stout, husky, clear-eyed youth who had learned to do everything, from swabbing down a deck, slushing down a spar or polishing brasswork, to tacking ship at two A. M. when the wind and sea were both outrageous. I had learned to use not only my hands but my wits. I was a very good mathematician and a fair linguist, it being a hobby of Captain Robinson's to teach all his boys French, German and pidgin English.

"Your time will be up and you can pass for your first ticket at the Board of Trade at the end of this voyage," the old man told me.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Do you think the company will have a place for me, sir?"

"I think so," he responded, pawing at his beard. "But your mother wants you to better yourself. There's mighty little satisfaction in sailing ships. You'd best go back to Puget Sound and get a job on a steamer."

I took Captain Robinson's advice and returned to the States. Immediately upon my arrival I went before the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers and passed my examination for master of vessels under seven hundred tons. This entitled me to act as mate or second mate on any vessel. With this in my pocket I went home and spent a month. All that time father kept asking me: "Now that you have got your education, what are you going to do?"

I had balked at the idea of becoming a pilot, for I was still anxious to wander about the world; it seemed very tame to stay in just one port and guide ships across a bar. But something happened that turned the whole tide of affairs. My father decided to go to Portland, Oregon. My mother was by no means well, and she pleaded with me to leave the Sound and go with them to the Columbia River. I did so. And one of the first men I met was an old shipmate off the Garnet Hill, who informed me he was now master of a bar tug, the Escort.

"I need a mate," he told me, "and you'll learn piloting at the same time. There is lots of money in it."

At that time the state of Washington had one set of pilots on the Columbia River bar and the state of Oregon had another. My friend Daly belonged to the Oregon pilots, an association that worked under state laws but was otherwise an independent organization. They owned their own pilot schooner, the John C. Cousins, and the tug Escort.

In those days the Columbia River bar was probably as dangerous a spot as there was in the world. It is still a very hard place for a pilot. At the time that I joined the Escort the jetty, now completed for many miles to sea, was a short and rather insignificant affair. There was no lightship offshore and few harbor lights. Tillamook Rock to the southward had been completed but its light was not powerful enough to help us to the north. And though the papers claimed that there was thirty feet of water on the bar at mean low water there was really about twenty-four, with a tide of from eight to twelve feet and a current that, owing to the formation of new sand spits, was so irregular as to be a constant menace.

I spent a month on the Escort, learning the tugboat business, which is a special profession and one of the most exacting imaginable. But nothing out of the ordinary happened during this time, and I managed to get a pretty fair notion of the bar and the difficulties of the channel. We usually handled from one to three sailing ships a day, for the Escort was much faster than the Relief, belonging to the Washington pilots, and we could easily beat her to a ship. Of course they might beat us in bargaining.

The rivalry was intense. The Oregon pilots were at an expense of almost one hundred and fifty dollars a day. That money had to be made out of incoming and outgoing ships, and then they had to make their own wages besides.

As I say, nothing special happened for a month. Then I was wakened at three A. M. of a bleak November morning.

"Salvage," said Daly briefly. "How are your hawsers?"

"Two aboard and one on the dock," I told him.

"Get the one on the dock and fake it down on top of the deckhouse," were his orders.

### *Off for Salvage*

NOW a new manila hawser weighs a lot. It took the whole twelve of the crew to get it aboard. No pennant had been bent, and as the Escort steamed down the bay from Astoria I worked the hardest two hours of my life putting the pennant on. The pennant, I must explain, is a wire loop that can be dropped over the bitts, and by it the hawser is hauled aboard.

I had just finished my job and handed my own marlinespike to the boson when a heavy sea struck the tug and we were all nearly washed off the upper deck. I stared round and saw that Captain Daly was taking the southerly channel, almost alongside the jetty. I could see no lights. It was the particular moment in a winter's dawn when you know there is light but you can't distinguish anything. "What's all this?" I asked the boson.

"I heard there's a German square-rigger going ashore off Clatsop Spit," he told me.

"We can't get her," I returned.

Now I learned a lesson. It's a lesson I've never forgotten, for it means the difference between the sailor and the specialist. The tugboat man and the pilot are both specialists.

"We're out here to get 'em," said the boson.

It proved that we did. Daly ran the Escort through that raging whitewater right up to a big skysail-yarder and then yelled to me: "Get that hawser aboard her!"

Now I had sailed the seas for over four years. I was a pretty good boatman and I didn't want to acknowledge that I was unequal to any emergency. But the big ship was thrashing about like a stranded whale within a half mile of cruel quicksand. The seas were tossing the tug so that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet, and the thing was impossible.

To this day I can't tell how it was I managed to get that hawser aboard the ship and make it fast. I did. I think it was by going at the job with a slowed-down mind. I used seconds as most men would use minutes. I never took my eyes, ears or mind off my job. I don't suppose I spent fifteen minutes before the Escort steamed seaward with that packet in tow; and I was as tired mentally as if I had spent a whole eight hours over a mathematical problem.

Then I learned another thing. We pulled the ship out about two miles, still helpless and in a situation she could not extricate herself from without our aid. Daly circled back while I hove in the hawser and he megaphoned to the skipper that unless he paid us five thousand dollars we would drop him.

I had heard of these things. Captain Robinson had often spoken bitterly of the ways of some tugboat men. But for Daly to stop and risk both ships to make a bargain struck me as utterly preposterous.

Of course the poor skipper tried his best to beat down the price; but Daly was obdurate and the Washington tug was nowhere in sight. The ship's captain agreed to pay the five thousand rather than lose his ship and the lives of his crew, and we anchored him in Astoria Bay that afternoon. Daly collected the money before we swung the ship to her anchorage.

This disgusted me with tugboating and I spoke to one of the old bar pilots about going out on the schooner. He was a thorough master of his profession. He said he would do what he could for me. The result was that in six months I got my branch and sailed out one fine June morning on the old San José, a full-fledged pilot.

We cruised about for a week without getting anything. Then a sailing ship took off the senior pilot, a British bark the next, a Norwegian freighter the next, and it was my turn. The boatkeeper, an old Swede, had taken a fancy to me. He advised that we take advantage of the brisk nor'wester and stand to the south'ard. I, by virtue of being the only pilot on board, was in command. So I accepted his advice.

"There's the Washington pilots off there," the boatkeeper told me that evening, pointing to a dot on the horizon. "They've got word of something."

This was enough. We headed the old San José—a very cranky craft and touchy to handle—outward. At midnight we overtook the Washington schooner, passed her, and at three o'clock, in the pitch dark, hove-to to windward of a huge British tramp.

I got into the yawl and went down wind to her, crossed under her stern and came round on the lee.

"Pilot?" bawled a hoarse voice from the lofty bridge.

"Pilot!" I yelled back.

A lantern appeared at the bulwark thirty feet above and then the Jacob's ladder was lowered.

Thus I boarded my first ship, clinging to the swaying, swinging ladder in the darkness. I have never forgotten the name of that packet—the Monmouthshire.

Once on deck I took my satchel and headed for the steps to the bridge. I don't exactly know why I had the feeling, but I was strangely elated. I was met by the captain and I handed him the bundle of papers we always carried with us.

"Where from, captain?"

"Tientsin, Mr. Pilot."

"Good voyage, captain?"

"Twenty-two days. Where are we now?"

"Forty-one miles sou'sou'-west of Tillamook Light," I told him.

I shall never forget his sigh. He was a burly man with a short-clipped beard. He wore one of those Chinese caps that fit like a skullcap and have ear-lappets. He sighed again.

### *The Man in Charge*

"I HAVEN'T been to sleep in sixty hours," he murmured as if to himself. Then he turned to me: "The ship is yours, Mr. Pilot."

He walked away quickly, as if he were afraid I would ask him still to keep his vigil. And I, on my first command, looked over at the officer of the watch, the second mate, and said:

"Nor'nor'east—one-half-east."

I recall very vividly that when I ordered the engines rung down at five A. M. I scanned the outlines of Saddle Mountain and North Head with a new interest. I was in charge of a big ship.

It is something to know that you have a million dollars' worth of freight and sixty lives in your own hands. I understand that presidents of two and three million dollar corporations on shore sometimes make as much as fifty thousand a year, with no responsibility for life. In my time I have had absolute command of one hundred million dollars and been paid less than a hundred dollars net for my twenty-four hours' work. But I have had my reward. I have never lost a life or a dollar's worth of other people's money, except in one case. I lost a cool four millions then, but I managed to save the lives. After all, that's what counts. Standing on the bridge of the Monmouthshire, waiting for the mist to rise off the bar so that I could pick up the bell buoy, I thought mostly of the people asleep below me—who trusted me and did not stir in their bunks, because the pilot was in charge.

I have never forgotten that lesson. I have had as many as two thousand souls in my keeping, and, as I have said, one hundred million dollars' worth of freight. I think of the lives first. You can talk to an inspector of hulls and boilers, or to an underwriter, and back up your talk; but

*In These Days the Columbia River Bar Was Probably as Dangerous a Spot as There Was in the World*

you can't say much to a widow or an orphan. Somehow they won't understand that it wasn't your fault that you wrecked your vessel. Once I spoke to a great cancer specialist who was a passenger on a liner I was bringing in, and he told me that he never spoke to the wife or daughter or husband or son of anybody he had operated on and lost.

"One has to save them," he told me. "They expect it. And it's human nature to think that you have been remiss if you don't bring them round."

Right here I want to tell why I quit the Columbia River bar. This is how I lost the big tanker Mabel Jarrett.

It was a very still Sunday in February. I was on the John C. Cousins at that time and we were possibly fifty miles offshore. We had been fishing for silver-side salmon all afternoon, and the boatkeeper had told me that he had never seen the swells so low or the water so smooth.

A look at the sky convinced me that the day was a weather-breeder; yet the glass was steadily rising. Far in the southwest one could see light haze dotted with dark little spots of clouds. I knew that a gale was almost invariably preceded by a heavy swell. The impulse given to the water by the wind travels faster than the center of the storm. I really did not know what to think.

It was just sundown when a steamer appeared over the sealine. It seemed to emerge from this haze. We got the dory in and with what little wind there was stood outward. An hour later we were alongside the steamship, which was one of the first tankers built. It was a rather light and pleasant evening, and when I bid the boatkeeper goodby I by no means anticipated what the next few hours were to mean to me.

This particular ship was the first experiment, I think, in the construction of crude-oil steamers. Now they know pretty well how to build them, though now and again an old one shows up the same as this one did. She was built on the longitudinal plan, with transverse bulkheads and compressors. These latter were pipes of large diameter that came straight up to the maindeck and were kept filled with oil or water. By the hydraulic rules it will be seen that twenty feet of water in a compressor pipe means several pounds to the square inch against the walls of the oil compartment.

I noticed as soon as I got on the bridge of the tanker that she behaved very stiffly. In the slight swell and smooth sea she should have been easy to handle. As it was, the man at the wheel was in a perspiration and the captain absolutely refused to answer my questions.

"I know nothing about her handling," he said abruptly. "She has always done pretty well. You have to take the responsibility yourself."

I think it was eleven-fifteen P. M. when I reached the bell buoy. The Columbia bar was totally obscured in a dense, still fog that seemed to float on the surface of the water. It was obviously impossible to cross in, so I swung outward, telling the skipper that it would be best to lie about twelve miles offshore till the fog lifted.

He demurred very strongly. I refused to take the steamer in and he had to admit that he would not take the responsibility himself.

We had not got more than two miles out when a huge swell raced in from the southwest and the ship smashed into it. That began things. Inside of an hour the wind was blowing ninety miles an hour and the sea was terrific. The tanker made heavy weather of it.

Very gradually I began to see why the captain had been so anxious to get inside. His vessel was wholly unequal to the struggle, owing, I think, to a probable bulging of one of the bulkheads from the compression put on them by the pipes. At any rate she neither steered nor steamed, and in spite of all I could do we were soon blown in toward the bar.

"I've got to take her in," I told the captain.

"I don't know why she behaves this way," he said.

"The current," I told him. "In this gale you could stream a thirty-pound deep-sea lead over the rail of a ship

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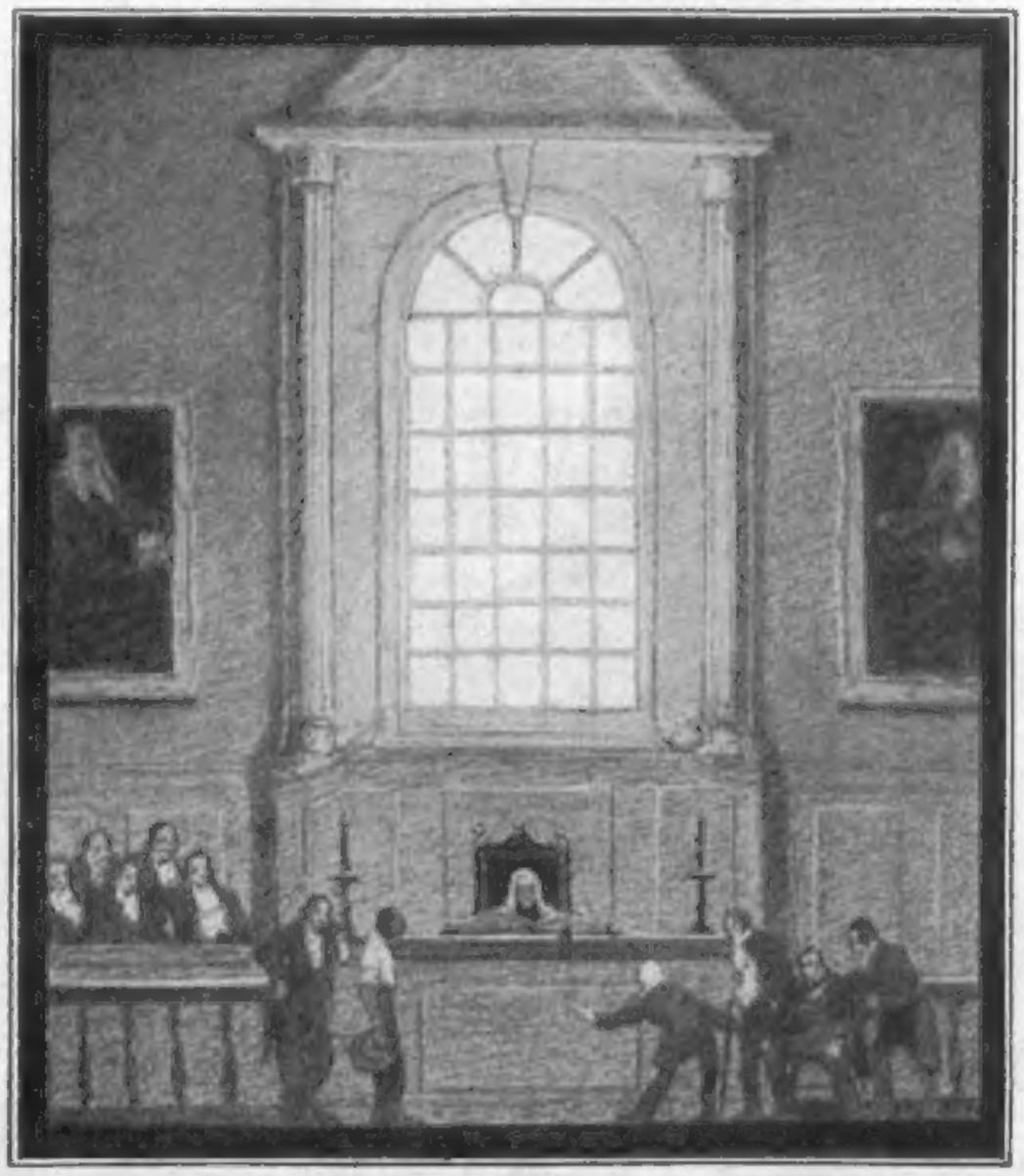
# What is the Monroe Doctrine?

## By Melville Davisson Post



THERE is a certain safety in the very front and menace of daring. When the fortunes of battle began to go against him it was the custom of Cæsar to order all the standards along the line advanced. For a little state of some ten million people, unsteady on its feet and with no fighting force worthy the name, to defy the whole of Europe in a great world policy was a piece of splendid courage.

The situation before James Monroe was, in its ultimate menace, nothing less than the question of the survival of democracy. The men of Virginia and Massachusetts had established representative government in the world; and again, with Monroe as president and John Quincy Adams as secretary of state, it was the men of Virginia and Massachusetts who said that representative government should be given an opportunity to survive.

We forget how things stood in the world when Monroe wrote his message—Russia, Austria, Prussia, and practically all the powers of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain, had formed the Holy Alliance. It pretended to establish a vast Christian brotherhood; but its real and moving object was to maintain the divine right of kings and to see that no throne in Europe was overturned. Napoleon had shown how easily kingdoms might be toppled over. Democracy moved vaguely behind him. The Holy Alliance undertook to stamp this out and to keep existing dynasties intact.

### Monroe's Courageous Words

THIS was the situation on the continent of Europe. On the American continent the colonies and dependencies of Spain had almost all rebelled, and had set up for themselves independent representative governments, modeled, for the most part, after that of the American states.

It seemed clear to Monroe that the Holy Alliance would not confine itself to Europe, but would undertake to stamp out the growth of democracy on the continent of America. He took council with his Cabinet and with Jefferson. It seemed to these great leaders of the democratic movement that the very question of the survival of representative government was before them, and that they must act with the vigor and courage with which they had acted when their little republic began its national life.

On the second day of December, 1823, after long reflection, Monroe sent his celebrated message to Congress. His immortal doctrine is set out in a few vigorous sentences:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

And then follows this great, courageous paragraph:

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintain it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

This is not the language of diplomacy. It is the language that goes before the bayonet. It contains all those last words that make the final defiance of a state. Nobody knew what would happen when they were uttered; but Monroe, Adams and Jefferson were of the opinion that our little nation must hazard this splendid defiance.

The paragraphs of Monroe's great message were, then, no vague, accidental, unimportant dicta. It was a new Declaration of Independence—not of thirteen states and of one people, but of a whole continent and of innumerable peoples. These men felt that the very existence of democracy was again at issue: and, like Seneca's pilot, they must keep the rudder true—whether in the end Neptune should save or sink them.

The Doctrine, then, had its origin in a policy elevated and noble.

### Mr. Olney's Definition

MONROE trusted the sea for the same reason that Horace feared it—*Oceanus dissociabilis!*

There were some events tending to sustain the little republic in this attitude of splendid courage. Great Britain, outside the Holy Alliance, was favorable to the policy. Canning, the Englishman, pretended to have suggested the Doctrine. That is not true; but he was sympathetic to it. He obtained recognition of the Spanish Republics; and he had some claim to justify his epigram:

"I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

The Doctrine has been claimed for John Quincy Adams and Jefferson, but it is more likely that the principles of it were a steady growth—like those formulated by the great Virginian in the American Colonies' defiance to Great Britain at Philadelphia. The geographical position of the United States aided in maintaining the Doctrine.

England's attitude toward the Holy Alliance, the sea, and the very front and menace of the courage with which the policy was announced carried it through. The great powers were astonished; but they respected the Doctrine.

Almost every Administration afterward had something to do with the operation of this policy; but the most conspicuous instance was the Venezuelan controversy.

There had been an old dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela concerning the boundary between the latter's territory and that of British Guiana. Great Britain refused to arbitrate the question. Venezuela was too feeble to contend with arms and the United States undertook to get the matter adjusted.

Mr. Olney, then secretary of state, presented the matter to Lord Salisbury as within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, on the theory that the Monroe Doctrine prohibited any foreign power from acquiring territory on the American continent, and that this territory might be acquired as readily by claiming it on a disputed line as by actual conquest. He undertook to define the scope and limitations of the Monroe Doctrine:

It does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American states. It does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them. It does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American states. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American state, or to prevent the people of such state

from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure. The rule in question has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European Power or combination of European Powers shall forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies.

That was Mr. Olney's idea of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine outside the admitted tenet that no part of America was open to colonization by any European Power—a doctrine now universally recognized. In a later paragraph of his dispatch he made certain pronouncements that were not within the limitations of his definitions:

Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law on the subjects to which it confines its interposition.

Lord Salisbury replied, admitting that the Monroe Doctrine "must always be mentioned with respect on account of the distinguished statesman to whom it is due and the great nation that has generally adopted it," and that the language of President Monroe was directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary; but he denied that the dispute over a boundary came within the Doctrine, or that the Doctrine itself was a principle of international law.

The attitude of the United States was firm and decisive. The country was fortunate in the men who handled the affair and Great Britain finally consented to arbitrate the dispute. A recent pretended authority assures us that Lord Salisbury yielded out of a sense of humor but the sense of humor must be transferred to the reader of that explanation! That Lord Salisbury yielded from a high sense of national justice one is ready to admit; but a sense of humor has not been observed to be a moving impulse in British affairs.

### *A Change of National Policy*

THE Doctrine was invoked under Polk, Grant, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and recently in the Magdalena Bay incident.

The Mexican Government had granted some four million acres lying along the coast of Lower California, including Magdalena Bay, to an American. The concession was transferred by him to other Americans and a syndicate was formed called the Chartered Company of Lower California. This company failed and the property was taken over by the creditors, who formed a holding company called the Magdalena Bay Company. Then the promoters undertook to form a company for the purchase of the property.

One of the plans was to sell Magdalena Bay and this territory to a syndicate, composed principally of Japanese, the Japanese to take over thirty-five per cent of the stock, with an option to acquire a further interest. The matter had reached this stage when it was brought to the attention of our Government.

The United States Congress felt that there was danger in permitting a foreign nation to control a point of land which might become a naval base—that there was, in substance, but little difference whether such base were held by citizens of a foreign country in a company or controlled by a foreign state.

It was a difficult question, since it was evidently clear that the United States could not object to foreigners holding real estate in Southern American countries, and that there must be some clearly defined distinction between land owned by foreigners in southern states and a concession which embraced a strategic point, or one suitable for a naval or military base.

As the situation was not acute it was thought advisable to define the position of the United States; and that was done by a resolution making the situation clear:

*Resolved:* That, when any harbor or other place in the American continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the actual or potential possession of such harbor or other place by any Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

It was pointed out by Mr. Lodge, who had charge of the resolution, that the Monroe Doctrine did not touch on the precise point involved. He said that without the Monroe Doctrine the possession of a harbor, such as Magdalena Bay, would make it necessary to make some declaration covering the case where a corporation or association was involved. He thought the resolution might be allied to the Monroe Doctrine, but it was not necessarily dependent on it or growing out of it.

"This resolution," he said, "rests on a generally accepted principle of the law of nations, older than the Monroe Doctrine; it rests on the principle that every nation has a right to protect its own safety, and that, if it feels that the possession by a foreign power, for military or naval purposes, of any given harbor or place is prejudicial to its safety, it is its duty, as well as its right, to interfere."

The Monroe Doctrine has not always stood for great national acts of unselfishness; but an excuse may be given for anything and a time-honored doctrine may be used for any sort of cover. Did not the American Colonies make war on the king in the king's name? And one remembers that charming, powerful person who burned a cathedral in the Middle Ages, giving as an excuse that he thought the bishop was in it!

Under the cover of this Doctrine, Texas and California were taken over; Guantanamo Bay came under the flag; the customs receipts of Santo Domingo were put under American control; troops were sent into Nicaragua, and so on. These acts were perhaps justifiable on a theory of national interest.

The great outrage to this Doctrine, however, was accomplished by the men who shaped the policy of the country after the Spanish-American War. A strange thing had happened in our political history. Men of high ideals, philosophers—dreamers, if we like—had been at the head of the state.

Now in 1896 the commercialists—the men of business—succeeded to the government. They announced a dollar diplomacy and a dollar-gaining theory of government.

These men could not be induced to give up the territory we had taken by force of arms. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, labored in vain to persuade them to do so. He pointed out that the traditions of the American people were being outraged—that this policy of gain stultified the integrity of the country. He said the American Republic could not buy a people: "Your purchase or conquest is a purchase or conquest of nothing but sovereignty."

He thundered in the Senate:

I maintain that holding in subjection an alien people, governing them against their will for any fancied advantage to them, is not only not an end provided for by the Constitution but it is an end prohibited therein. . . . It is an end that the generation which framed the Constitution and Declaration of Independence declared was unrighteous and abhorrent. So, in my opinion, we have no constitutional power to acquire territory for the purpose of holding it in subjugation, in a state of vassalage or serfdom, against the will of its people.

And he said that when he pressed these men to answer this immortal doctrine of democracy they replied by talking about "mountains of iron and nuggets of gold, and trade with China!"

It was useless for this perplexed old man to repeat the fine, time-honored ideals of this country. Gain was looking at the men he talked to, with her "golden eyes under her gilded eyelids!"

He pointed out that the purchase of Louisiana, of Alaska, of Florida, of California, was an expansion of liberty, not of despotism.

"Never," he said, "was such growth in all human history as that from the seed Thomas Jefferson planted. . . . It has covered the continent. It is on both the seas; it has saved South America; it is revolutionizing Europe; it is the expansion of freedom. It differs from your tinsel, pinchbeck, pewter expansion as the growth of a healthy youth into a strong man differs from the expansion of an anaconda when he swallows his victim."

These men replied, however, that they were practical gentlemen of affairs and that Jefferson was a dreamer. Their eyelids, like those of the damned in the Inferno, were stitched together with an iron thread. They saw not that the dream Jefferson dreamed had solidified into a structure of enduring basalt, lifting into the heavens towers of gold!

Set on enriching themselves, they could not understand that the race must always be captained by dreamers—that only those can go before it who maintain the very highest ideals by which a state can live; that no doctrine of mere expediency can ever be a great national policy; that it is profitless for men to lead a state unless they lead it by this great ideal:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

### *A Doctrine Without Exact Definition*

WHAT, then, is the Monroe Doctrine? In the popular conception of today it is undefined. The press seems to think of it as the courts think of Due Process of Law—a doctrine not to be strictly defined by terms of limitation. So large and vague is the common idea of it, one might as well ask the average man what the fourth dimension is and expect to receive an intelligent reply.

The courts will not undertake to say what due process of law is; they will say only whether the question arises in the case before them. This is precisely the position we seem to take with the Monroe Doctrine. It is the belief of perplexed foreign governments.

We know precisely what the Monroe Doctrine was. It contained two essentials clearly set forth—that the American continents are not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European Powers, and that American states must be permitted to govern themselves as they see fit.

There was nothing doubtful about what Monroe intended—the great powers must not seize any of the lands of the peoples of the South and they must permit them to work out their own governmental destiny.

The doctrine was precise and clear—and it was just, unselfish and noble; but we have construed it as the courts have construed the Fourteenth Amendment, until this simple policy has developed into the idea of a

(Concluded on Page 57)

# THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

## By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

You may be old as well as poor
When Fortune knocks upon your door;
But do not let the lady wait
Because she does her calling late.
*Etiquette for the Aged.*

WHEN John Parkin Jones courted Miss Evelyn Spargo there was the usual discussion between the parents of the young lady as to his eligibility. Mr. Spargo objected that John Parkin was poor, which was undeniably true. Mrs. Spargo urged that her daughter's suitor had a good moral character and a lovable disposition, which likewise were incontestable facts.

"And he's industrious," added Mrs. Spargo; "and he's got a fine mind and writes shorthand beautifully; and he can operate a typewriting machine. I shouldn't be surprised to see him a millionaire—another Commodore Vanderbilt."

"He may, with luck; but those qualities you speak of will be considerably in his way," opined the old gentleman. "He's old enough now to have done something for himself. Why hasn't he?"

"He hasn't had the opportunity—poor boy!" said Mrs. Spargo.

"Well, I'm opposed to it," declared Mr. Spargo emphatically. "I won't have it—and that settles it!"

Six months later John Parkin Jones and pretty little Evelyn Spargo were married.

"He'll never get a cent of my money!" said Old Man Spargo.

John Parkin Jones never did. One fine morning pork did various unaccountable things on the market and, as a result, the old man was wiped out—not merely from his brokers' books but from mortal existence. Financial and heart failure occurred simultaneously.

John Parkin and Mrs. Jones were then living at Bibberly Heights, a southern prairie suburb, in a cottage that might have been considered a tight fit for three.

"Plenty of room! Oceans of room!" John Parkin blustered. "We'll give her the bedroom and we'll take the sitting room or the dining room—just put the bed lounge where we want it and we'll be as right as rain."

So Mother Spargo came to live with them, and John Parkin shaved in the kitchen and was a son to her an affectionate and considerate son. She was devoted to him and to the day of her death was firm in the belief that he was destined to become a millionaire. Sometimes her daughter ventured to doubt this, whereupon the good old creature would wax highly indignant.

"Do you consider your husband a fool, my dear?" she would ask her daughter severely.

*"You Take It So Calmly and I Feel Like Flying!"*

No—Evvy did not consider him a fool; quite the reverse.

"Is he lacking in ambition?" John Parkin was by no means lacking in ambition. His wife conceded that.

"Has he a disagreeable personality? Is he a spendthrift? No? Well, I must say you surprise me, my dear. Will you tell me what there is to prevent him from becoming a millionaire?"

"I don't know of anything," Evvy was obliged to admit.

"Then let me tell you that you're a very wicked, ungrateful and impious girl!" the mother reproved. "You know that the dear boy has had no opportunity yet; but the opportunity will come and then you'll remember what I have always said."

Not very long after this John Jones, Jr., arrived, and Mrs. Spargo departed this life. The old woman left John Parkin a dying blessing, which, when it is deserved, is no bad thing to have. John mourned her sincerely.

By this time John Parkin was thirty years of age and his hair was beginning to gray at the temples—a rather stockily built, bright-eyed man, with a ready laugh and a benevolent expression that was somewhat accentuated by the breadth and height of his forehead.

Already he had had his ups and downs in a small way, the biggest down being the loss of his position with the local express company. It was no fault of his. The express company, incredible as it may seem, went into bankruptcy, and for six long weeks John Parkin composed and wrote letters of application, and trudged the streets, and besieged offices in search of employment.

The energy he showed in this pursuit was prodigious; the impression he made on the men to whom he applied was usually favorable, in spite of his nascent seediness of apparel; yet it was six weeks before he got his pitiful clerkship in the Gann-Abercrombie Steel Construction Company. How would you account for it?

"Luck!" said John Parkin, with his jolly laugh. "That's what nobody can account for—altogether. It was just my luck to lose my job and just my luck to have the trouble I had in getting another. On the other hand, it was luck that made the opening for me at last, Evvykins. I might have been jobhunting for weeks to come if it hadn't been for another man's luck in getting the offer of a better thing. Now, my love, if it isn't too much strain on the back of your neck, just watch me climb!"

Mrs. J. P. Jones laughed, hugged him, gurgled delight, and concealed her disappointment with the perfect dissimulation of a thoroughly good wife. After all, they could get along, small as the salary was. Really they did manage surprisingly well, even when the little fellow came to add to expenses. If Mrs. John Parkin ever sighed in secret it was more in pity for her husband than for any deprivation she felt. She was willing to make the best of things, but by this time she had no illusions.

John Parkin had. He might have been possessed of the confident spirit of his dead mother-in-law—he seemed so serenely assured of his future. "My goodness, girl! We're young yet, with all the world before us." He said that at thirty-three, mind you! "Fortune knocks once at every man's door. I may be down in the basement fixing the furnace when she knocks at ours; but if she gets away before I can give her a glad welcome she's got to be a mighty spry lady."

At other times he would quote:

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men*
*Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;*
*Omitted, all the voyage of their life*
*Is bound in shallows and in miseries."*

"Some time, when the moon's right, there's going to be a floodtide in our affairs," quoth John Parkin. "Then Johnny's going to college; and Loretta—shall we buy a duke for Loretta, mother?"

Mother smoothed Loretta's little velvet head and pressed it closer to her bosom. One after another little velvet heads had come to that gentle breast and were never unwelcome. It was a wonder, for John Parkin's salary was far from increasing proportionately. Again the question, why?

*Here Was a Loud and Imperative Call for a New Suit; Also a New Hat and New Shoes*

Jones did his work well and ungrudgingly. More than once he had shown that he had initiative. He was generally liked, generally respected, and—whenever the question of promotion came up—generally neglected. Callow juniors, with not a tithe of his ability, had been promoted over his head. They were calling him Old Jonesy in the office, and among the heads there was often talk of giving Old Jonesy something better to do.

In vacation time and during temporary absences of superiors they had given him something better to do, and he had accomplished these unaccustomed tasks to their entire satisfaction; but back he went to the old routine, once the emergency was passed, and the advancement was deferred indefinitely.

Was it lack of aggressiveness on John Parkin's part? He asked himself that question sometimes. He might have gone to Burleson, the head of his department—even to the great Gann himself—and talked turkey. As for instance:

"See here, Mr. Gann, I've been with you people close on to ten years now. I'm a good man—a valuable man; but you don't seem to have the sense to realize it or I shouldn't be plugging along in substantially the same position I was when I first came to you. I know the business from A to Z and from soup to nuts, and I could easily be worth to you ten times the salary I am getting. You don't take that view of it, I know; so I'm here to tender my resignation. Good day!"

Would Burleson—or Gann—say:

"Here! Wait a moment, Mr. Jones. Don't be hasty! Let's talk this thing over a little. I don't know but we have been to blame. Certainly we don't want to lose you."

Or would Burleson—or Gann—remark, with an air of cold annoyance:

"That's your privilege, Jones. The cashier will give you your check. Good morning."

Suppose the latter case. Would he, Jones, step straightway into a highly lucrative position with another big concern? Or would he be trudging the streets as in those bygone days, looking for employment of any kind in vain, and thereafter floundering helplessly "in shallows and in miseries"?

All very well for John Parkin to risk it; but how about Johnny and Loretta and Gracie and Peter Parkin and Baby Bunting? "He that hath a wife and children ——" said the sapient Bacon.

John Parkin shook his head, but his face brightened in a moment. "On the other hand," he murmured, "'there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Not in the affairs of young men—though, for that matter, I am young enough."

Surely he was young enough! Nobody could have doubted it, seeing him rolling and tumbling on his tiny lawn with the children, his mellow laugh ringing out in pleasant concert with their joyous shrieks. Mrs. Jones, seated on an old campchair and placidly mending small garments, smiled on him quite maternally from time to time. She was young enough too—to be the mother of such a brood.

Time had dealt kindly with her, though she often looked at her once pretty hands with a rueful sigh. Much scrubbing and scouring, mending and making had spoiled them utterly; but they were wonderfully capable hands and infinitely soothing in their caresses. John Parkin loved them and, contemplating them, sometimes had to swallow hard to rid himself of the chokiness of gratitude and admiration springing from his heart and lodging in his throat.

Forty! Forty-odd, in fact! And at forty, one should be established, not living from hand to mouth, with no provision for the future but a wretched little insurance policy the semiannual premiums on which were a perpetual strain on the already full budget. At forty, one should be able to look at achievement over one's shoulder. That is the tradition. But John Parkin disdained tradition still, and never went to the basement to fix the furnace without a listening ear for the knock of Fortune at his front door.

"Jones," said Mr. Morphew, of the Estimates, "didn't you tell me once that you were a stenographer?"

John Parkin started and disentangled his mind from a mass of complicated measurements he was checking in transcription. It was seldom that Mr. Morphew came out of his mahogany and ground-glass den—more seldom still that he spoke to any of the clerks outside his own department.

"I may have, Mr. Morphew," John Parkin replied, coming to attention. "I was a stenographer at one time."

"Forgotten it? Got rusty?" snapped the Estimates' chief. He was a pouncing, nervous sort of person—tall, gaunt and chilly. Without waiting for an answer, he flicked a paper from his pocket. "Take this!" he said.

John Parkin had barely time to draw a scribbling pad toward him before Morphew began reading. The document bristled with technical terms and the reader took no particular pains with his enunciation; but John Parkin had taken particular pains not to get rusty and he kept the pace to the end.

"Now read your notes."

John Parkin began to read them; but halfway through Morphew stopped him.

"Good enough!" he said crisply. "Mr. Pakenham is ill and Mr. Gann needs a stenographer for a trip East. He starts tonight. Meet him at Union Station at ten sharp. You'll want to pack a suitcase for a week." He looked at his watch. "You can knock off now if you want to; but be on hand at ten o'clock."

"Typewriter?" inquired John Parkin, with imitative conciseness.

"There will be a typewriter and everything else you are likely to need."

He hurried off; and John Parkin, with a sort of numb coolness, turned his papers over to a fellow clerk, reported to his chief and left the office.

It was not until he had turned into a hotel lobby and found a quiet seat that he allowed himself to think of what it all meant. To begin with, Pakenham was Gann's right-hand man and confidential secretary. Where Gann went, Pakenham went also; and what Pakenham said in the office went. Pakenham ranked Morphew and was on almost equal terms with Abercrombie. It was said that he had acquired large holdings of the company's stock. So he, John Parkin Jones, was to substitute for Pakenham!

John Parkin was not unduly elated. He was rather worried. How was he to pack a suitcase for a week's trip when he did not even own such an article of baggage? He had a valise, but that would hardly do for this occasion. Clothes! Here was a loud and imperative call for a new suit; also a new hat and new shoes.

Of course his personal expenses on this trip would be paid, which would be something of an offset; but certainly not enough to justify much of an expenditure. John Parkin considered it fully five minutes. Then he got up abruptly and bent his steps toward State Street.

Two hours later he boarded his usual suburban train dressed in a spick-and-span suit of tweed, a natty new hat and neat shoes. In his hand he carried a new suitcase, with J. P. J. neatly stenciled on the end. Bargains all—real bargains; but two flabby dollar bills in John Parkin's pocketbook were all that remained of a week's salary.

Mrs. Jones gasped as she met him at the gate.

"It's me," said John Parkin reassuringly, though ungrammatically. "Come on in and I'll tell you about it."

"It's a mean shame!" declared his wife when he had told her. "Do you mean to tell me that he said nothing about extra pay? Well, all I can say is that there ought to be a law against such an imposition. Still ——" She took him by the elbow and turned him round. "Doesn't the coat hike up a little, just a little, behind? No; I guess I just fancied it. I think it's a splendid fit. John, you look like a prince! Dear, what a difference clothes make!"

"Now I'll Have a Square Meal at Last"

The children came trooping in at this moment, and there arose a clamorous chorus of wonder and admiration. John Parkin tilted his new hat to one side of his head and, holding an umbrella by the middle, crooked his elbows and strutted about the room for their further entertainment. Altogether they made quite an occasion of it. Neither John nor Mrs. Jones, however, ate with their usual appetite at the evening meal, and as soon as it was finished they went to work feverishly packing the new suitcase.

Impatient to be done with the ordeal of unwonted parting, John Parkin only allowed himself hurrying time for the seven-fifty—a train a full hour earlier than necessary—and the farewells were made at the gate. He and his wife clung to each other quite as though they had not been old married people—tearfully; then John Parkin dashed off. At the corner of the street he paused to wave his hand and shout something. Mrs. Jones caught only one word of it—"Tide."

The week went by slowly enough for Mrs. Jones. Every morning she went down to the post office—it was before the days of house delivery in Bibberly Heights—and every morning she found a singlespaced typewritten letter from John Parkin. They were the most unsatisfactory letters imaginable—they breathed the warmest affection; they assured her of the writer's health; they contained some really remarkable descriptions of scenery—but they told her not a single word about the things concerning which she was most curious.

Two days were added to the week and then a barefooted urchin padded through the road-dust from the depot with a telegram:

"Back this morning. Home on the five-ten. Love
JOHN"

There was excitement in the Jones household then, you may be sure. There was washing and starching in a small way throughout the afternoon, and brushing and combing and pinning, with here and there a hasty stitch between flurried visits to the kitchen, from whence came savory odors.

At last they were all ready—Mrs. John in her best summer dress and wearing her white shoes and stockings; showing, too, a beautiful glow in her cheeks and a lovely sparkle in her eyes; the children in their best, down to Baby Bunting in the go-cart, pridefully propelled by Loretta.

How they strained their eyes for the smoke of the five-ten! How they danced on the cinder-bedded platform when they did see it, and what a shout went up when John Parkin was distinguished, poised on the step of the second car ready to jump!

He jumped and was instantly overwhelmed, new suitcase and all, by the avalanche of his offspring. Presently he emerged, considerably disheveled, to embrace his wife; then the procession reformed in a certain disorder and very much in its own way, and straggled home.

John Parkin threw his new hat on the table and sank with a sigh of content into his faded Morris chair with the comfortably broken springs. A grunt succeeded, as once more his progeny piled on him *en masse*.

Mrs. Jones deposited Baby Bunting at his feet, which the delicious infant at once proceeded to gnaw with great gusto. She herself sat leaning against the burdened knees, her hands clasped over an unoccupied part of one.

"You look so grand we hardly knew you," she said, patting him.

Jones smiled complacently.

"Pretty swell person, am I not?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Stop it, you skeezicks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder?"

"It's the blacking," explained Peter Parkin. "It's got sweet in it. I've tasted it."

"I knowded you, papa!" said Gracie, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowded you des ve moment I saw you!"

"Did you, sweetness?" asked Jones, hugging her.

"There's three new puppies over at ——" began Peter.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. "Let your father talk. My! Nobody can get a word in edgeways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything!"

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones. "Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" was the shouted reply.

"Well, then," said Jones, "I started last Monday week, went away—away off to Pittsburgh—and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies, son."

"There's three of 'em ——"

"Des as cute!" added Gracie.

"Children," said Mrs. Jones, "wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions!" Jones pinched her cheek. "Tell me just one thing, dear—did everything go all right?"

(Continued on Page 77)

# A WOMAN FREE-LANCE

## By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

*Longing Eyes Turn to the Maelstrom of the Big City*

I DID not enter the newspaper world because I thought that I was divinely inspired to write. In fact I knew that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who were writing would have done better by themselves, and life, over the bake board or behind the plow. That is, they would have done better work, saved more money, enjoyed greater security of tenure and extracted more of the flavor called "happiness" out of life. Nor was I attracted because I thought that writing was artistic, bohemian, distinguished, out of the ordinary.

The real bohemians whom I knew were so constitutionally outside classification that they could not have been anything but bohemian if they tried; and people who weren't bohemian and tried always struck me as an elephant that I had once seen at a circus trying to dance the two-step. It was highly amusing for a short time, but must have been a difficult performance for the elephant. Nor had I ever the slightest attack of what the Romans called "the itch for scribbling." It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that so much writing has been done regardless of whether the writer had anything new, true, entertaining or essential to say that the main point was to be sure you had *something* to say before attempting to say it. This sounds like a truism; but if you ask the manuscript readers of any big publishing house, they will tell you that out of the thousands of manuscripts pouring in every year only about ten per cent have anything to say; and only about half that ten per cent say it so people will read it.

### Those Who Should Write

I HAD taken half a dozen prizes in the university as an essayist; but it was by accident. I happened to be away when the prizes were offered and was away when they were distributed, and really never knew about them till they were delivered at the door. If I had known they were offered I should probably have embodied every rule under the sun on how to write and killed my chances dead; but as I didn't know they were offered I was keen on my subject, and, the best art being the art that forgets art in its truth to life, results came my way.

*"I'm Just Hunting for Some Editorials Fit to Steal"*

It was exactly so in my entrance to newspaper life. I didn't belong to the army of young girl graduates who, having fleshed their pens in ink and their vanity in a roll of essays tied in baby ribbon, go forth to conquer, or rather go forth to singe the wings of myriad moths in the flame of a yellow candle. If ticklings of vanity, of untried adolescent hopes, of printers' itch are apt to be mistaken for the call, for fitness for the job, what is the real test? Just one: the acid test—experience; and may the acid leave no vinegar stains and the flame no scar of burns! I am aware I have mixed enough metaphors in these lines to turn every rhetorician over in his grave twice; but so did a dark-cloaked gentleman called Hamlet in his soliloquy on death, and we all know his meaning. The point is, be sure you have something to say—plain fact, or entertaining, or funny, or comforting; just something to say. Don't try to say it if you haven't. If you have that, plus the power to say it so it hits the public between the eyes, or in the stomach, or in the heart, or in the head, then you have the call—that's all; though it may take you thirty years to find it, as it took O. Henry.

I happened to be stalled, or sidetracked, or whatever you like to call it, one winter as to health. I had turned the corner and been pronounced well, but had been forbidden to go back to the game of life for a little. I was reading everything I could lay my hands on, not to invite mental indigestion, but because if sickness or death or tragedy shakes down all that is flimsy in your life-plans and creeds, leaving you only a foundation of fact, you have a care, when you rebuild, to use only facts for the walls. I wanted facts, whether I got them in literature or news or other lives. Before being stalled by life I used to read only the headlines of newspapers. Any news of crime, of moral delinquencies, of tragedies, anything vulgar or common, I skipped as Peter the Apostle skipped what he didn't like in the bagful of food let down from Heaven in the vision. You remember he called a lot of the bagful "common." Well, I had felt toward a lot of life as Peter did. Though I unconsciously considered myself a first-class humble small exemplar of the Christ creed, I had a hatred that was positively an obsession of what was common, or vulgar, or coarse, or ignorant. In a word I was not only an intellectual cad but a moral snob.

Then life hit me one on the head hard! When I came to, I knew what Christ meant when He said that "publicans and sinners" should go into the Kingdom of Heaven before "these." I had belonged to "these." I had not cared for the Kingdom of Heaven as a harp-strumming proposition, but I had most terribly cared for it as a thing to work for in everyday life and as a thing to hope for when this life merged in a larger. Then illness taught me I was wrong, that the premises had been faulty, that the "publicans and sinners" put it over where I had failed. Now I wanted to know the facts of life—not just the facts that might suit my fancy or taste or caste; and I was reading voraciously for data that might be guidance. I was realizing that God must reveal Himself quite as much in modern life as in ancient days, in modern laws as in ancient saws, in facts quite as much as in ancient pacts. I pounced on everything and read with an appetite that was a sort of greed.

### An Unexpected Beginning

IT HAPPENED that the United States and another great country were engaged in international negotiations on the tariff. Now both countries were at the very crest of the high-tariff mania. Neither wanted, nor under any circumstances at that time would have dared to offer, a low tariff; but to catch a wing of voters in both countries each was putting up a tremendous bluff, or whatever you like to call it, of tariff concessions. The dinners and salaries for commissioners and secretaries and so on were costing each country about one hundred thousand dollars. Times were very hard. Money was scarce. The absurdity of this international game of blindman's buff struck me. I wrote something off-hot. If I had stopped to consider why I wrote it, or what I was going to do with it, I should have burned it at once; but I was so obsessed with the idea that before I had time to cool I took it down to a stenographer to put in typewriting. Then I posted it to the local daily that had been giving the fullest reports of the commission.

Brevity, a very great writer has said, is the soul of wit. It must have been the brevity that did it. The article was not an eighth of a column; but it was bursting with the

sense of absurdity that had obsessed me when I wrote it. The very next morning there came an envelope, with the mark of the daily on the corner, that set my heart doing acrobatics in my throat. Inside was a letter, handwritten a tiny, cramped hand, plainly that of a gentleman of the old school asking me to call. I was scared stiff. I had not meant to be a journalist. I had no desire to see my name in print. I hated, loathed and despised notoriety, and the titillations that tickle the vanity beneath notoriety, as the devil is reputed to hate holy water; and here an opportunity, or chance, seemed to be coming my way, like the prizes for those college essays which I did not know I was winning.

I was so aghast that I went straight to the president of the university. He was a wonderful scholar, one of the old-type teachers who taught as they had learned under Sir William Hamilton, after the Socratic method—it should have been called the sword method; for he literally stabbed our mental lethargy into life. He had all the esthetic-ism, all the narrowness, all the wonderful depth and height of clerical scholarship; but in the oncoming tide of modern thought he was like a dazed mariner on strange seas. Instead of surprise, as I had expected, he burst into a little thin, hard laugh, attenuated from the stooped chest of sixty-five years' bending over books and blockheads.

"I am not surprised," he said. "In fact, dear child, it is just what I have been expecting. I have been waiting to see where you would break out. I was afraid to advise. I hesitate ever to advise. Each soul must work out its own destiny. Out! Understand distinctly I said 'out!' It is from within out, always. That's why we ministers of the soul must keep close to the inspirational teaching of the Christ, who gives dynamics to the soul." He paused, looking into space, tapping his glasses on a pile of papers above his desk and wrapping his clerical skirts about him as a rug for warmth round his emaciated frame.

### *Old-School Counsel*

"THERE is a new day coming," he said. "What it will bring no man knows; but we can all see the edge of the dawn"—he paused—"or the darkness! The day of creeds and heavy-draft theology is past." His voice broke there, that had been his life! The hand tapping the glasses trembled.

"Our day," he said, "has passed. It is you, the new generation of torch-bearers, as mothers, as teachers, as journalists, as free-lances, who must carry the light into dark places and herald truth as the trumpet of God." He rose suddenly and took both my hands in his. He was trembling. So was I. I had come for advice; and he had given me—a pagan as to beliefs, a rebel as to faith—not advice, but consecration.

"God bless you!" he said; "and God bless you!" At the door, as I went down the wide steps of the university, he called after me: "I'll see the editor tonight, so you can fill the appointment exactly as he requests tomorrow morning." I turned. He was standing, huddling in the autumn wind, gathering his coat skirts about him as a rug. "God sends the winds called chance," he said; "but we must steer wisely, and hoist our sail." Those were the last words to me of my old teacher, famous for his scholarship on two continents. Soon after I had launched on the seas of journalism he launched on the wide seas of eternity.

I had gone for advice and come away with a consecration. A consecration to what? The street lights looked misty as I tried to figure it out. I knew very well for what journalism for women at that date stood: Twenty don'ts for husbands; how to cut a pattern; plum puddings; pink teas; gowns of the newly rich. And yet, look back the last eighteen years—with all our veering and tacking, hasn't journalism inched forward? With all our blundering and fumbling, haven't we followed, clumsily, it may be, this flying phantom called truth? Which modern reform could have been carried out without the preliminary scouting of the free-lances whom my old professor had designated as "torchbearers"? And perhaps twenty don'ts for husbands, the patterns, the plum puddings, the pink teas, the gowns, were to the beginners in this vocation what years of training were in other professions—a testing of aptitude, the weeding of the unfit, the grilling in detail. The point is, the period of grilling has to be passed. How many of the aspirants with high-school manuscripts under their arms think of that?

When I reached the newspaper office next morning I had to climb four flights of stairs, each one narrower and dirtier than the preceding, past dingy windows without a shade which in all their history, I am quite sure, had never had the smoke and grime washed off. There was first the advertising office, which wore an air of "You're welcome! Come again!" Then came the job-printing department, where the men behind the wickets looked "You're welcome if you mean business." The third floor was the bindery, where you could hear the presses thumping and everybody scurried on the run through the hall. The fourth floor was the editorial, where the air was unmistakably—"Get out, and get out quick."

Across the hall a little wicket had been placed. I have no doubt many an aspirant has regarded that wicket as the pearly gates barring Paradise. Believe me, the gates were anything but pearly! They were grimier than the windows; and guarding that gate sat an urchin the color of printer's ink, tilted back in his chair with his feet on the table, chewing gum with a motion like a steam sand-shovel

*I Followed Her to the Stairs*

that opens and shuts its mouth automatically for several tons at a chew. To the left was the reporters' room, blue with tobacco smoke, where a dozen men seemed to be writing at a long slanting table as if pursued by the incarnate. The telephone was ringing—half a dozen telephones seemed to be ringing; and typewriters were clicking everywhere. Grimy-faced youths in ink-stained aprons went skating and sliding along the hall, telescoping one another as they ran, with long, thin tissue-paper sheets of telegraph stuff in one hand; long, marked-up galley proofs in the other. I afterward came to know this fraternity as printers' devils. In modern offices they have been almost supplanted by the pneumatic tube system. The youth guarding the wicket gate didn't speak. He got his legs folded off the table and slammed a writing pad at me. On the pad I wrote my name, the name of the editor and my references. Then he went sliding down the dark hall with the printers' devils while I stood at the wicket.

Was this the modern molder of public opinion? I recalled with a grim desire to laugh lectures on journalism about "meticulous accuracy," "the fine shades of meaning in each word," "the high moral purpose of the calling," those "torchbearers." I hope that meticulous-accuracy idea doesn't tickle you as it did me then. Here news came in like loads of wheat to a steam thresher—tons of it; and with a deal of rip and grime and grind rushed out again as a kernel with lots of chaff intermixed. The marvel wasn't that there was chaff. The marvel was that there was as much wheat; for everything was done at top heat, top pressure, top speed, and there was no stop. This paper issued morning editions, evening editions, midday editions, hourly ones when there was any sensation; and it controlled all the telegraph-news avenues of the state.

But the boy's head had appeared at the far end of the smoke-blue corridor. "Yep, it's all right," he yelled. "Come on in." I passed through the city editor's office, where reporters were throwing sheaves and bunches of copy on the desk and half a dozen copy-readers, with green eye-shades over their faces, were reading and lining out copy reading like incarnate furies. No one looked up. Then came the telegraph office. This office hadn't yet been rigged up with wires of its own. Messenger boys came clumping up backstairs with reams—it seemed that morning to me miles—of tissue-paper telegrams. Another hall, and I was in the office of the managing editor, the boy swinging the door shut behind me. The editor was sitting in his shirt-sleeves behind a stack of newspapers that almost concealed him, with a pair of scissors in his hands the size of pruning shears, cutting and hacking at a huge Sunday edition of a New York paper. He was a fine old pink-and-white gentleman of the fine old leisurely school, one of the last of his type in newspaper work on this continent. He had been an admiral in his day, and now held his position by virtue of social connections with the directors of the newspaper. When he didn't understand a subject, or wished to crush a bumptious opponent, he would quote Greek and Latin by the mile. He used to rise to read the classics an hour every morning; and yet on the rising tide of rush and complexity and commercialism that has swept modern newspapers down into new seas he was like a baby playing with chips on a maelstrom. He didn't look up when I went in; but he spoke. Here is what he said to this "consecrated torchbearer": "I'm just hunting for some editorials fit to steal. Gray matter not at a premium in this office today; and better steal 'em than write a lot of punk ones!" Then he looked up.

"Oh," he said, shaking hands over his desk and donning his coat, "I expected a much older woman."

### *The First Assignment*

I WANTED to tell him that time would mend that defect; but I was too stage-struck or amazed at the quickness with which the door had seemed to open before me and close behind me. It is so all through life. The door of opportunity to go forward to the new is also a door against retreat back to the old. To conquer you have to burn your ships behind you, whether you will or not. He asked me if I would write certain *obiter dicta* of daily occurrences. I hadn't the remotest idea in the world what it was the editor expected of me; but I said if he would tell me, I would try. Then, looking away as to a promised land, he said he had to go away to the session.

The session was the very heaven of heavens and summit of Western and Middle Western editorial ambition. Our men went East for the winter and got in touch with all the brilliant correspondents of the world and caught momentary glimpses of the underground working of wires in legislative halls. There is probably no position on a local daily that gives a keen-sighted man more power than his report of national politics. I have known of men who would pay their own expenses and sacrifice half their salaries to do it. I have known of local politicians who offered to pay us to let them do it. This editor had been speaker of the house in his day. I could see the longing in his eye for another whiff of the smoke of battle. Would I write, say, a column of editorial a day during his absence? and also, say, two sticks of *obiter dicta*, chit-chat about local topics in a

Western city then beginning to grow by leaps and bounds? Then he looked at me doubtfully:

"But you are very young," he said. "Do you mind doing this on the quiet—doing it in your own home for a month or two till we see how you pan out?"

So I began my newspaper life, going down every day at three, when the day staff had knocked off and before the night staff had come on, passing in my column for the morning editorial, and getting a hint from the telegraph editor or news editor of a good topic for the next day. Because such fabulously untruthful and misleading statements are issued about the earnings of writers I want to set down the figures at which I began. For the topics which ran about half a column twice a week, I received $2. For the editorial column I received $14 a week at first; later, $16 a week. Within a year I had established connections with Pacific Coast and Atlantic Coast dailies that increased my income $400 or $500 a year. Today, though both the population of the city and the circulation of that paper have quadrupled, and with them has quadrupled the cost of living, the space rate is $4, the editorial rate from $25 to $35 a week. It is the capital city of a large and thriving territory. I do not think I am wrong in saying that in New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia the space rate would seldom exceed from $6 to $10, and the editorial rate from $35 to $50; and in these centers there is practically the pick of the ability of the world. Only the keenest kind of ability, the ability that can make good, has the slightest chance; and the winnowing process is without mercy and without cease. In any other vocation under the sun, with the same grilling, the same experience, the same training, the same ability, the same application a man or woman would earn five times these figures.

There is another point: In other vocations you build a foundation for your future. Each day's work is a brick in the wall of future security against want. In newspaper work, whether you write well or ill, your ultimate fate is the wastepaper basket. If you write badly it goes into the individual newspaper wastebasket before it is printed. If you write well it goes into the multitudinous public's wastebasket after reading; and not ten readers out of one hundred thousand circulation will remember who wrote well or ill. In a big public fight, which you will as inevitably get into as you get into your clothes if you are successful in newspaper work, you will get ten kicks for one handclap; because *Pro Bono Publico* slumbers majestic as the gods of Olympus when pleased, but roars as loud as the big drum that is empty when displeased. Your epidermis will presently become as indifferent to praise as to blame; and your most joyous sensation will be the satisfaction of just one more day's job well done. I set these facts down because in addition to the titillations of vanity, the promptings of the artistic to writing, a great many youngsters think that in a writer's career all you have to do is dip your pen in ink, and golden ducats will trickle off the nib. These figures are, of course, good only for newspaper work; not for magazine work, not for literature, where the earnings may be so much less as to be nothing or so much more as to be astounding.

### *What Women Can Bear*

AT THE end of four months I came out of hiding and went openly on the staff. There were in all departments perhaps a hundred men, and I was the only woman. Later, when type machines supplanted typesticlers, the mechanical staff was reduced and the editorial staff increased. I sometimes read in great medical authorities that women cannot stand up physically against stressful, nerve-driving life. In the four years I was on that staff I did not lose one hour. There was only one man on the staff who had the same record. Did I not feel the drive, the concentration, the pressure? Of course, at times it was terrific. A rush of double work has come, of elections or war, when we could not afford to double up workers and we simply all worked regardless of sleep or rest. Were there no evil effects? Not that I know of. I went on that staff the frailest of my family and I came off the toughest and the strongest. I'll admit when I went on that staff I thought deliberately and acted deliberately. When I came off I had learned to think on the run and act on the jump, and never to go round a corner mentally if I could cut across it. If the great medical authorities—who are men and, therefore, cannot know as much about a woman's anatomy as a woman does—will accept matters of fact as data in their masculine theories of things feminine, let me tell them this: What breaks a woman, what peeves her, what harries her nerve ends into rasping strings, what brings those grave mental and functional disorders about which physicians speak in whispers, is not fullness of days, drive of work, pressure of responsibility. It is one of two other things—the emptiness of gray days that permit nature to turn in, acid, on herself; or the constant presence of something alien in what we love or hate.

As a woman let me add another fact to these masculine data of things feminine, and let me add it as a woman's testimony about women. Let me add it, too, as the testimony of every life-insurance company in the world: The supreme danger to a woman's life, the test of her strength physical and mental, the drain nervous and spiritual, is not in the ordinary wage-earning vocation, in the humdrum, or drive, or bumpety-bump-bruise-and-thump from out-of-the-home activities, else would life-insurance statistics rule against her for these. The supreme danger to a woman's life, the greatest risk to her life in an anguish which no soldier has ever known on the field of battle, when the doors of life and death swing open and she hovers inanimate between these two, is in the act of giving birth to a new life. And if one or two of the great theorists had had a baby or two of their own, not in obstetrics by proxy, but in their own flesh, they would appreciate this testimony. The history of every race of every epoch under the sun testifies to this fact in the veneration of motherhood next to God. To tell a woman that she can stand the strain of motherhood, but that if she dares to essay the lesser strain of some extraneous vocation she will be annually, diurnally and sempiternally damned, it is—well, it is, as the grimy little newsies on our grimy stairs used to say, it is to laugh!

There is another point on which I should like to pay my compliments to the neurotic theorists. They tell us that if a woman ventures out of the home vocations she will enter into competition with men, so forfeit their chivalry and arouse sex jealousy or sex antagonism. I worked for four years on this staff, the only woman among a hundred men. And I worked for six years on other staffs in New York and London, where competition was so keen as to be almost vicious; and I never experienced one single episode lacking chivalry, or encountered what could be remotely called sex jealousy, sex antagonism. Have I never then encountered jealousy? Hundreds of times of course; who has not? But never as of a man toward me because I was a woman; but rather because I had permitted a work-relationship to slip into a personal relationship. This does not mean proposals, and it had nothing to do with sex.

For instance I remember a scrub blackguard reporter who was tolerated on the staff for a few months only out of sympathy for his little invalid wife. He had a trick of writing us heart-rending appeals for money to buy medicine for his wife. One week one of us would hand out five dollars; another week another of us, till we learned that his wife had left him and was earning her living, while the borrowed money was being spent on drink. The next time he sent a heart-rending appeal he was asked to come and get the money. I withdrew. Something bluer than tobacco smoke filled that office for ten minutes. When I came down next morning the legs of one table and back of a chair had gone down in an unrelated smash. Needless to say, the victim of the table legs hated us, not only for the last five he didn't get, but for all the fives he had got. I have sometimes traced lies not worth hearing to that abnormal specimen, who finally wound up in the penitentiary.

Or take another case, that of an assistant editor of magnificent physique, of inordinate sleepless ambition to get on, and the kindest heart I have ever known. But he had no education, no daring and little ability—just a dogged, tense, persistent, day-and-night slavery to work; no bubbles, no joy, no lift on the wings of hope, no song over work! He took himself horribly seriously, and had about ten nerves where other men had two. If you will please look at those ingredients very carefully you will see they have a strong resemblance to the delectable morsels in the witches' caldron of Macbeth. Only one brew can come out of them—jealousy. He would do the kindest things for those under him, and the meanest things to those showing the slightest possibility of going up past him. He seemed to have in his big, manly frame the foolish, almost effeminate idea of social climbers, that he could advance himself by as much as he pushed others down. I never had ructions with that man: but if I had not studied him out and sidestepped him he would have done both me and my work serious damage. But his attitude to me was harmless compared with his attitude toward many men workers.

### *Evils That Scarcely Exist*

AFTER the old admiral left, a man came to us as manager who was almost the duplicate of this assistant editor - except that he had great natural ability, a geniality that soured at nothing and not an atom of jealousy in his make-up. How the assistant managed it with the directors I don't know; but he had the manager thrown out at a time when the big fellow owned nothing but a wife and twins. And such ambition-meanness accomplishes nothing for its unhappy possessor. When war and elections came on simultaneously that man literally died at his desk. Two years later the other man, big of soul as he was of body, came back as owner of the paper. The jealousy in this case can hardly be set down to that sex antagonism which the theorists so greatly fear. In fact the only occasions when I have seen such sex jealousy aroused have been when a woman tried to use sex appeal as a factor in her work. When the woman worker has done that she has used the lowest type of vanity in her own nature and has appealed to the lowest type of attraction in the man's nature; and when these two clash in antagonism there does not seem to be any bottom to the abyss into which they may fall. I emphasize these things because physical disability and sex antagonism are receiving such undue emphasis from the theorists; and they are two factors that in twenty years' work outside the home I have not even needed to ignore—I have simply been unconscious of them.

There were a lot of advantages in beginning newspaper work in a medium-sized place instead of a large one. In large centers work is so specialized that a writer of twenty dont's for husbands, of recipes and pink teas might continue doing these things all her life and never attain a general knowledge or general training to turn her hand to everything. I have known special writers in big cities who in ten years never met another soul on the staff but the managing editor. In a small center, if the beginner has aptitude, there will be rush times when all hands will turn in on everything; and a woman will soon find whether she fits in or is a makeshift. This fact should be emphasized; for in the army of young-girl graduates yearly looking to journalism as a career far-off fields look green. Longing eyes turn to the maelstrom of the big city, forgetful that preparation and experience are as necessary to win success in this vocation as years of struggling and preparation are to win a place in the Paris salon or in grand opera.

I began as outside space-writer of editorials. In a few months I was doing my work in the office, cooped off in a little box-like compartment along with the halftone plates and metal cuts of heroes and criminals; and sometimes—I blush to acknowledge when the hero did things too unexpectedly for us to prepare a cut of him pictures of a

(Continued on Page 37)

*"It is You, the New Generation, Who Must Carry the Light Into Dark Places"*

# THE OTHER CHEEK

## By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ROMANCE has more lives than a cat. Crushed to earth beneath the double-tube non-skiddable tires of a sixty-horse-power limousine, she allows her prancing steed to die in the dust of yesterday and elopes with the chauffeur.

Love has transferred his activities from the garden to the electrically heated taxicab and suffers fewer colds in the head. No—romance is not dead, only reincarnated; she rode away in undivided skirt and side-saddle, and motored back in goggles. The tree-bark messages of the lovers of Arden are the fifty-word night letters of today.

The first editions of the Iliad were written in the tenderest fleshy parts of men's hearts, and truly enough did Moses blast his sublime messages out of the marble of all time; but why bury romance, with the typewriter as a headstone?

Why, indeed—when up in the ninth-floor offices of A. L. Gregory—stenographers and expert typewriters Miss Goldie Flint, with hair the color of heat lightning and wrists that jangled to the rolled-gold music of three bracelets, could ticktack a hundred-word-a-minute love scene that was destined, after her neat carbon copies were distributed, to wring tears, laughter and two dollars each from an audience of tired business men?

Why, indeed—when the same slow fires that burned in Gioconda's eyes, and made the world her lover, lay deep in Goldie's own and won her an invariable seat in the six-o'clock Subway rush, and a bold, bad, flirtatious stare if she ventured to look above the third button of a man's coat? Goldie Flint, beneath whose too-openwork shirtwaist fluttered a heart whose tempo was love-of-life; and love-of-life on eight dollars a week and ninety per cent impure food, and a hall room—more specifically a standing room—is like a pink rose bush that grows in a slag heap and begs its warmth from ashes.

Goldie, however, up in her ninth-floor offices, bent to an angle of forty-five degrees over the dénouement of hectic drama that promised a standing-room-only run and the free advertising of censorship, had little time or concern for her own unfilled needs.

It was nearly six o'clock and she wanted a yard of pink tulle before the shops closed. A yard of pink tulle cut to advantage would make a fresh yoke that would brighten even a three-year-old, gasoline-cleaned blouse.

Harry Trimp liked pink tulle. Most Harry Trimps do.

At twenty minutes before six the lead-colored dusk of January crowded into the Gregory typewriting office so thickly that the two figures before the two typewriters faded into the veil of gloom as a Corot landscape melts into its own mist.

Miss Goldie Flint ripped the final sheet of her second act from the platen of her machine, reached out a dim arm that was noisy with bracelets and clicked on the electric lights.

The two figures at the typewriters, the stationary wash-stand in the corner, a rolltop desk, and the heat-lightning tints in Miss Flint's hair sprang out in the yellow light.

"I'm done with the second act, Miss Gregory. May I go now?"

Miss Flint's eyes were shining with the love-of-life lamps, the mica powder of romance, and a brilliant anticipation of Harry Trimp.

Miss Gregory's eyes were twenty years older and dulled as glass is when you breathe on it.

"Yes; if you got to go I guess you can."

"Ain't it a swell play, Miss Gregory? Ain't it grand where he pushes her to the edge of the bridge and she throws herself down and hugs his knees?"

"Did you red-ink your stage directions in, with the margin wide, like he wants? He was fussy about the first act."

"Yes'm; and say, ain't it a swell name for a show—The Last of the Dee-Moolans? Give me a show to do every time and you can have all your contracts and statements and form letters. Those love stories that long, narrow fellow brings in are swell to do, too, if he wa'n't such an old grouch about punctuation. Give me stuff that has some reading in it, every time!"

Miss Gregory sniffed—the realistic, acidulated sniff of unloved forty and a thin nose.

"The sooner you quit curlin' your side hair and begin to learn that life's made up of statements and form letters, instead of love scenes on papier-mâché bridges and flashy fellows in checked suits and get-rich-quick schemes, the better off you're going to be."

The light in Goldie's face died out as suddenly as a Jack-o'-lantern when you blow out the taper.

"Aw, Miss Greg-or-ee!" Her voice was the downscale wail of an oboe. "Whatta you always picking on Harry Trimp for? He ain't ever done anything to you—and you

"Don't! Don't You Come Near Me!"

said yourself when he brought them circular letters in that he was one handsome kid."

"Just the same, I knew when he came in here the second time, hanging round you with them blue eyes and black lashes and that batch of get-rich-quick letters, he was as phony as his scarfpin."

"I glory in a fellow's spunk that can give up a clerking job and strike out for hisself—that's what I do!"

"He was fired—that's how he started out for himself. Ask Mae Pope; she knows a thing or two about Harry Trimp."

"Aw, Miss ——"

"Wait until you have been dealing with them as long as I have! Once get a line on a man's correspondence and you can see through him as easy as through a looking glass with the mercury rubbed off."

The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of a ram's horn. Not so Miss Flint's frailer fortifications.

"The minute a fellow that doesn't belong to the society of pikers and gets a three-figure salary comes along and can take a girl to a restaurant where they begin with horse-doovries instead of wiping your cutlery on the table-cloth and deciding whether you want the 'and' with your ham fried or scrambled—the minute a fellow like that comes along and learns one of us girls that taxicabs was made for something besides dodging, and pink roses for something besides florists' windows—that minute they put on another white-slave play and your friends begin to recite the doxology to music. Gee! It's fierce!"

"Gimme that second act, Goldie. Thank Gawd, I can say that in all my years of experience I've never been made a fool of; and if I do say it I had chances enough in my time!"

"You—you're the safest girl I know, Miss Gregory!"

"What?"

"You're safe all right if you know the ropes, Miss Gregory."

"What did you do with the Rheinhardt statement, Goldie? He'll be in for it any minute."

"It's in your lefthand drawer, along with those contracts, Miss Gregory. I made two carbons."

Miss Flint slid into her pressed-plush fourteen-dollar-and-a-half copy of a fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Persian-lamb coat, pulled her curls out from under the brim of her hat, and clasped a dyed-rat tippet about her neck so that her face flowered above it like a small rose out of its calyx.

The Bacon-Shakspere controversy, the Fifth Dimension, and the American Shopgirl and How She Does Not Look it on Six Dollars a Week and Milk-Chocolate Lunches are still the subjects that are flung like serpentine confetti across the pink candleshades of four-fork dinners, and are wound like red tape round Uplift Societies and Ladies' Culture Clubs.

Yet Goldie flourished on milk-chocolate lunches, like the baby-food infants on the backs of the illustrated magazines.

"Good night, Miss Gregory."

"Night!"

Goldie Flint closed the door softly behind her as though tiptoeing away from the buzzing gnats of an eight-hour day.

Simultaneously across the hall the ground-glass door of the Underwriters' Realty Company swung open with a gust, and Mr. Eddie Bopp, clerk, celibate and aspirant for the beyond of each state, bowed himself directly in Goldie's path.

"Ed-die Bopp! Ain't you awful early tonight, though! Since when are you keeping board-of-directors' hours?"

"I been watching for you, Goldie."

Eddie needs no introduction. He solicits coffee orders at your door. The shipping clerks and dustless-broom agents and lottery-ticket buyers of the world are made of his stuff.

Bronx apartment houses, with perambulators and imitation marble columns in the downstairs foyer, are built for his destiny. He sells you a yard of silk; he travels to Coney Island on hot Sunday afternoons; he bleaches on the bleachers; he keeps books; he belongs to a building association and wears polka-dot neckties.

He is not above the pink evening edition. Ibsen and eugenics and post-impressionism have never darkened the door of his consciousness.

Eddie Bopp is the safe-and-sane stratum in the social mountain, not of the base nor of the rarefied heights that carry dizziness.

Yet when Eddie regarded Goldie there was that in his eyes which transported him far above the safe-and-sane stratum to the only communal ground that men and socialists admit—the Arcadia of youthful lovers.

"I wasn't going to let you get by me tonight, Goldie, I ain't walked home with you for so long I haven't a rag of an excuse left to give Addie."

Miss Flint's cheeks colored the faint pink of dawn's first moment.

"I—I got to do some shopping tonight, Eddie. That's why I quit early. Believe me, Gregory'll make me pay up tomorrow."

"It won't be the first time I've gone shopping with you, Goldie."

"No."

"Remember the time we went down in Tracy's basement for a little alcohol stove you wanted for your breakfasts? The girl at the counter thought we—we were spliced."

"Yeh!" Miss Flint's voice was faint as the thud of a nut to the ground.

They shot down nine fireproof stories in a breath-taking elevator and then out on the whitest, brightest Broadway in the world, where the dreary trilogy of Wine, Women and Song is played from moon to dawn.

"How's Addie?"

"She don't complain, but she gets whiter and whiter—poor kid! I got her some new crutches, Goldie—swell mahogany ones, with silver tips. You ought to see her get round on them!"

"I—I been so busy—nightwork and—and ——"

"She's been asking about you every night, Goldie. It ain't like you to stay away like this."

Their breaths clouded before them in the stinging air, and down the length of the enchanted highway lights sprang out of the gloom and winked at them like naughty eyes.

"What's the matter, Goldie? You ain't mad at me—us—are you?"

Eddie took her pressed-plush elbow in the cup of his hand and looked down at her, trying in vain to capture the bright flame of her glance.

"Nothing's the matter, Eddie. Why should I be mad? I been busy—that's all."

The tide of homegoing New York caught them in its six-o'clock vortex. Shops emptied and street cars filled. A newsboy fell beneath a car and Broadway parted like a Red Sea for an overworked ambulance, the mission of which was futile. A lady in a fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Persian-lamb coat and a notorious dog collar of pearls stepped out of a wine-colored limousine into the goldleaf foyer of a hotel. A ten-story department store ran an iron grating across its entrance, and ten watchmen reported for night duty.

"Aw, gee! They're closed! Ain't that the limit now! Ain't that the limit! I wanted some pink tulle for tonight, worst way."

"Poor kid! Don't you care! You can get it tomorrow you can work Gregory."

"I—I wanted it for tonight."

"What?"

"I wanted it for my yoke."

They turned into the dark aisle of a side street; the wind lurked round the corner to leap at them.

"Oh-h-h-h!"

He held tight to her arm.

"It's some night—ain't it, girlie?"

"I should say so!"

"Poor little kid!"

Eddie's voice was suddenly the lover's, full of that quality which is like unto the ting of a silver bell after the clapper is quiet.

"You're coming home to a good hot supper with me, Goldie—ain't you, Goldie? Addie'll like it."

She withdrew her hand from the curve of his elbow.

"I can't, Eddie—not tonight. I——Tell her I'm coming over real soon."

"Oh!"

"It's sure cold, ain't it?"

"Goldie, can't you tell a fellow what's the matter? Can't you tell me why you been dodging me—us—for two weeks? Can't you tell a fellow—huh, Goldie?"

"Geewhillikins, Eddie! Ain't I told you it's nothing? There ain't a girl could be a better friend to Addie than me."

"I know that, Goldie; but ——"

"Didn't we work in the same office thick as peas for two whole years before her—accident—even before I knew she had a brother? Ain't I stuck to her right through—ain't I?"

"You know that ain't what I mean, Goldie. You been a swell friend to poor Addie, stayin' with her Sundays when you could be havin' a swell time and all; but it's me I'm talking about, Goldie. Sometimes—sometimes I ——"

"Aw!"

"I've never talked straight out about it before, Goldie, but you—you remember the night—the night I rigged up like a Christmas tree and you said I was all the ice cream in my white pants—the night Addie was run over and they sent for me?"

"Will I ever forget it!"

"I was tuning up that evening to tell you, Goldie—while we were sitting out there on your front stoop, with the street light in our eyes, and you screechin' and squealin' every time a June bug bumbled in your face!"

"My! How I hate bugs! There was one in Miss Gregory's ——"

"I was going to tell you that night, Goldie, that there was only one girl—one girl for me—and——"

"Yeh; and while we were sittin' there gigglin' and screechin' at June bugs poor Addie was provin' that a street-car fender has got it all over a mangling machine."

"Yes; it's like she says about herself—she was payin' her initiation fee for life membership into the Society of Cripples with a perfectly good hip and a bit of spine."

"Poor Addie! How she loved to dance! She used to spend every noon hour eatin' marshmallows and learning me new steps."

The wind soughed in their ears and Goldie's skirts blew backward like sails.

"You haven't got a better friend than Addie right now, girlie! She always says our little flat is yours. The three of us, Goldie—the three of us could ——"

"It's swell for a girl that ain't got none of her own blood to have a friend like that. Swell, lemme tell you!"

"Goldie!"

"Yes."

"It's like I said—I've never talked right out before, but I got a feelin' you're slippin' away from me like a eel, girlie. You know—aw, you know I ain't much on the elocution stuff; but if it wasn't for Addie and her accident right now I'd ask you outright—I would. You know what I mean!"

"I don't know anything, Eddie; I'm no mindreader!"

"Aw, cut it out, Goldie! You know I'm tied up right now and can't say some of the things I was going to say that night on the stoop. You know what I mean—with Addie's doctor's bills and chair and crutches, and all."

"Sure I do, Eddie. You've got no right to think of anything."

She turned from him, so that her profile was like a white cameo mounted on black velvet.

"You just give me a little time, Goldie, and I'll be on my feet, all righty. I just want some kind of understanding between us—that's all."

"Oh—you—I ——"

"I got Joe's job cinched if he goes over to the other firm in March; and by that time, Goldie, you and me and Addie, on eighty per, could—why, we ——"

She swayed back from his close glance and ran up the first three steps of her rooming house. Her face was struck with fear suddenly, as with a white flame out of the sky.

"Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" she said. "You mustn't!"

He reached for her hand, caught it and held it—but like a man who feels the rope sliding through his fingers.

"Lemme go, Eddie! I gotta go—it's late!"

"I know, Goldie. They been guyin' me at the office about you passin' me up; and it's right—ain't it? It's it's him ——" She shook her head and tugged for the freedom of her hand. Tears crowded into her eyes like water to the surface of a tumbler just before the overflow. "It's him—ain't it, Goldie?"

"Well, you won't give—give a girl a chance to say anything. If you'd have given me time I was comin' over and tell you, and—and tell ——"

"Goldie!"

"I was—I was "

"It's none of my business, girlie; but—but he ain't fit for you. He ——"

"There you go! The whole crowd of you make me——"

"He ain't fit for no girl, Goldie! Listen to me, girlie! He's just a regular ladykiller! He can't keep a job no more'n a week for the life of him! I used to know him when I worked at Delaney's. Listen to me, Goldie! This here new minin' scheme he's in ain't even on the level! It ain't none of my business; but Goldie, just because a guy's good-lookin' and a swell dresser, and ——"

She sprang from his grasp and up the three remaining steps. In the sooty flare of the street lamp she was like Jeanne d'Arc heeding the vision or a suffragette declaiming on a soapbox and equal rights.

"You—the whole crowd of you make me sick! The minute a fellow graduates out of the sixty-dollar-clerk class and can afford a twenty-dollar suit, without an extra pair of pants thrown in, the whole pack of you begin to yowl and yap at his heels like ——"

"Goldie! Goldie, listen ——"

"Yes, you do! But I ain't caring. I know him and I know what I want. We're goin' to get married when we're good and ready, and we ain't apologizing to no one! I don't care what the whole pack of you have to say, except Addie and you; and—and—I—oh ——"

Goldie turned and fled into the house, slamming the front door after her until the stained-glass panels rattled—then up four flights, with the breath soughing in her throat and the fever of agitation racing through her veins.

Her oblong box of a room at the top of the long flights was cold with a cavern damp and musty with the must that goes with rooming houses as inevitably as chorus girls go with the English peerage or insomnia goes with black coffee.

Even before she lit her short-armed gas jet, however, a sweet, insidious, hothouse fragrance greeted her faintly through the must, as the memory of mignonette clings to old lace. Goldie's face softened as if a choir invisible were singing her ragtime from above her skylight. She lighted her fan of gas with fingers that trembled in a pleasant frenzy of anticipation, and the tears dried on her face and left little paths down her cheeks.

A fan of pink roses, fretted with maidenhair fern and caught with a sash of pink tulle, lay on her coarse cot coverlet, as though one of her dreams had ventured out of its long night.

Pink leaped into Goldie's cheeks, and into her eyes the light that passeth understanding. Life dropped its dun-colored cloak and stood suddenly garlanded in pink, wire-stemmed roses.

She buried her face in their fragrance. She kissed a cool bud, the heart of which was closed. She unwrapped the pink tulle sash with fingers that fumbled—like a child's at the gold cord of a candy box—and held the filmy streamer against her bosom in the outline of a yoke.

In Mrs. McCasky's boarding house the onward march of night was as regular as a Swiss watch with an American movement.

At nine o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters, across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging doors of Joe's place.

At ten o'clock the Polinis, on the third-floor back, let down their folding bed and shivered the chandelier in Major Florida's second-floor back.

At eleven o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated unevenly along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters, across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging door of Joe's place.

At twelve o'clock the electric piano in Joe's place ceased to clatter like coal pouring into an empty steel bin, and Mrs. McCasky lowered the hall light from a blob the size of a cranberry till it was no bigger than a French pea.

At one o'clock the next to the youngest Polini infant lifted its voice to the skylight, and Mr. Trimp's nightkey groped round the front-door lock, scratch-scratching for its hole.

In the dim-lit first-floor front Mrs. Trimp started from her light doze, like a deer in a park, which vibrates to the fall of a lady's feather fan. The criss-cross from the cane chairback was imprinted on one sleep-flushed cheek, and her eyes, dim with the weariness of the nightwatch, flew to the white china doorknob.

Reader, rest undismayed. Mr. Trimp entered on the banking-hour legs of a scholar and a gentleman. With a white carnation in his buttonhole, his hat unbattered in the curve of his arm, and his blue eyes behind their curtain of black lashes but slightly watery, like a thawing ice pond with a film atop.

"Hello, my little Goldie-eyes!"

Mr. Trimp flashed his double deck of girlish-pearlish teeth. When Mr. Trimp smiled Greuze might have wanted to paint his lips for a child study. Women tightened up about the throat and dared to wonder whether he wore a chest protector and asafetida bag. Old ladies in street cars regarded him through the mist of memories, and as if their motherly fingers itched to run through the heavy yellow hemp of his hair. There was that in his smile which seemed to provoke hand-painted sofa pillows and baby-ribboned coathangers, knitted neckties, and cross-stitched bedroom slippers. Once he had posed for an Adonis underwear advertisement.

"Hello, baby! Did you wait up for your old man?"

Goldie regarded her husband with eyes that ten months of marriage had dimmed slightly. Her lips were thinner and tighter and silent.

"I think we landed a sucker tonight for fifty shares, kiddo. Ain't so bad, is it? And so you waited up for your tired old man, baby?"

"No!" she said, the words sparking from her lips like the hiss of a hot iron when you test it with a moist forefinger. "No; I didn't wait up. I been out with you—painting the town."

"I couldn't get home for supper, hon. Me and Cutty were ——"

"You and Cutty! I wasn't born yesterday!"

"Me and Cutty had a sucker out, baby. He'll bite for fifty shares, sure!"

"Gee!" she flamed at him, backing round the rocker from his amorous advances. "Gee! If I was low enough to be a crook—if I was low enough to try and make a livin' sellin' dead dirt for pay dirt—I'd be a successful crook anyway; I'd ——"

"Now Goldie—hon! Don't ——"

"I wouldn't leave my wife havin' heart failure every time McCasky passes the door—I wouldn't!"

"Now don't fuss at me, Goldie. I'm tired—dog-tired. I got some money comin' in tomorrow that'll ——"

"That don't go with me any more!"

"Sure, I have."

"I been set out on the street too many times before on promises like that; and it was always after a week of one of these here slow jags. I know them and how they begin. I know them!"

"'Tain't so this time, honey. I been ——"

"I know them and how they begin, with your sweet, silky ways. I'd rather have you come staggering home than like this—with your claws hid. I—I'm afraid of you, I tell you. I ain't forgot the night up at Hinkey's. You haven't been out with Cutty no more than I have. You been up to the Crescent, where the Red Slipper is dancing this week, you ——"

Mr. Trimp swayed ever so slightly—slightly as a silver reed in the lightest breeze that blows—and regained his

"The Girl at the Counter Thought We—We Were Spliced"

balance immediately. His breath was redolent as a garden of spices and cloves.

"Baby," he said, "you better believe your old man. I been out with Cutty, Goldie. We had a sucker out!"

She sprang back from his touch, hot tears in her eyes.

"Believe you! I did till I learnt better. I believed you for four months, sittin' round waiting for you and your goings on. You ain't been out with Cutty—you ain't been out with him one night this week. You been—you ——"

Mrs. Trimp's voice rose in a hysterical crescendo. Her hair, yellow as cornsilk and caught in a low chignon at her neck, escaped its restraint of pins and fell in a whorl down her back.

She was like a young immortal eaten by the corroding acids of earlier experiences.

"You ain't been out with Cutty. You been ——"

The piano salesman in the first-floor back knocked against the closed folding doors for the stilly night that should have been his by right. A distant nightstick struck the asphalt, and across Harry Trimp's features, like filmy clouds across the moon, floated a composite mask of Henry the Eighth and Othello and all their alimony-paying kith. His mouth curved into an expression that did not comport with pale hair and light eyes.

He slid from his greatcoat, a black one with a fur collar, bought in three payments, and inclined closer to his wife, a contumelious smirk on his lips.

"Well, whatta you going to do about it, kiddo—huh?"

"I—I'm going to—quit!"

He laughed and let her squirm from his hold, strolled over to the mirror, pulled his red four-in-hand upward from its knot and tugged his collar open.

"You're not going to quit, kiddo! You ain't got the nerve!"

He leaned toward the mirror and examined the even rows of teeth, and grinned at himself like a Halloween pumpkin to flush whiter their whiteness.

"Ain't I! Which takes the most nerve, I'd like to know, stickin' to you and your devilishness, or strikin' out for myself like I been raised to do? I was born a worm and I ain't never found the cocoon that would change me into a butterfly. I—I had as swell a job up at Gregory's as a girl ever had. I'm an expert stenographer, I am! I got a diploma from ——"

"Why don't you get your job back, baby? You been up there twice to my knowin'; maybe the third time'll be a charm. Don't let me keep you, kiddo."

The sluicegates of her fear and anger opened suddenly and tears rained down her cheeks. She wiped them away with her hand.

"It's because you took the life and soul out of me! They don't want me back because I ain't nothin' but a rag any more. I guess they're ashamed to take me back 'cause I'm in—in your class. Ten months of standing for your funny business, and dodging landladies, and waitin' up nights, and watchin' you and your crooked, starvation game would take the life out of any girl. It would!"

"Don't fuss at me any more, Goldie-eyes. It's gettin' hard for me to keep down; and I don't want—want to begin gettin' ugly."

Mr. Trimp advanced toward his wife gently—gently.

"Don't come near me! I know what's coming; but you ain't going to get me this time with your oily ways. You're the kind that walks on a girl with spiked heels and then tries to kiss the sores away. I'm going to quit!"

Mr. Trimp plucked nervously at his faint mustache and slowly folded his black-and-white waistcoat over the back of a chair. He fumbled it a bit.

"Stay where you're put, you—you bloomin' vest, you!"

"I—I got friends that'll help me, I have—even if I ain't ever laid eyes on 'em since the day I married you. I got friends—real friends! Addie'll take me in any minute, day or night. Eddie Bopp could get me a job in his firm tomorrow if—if I ask him. I got friends! You've kept me from 'em; but I ain't afraid to look 'em up. I'm not!"

He advanced to where she stood beneath the waving gas flame. A pet phrase clung to his lips and he stumbled over it.

"My—my little—pussy-cat!"

"You're drunk!"

"No, I ain't, baby—only dog-tired. Dog-tired! Don't fuss at me! You just don't know how much I love you, baby!"

"Who wouldn't fuss, I'd like to know?"

Her voice was like ice crackling with thaw. He took her lax waist in his embrace and kissed her on the brow.

"Don't, honey—don't!"

"You—you always get your way with me. You treat me like a dog; but you know you can wind me round—wind me round."

"Baby! Baby!"

He smoothed her hair away from her salt-bitten eyes, patted her head, laid his cheek affectionately against hers, and murmured to her softly, as a bird croons to its mate.

"Pussy-cat! Pussy!"

The river of difference between them dried in the warm sun of her forgiveness, and she sobbed on his shoulder with the exhaustion of a child after a tantrum.

"You won't leave me alone nights no more, Harry?"

"Thu—thu—thu—such a little Goldie-eyes!"

"I can't stand for the worry of the board no more, Harry. McCaskys are gettin' ugly. I ain't got a decent rag to my back, neither!"

"I'm going to take a shipping-room job next week, honey, and get back in harness. Bill's going to fix me up. There ain't nothin' in this rotten game and I'm going to get out."

"Sure?"

"Sure, Goldie."

"You ain't been drinking, Harry?"

"Sure I ain't. Me and Cutty had a rube out, I tell you."

"You'll keep straight, won't you, Harry? You're killin' me, boy; you are."

"Come; dry your face, baby."

He reached to his hip pocket for his handkerchief, and with it a sparse shower of red and green and pink and white and blue confetti showered to the floor as if snow were falling through a rainbow. Goldie slid from his embrace and laughed—a laugh frozen with the ice of scorn and as chilled as her own chilled heart.

"Liar!" she said, and trembled as she stood.

His lips curled again into the expression that so ill fitted his albinism. "You little cat! You can't bluff me!"

"I knew you was up at the Crescent Cotillon! I felt it in my bones. I knew you was up there when I read on the billboards that the Red Slipper was dancing there. I knew where you was every night while I been sittin' here waitin'! I knew—I knew ——"

The piano salesman rapped against the folding doors thrice with rage and the head of a cane. At that instant the lower half of Mr. Trimp's face protruded suddenly into a lantern-jawed facsimile of a blue-ribbon English bull; his hand shot out and hurled the chair that stood between them halfway across the room, where it fell on its side against the washstand and split a rung.

"You—you little devil, you!"

The second-floor front beat a tattoo of remonstrance; but there was a sudden howling as of boiling surf in Mr. Trimp's ears and the hot ember of an oath dropped from his lips.

"You little devil! You been hounding me with the quit game for eight months. Now you gotta quit!"

"I—I

"There ain't a man livin' would stand for your long face and naggin'! If you don't like my banking hours, and my game, and the company I keep, you quit, kiddo! Quit! Do you hear?"

"Will I—quit? Well ——"

"Yeh; I been up to the Crescent Confetti—every night this week, just like you say! I been round live wires, where there ain't no long white faces shoving boardbills and whining the daylights out of me."

"Oh, you—you ain't nothin' but ——"

"Sure, I been up there! I can get two laughs for every long face you pull on me. You quit if you want to, kiddo—there ain't no strings to you. Quit—and the sooner the better!" Mr. Trimp grasped his wife by her taut wrists and jerked her toward him until her head fell backward and the breath jumped out of her throat in a choke. "Quit—and the sooner the better!"

"Lemme go! Lem—me—go!"

He tightened his hold and inclined toward her, so close that their faces almost touched. With his hot clutches on her wrists and his hot breath in her face, it seemed to her that his eyes fused into one huge Cyclopean circle that spun and spun in the center of his forehead like a fiery pinwheel against a night sky.

"Bah! You little whiteface, you! You played a snide trick on me anyway—lost your looks the second month and went dead, like a punctured tire! Quit when you want to—there ain't no strings. Quit now!"

He flung her from him, so that she staggered backward four steps and struck her right cheek sharply against the mantel corner. A blue glass vase fell to the hearth and was shattered. With the salt of fray on his lips, he kicked at the overturned chair and slammed a closet door until the windows rattled. A carpet-covered hassock lay in his path and he hurled it across the floor. Goldie edged toward the wardrobe, hugging the wall like one who gropes in the dark.

"If you're right bright, kiddo, you'll keep out of my way. You got me crazy tonight—crazy! Do you hear me, you little ——"

"My hat!"

He flung it to her from its peg, with her jacket, so that they fell crumpled at her feet.

"You're called on your bluff this time, little one. This is one night it's quits for you—and I ain't drunk, neither!"

She crowded her rampant hair, flowing as Ophelia's, into her cheap little boyish hat and fumbled into her jacket. A red welt, shaped like a tongue of flame, burned diagonally down her right cheek.

"Keep out of my way—you! You got me crazy tonight—crazy tonight!"

He watched her from the opposite side of the room with lowered head, like a bull longing for an onslaught.

She moved toward the door with the rigidity of an automaton, her hands groping ahead and her magnetized eyes never leaving his reddening face. Her mouth was moist and no older than a child's; but her skin was dead, as if coated over with tallow. She opened the door slowly, fearing to break the spell—then suddenly slipped through the doorway and slammed the door after her. The slam of

(Continued on Page 72)

*"Ain't It Grand Where He Pushes Her to the Edge of the Bridge?"*

*"He Could Have Turned Me Against My Own Mother, I Was That Crazy Over Him"*

# MY SON

## By WILLIAM CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"If There's Anything Sick Round the Place, Even the Cat, I Want to Know It"

VI

CARLETON milk would do it," said Barney. There was something in his voice that made my own heart beat faster. It was the white idealism of the man that made him ignore the petty little interests of individuals in answer to the cry of the babies. Then, too, he voiced his faith in Dick, and finally he voiced his faith in the name Carleton. It made me proud, I'll admit it, to have him feel that the name Carleton attached to a business was a guaranty of good faith. On the whole I think I valued more highly the good opinion of this youngster than that of any other man in town. This was because he was inspired from within rather than from without.

I waited to hear what Dick would say. Ever since our escape from our neat little suburban prison to the pioneer freedom of the tenement district, I had tried to make the boy see beyond himself. In directing his ambition toward the freedom that comes with capital I had tried to make him see that every honest success is a coöperative success.

"Make some one besides your own people happier for every extra dollar you earn," I told him.

The contracting business which he took over from me was based on that idea and built up on that idea. Our men grew prosperous with us. And Dick had maintained it on this basis and was still so maintaining it.

But this scheme of Barney's was a little different. In the first place there was a general prejudice against dairying in the town. It's a fact that those men who sold their milk to contractors made a mighty small profit, and Dick was anxious to make his farm pay. A good many people would watch him. Then, too, he had to live up to Dardoni's record or suffer the humiliation of confessing he couldn't succeed so well as a foreign immigrant. But there was the cry of the unknown babies to be considered. And there was the implied demand of Barney to Dick as a young American business man to devote his energies to a cause concerned with something besides his pocketbook. It seemed to me like a crisis in the boy's life.

"Think it over for a day or two," said Barney as he rose to go.

"I've been thinking it over," said Dick. "I've been thinking it over and this is what I'll do: I'll promise you a dozen cows, lose or gain. We'll see what we can do and go as far as we can."

Barney thrust out his hand toward the boy, and the two youngsters gripped.

"And I can't tell a Jersey from a Guernsey and neither can you," the boy said to me when we were talking over the matter more in detail a day or so later.

"That's a good thing," I said; "you'll be able to start fresh. You haven't a century of prejudices back of you nor a century of bad habits. There are men in the state agricultural school who have made a life study of dairying, not only here but throughout this country and abroad. And they are there to tell you what they've learned. They don't ask for a rarer privilege than to find some one ready to listen."

"But I don't like the idea of putting my business altogether into their hands."

"You do more every time you consult a lawyer or a doctor," I said.

"I know it, but this seems different. I've got to run this business myself, and I don't like the idea of merely carrying out the theories of some one else."

"Don't," I said. "Listen to what they all have to say and then take those theories that appeal to you and make them your own. Besides, I don't believe there is any theory about the essentials of dairying or any other branch of farming. The fundamentals have been proved. Some one has paid big in time and expensive mistakes to prove them for you. You can start where the other man left off. You don't have to start fresh."

I suppose it was the young blood in the boy that made him hate to seek advice, but this feeling of resentment didn't last long. And then Barney, ever breathless to push along anything he started, had sent off by the next mail a request to both the Department of Agriculture and the state school for all data on hand dealing with dairying. The prompt reply and the mass of reports and pamphlets he received proved how eager those bureaus are to grasp a chance to spread their information. Too often the results of their patient investigations are wasted. Buried in annual reports, few people see them. These reports are to be had free or for a pittance, to be sure, but that's beside the point when the great mass of farmers don't send for them. And it's no answer to say that in this case the farmers don't deserve them. You might just as well abolish truant officers with the argument that children who don't want to go to school oughtn't to be made to go. If the departments of agriculture, both Federal and state, devoted one-half of their appropriations to publicity—much as they need the money in their regular work—the actual results accomplished would in my opinion warrant it. It isn't what the experts themselves learn that is of value to the nation; it's what they can drive home to the farmers who are actually raising the crops. I don't believe a single farmer in our town ever read the annual report of the State Board of Agriculture until after the forming of the Pioneer Club, and yet those reports had been crammed full for twenty-five years and more with information that would have saved them thousands of dollars and that would have brought the state a hundred times in dollars what it would have cost to have mailed to each rural male voter a digest of them. The Federal Government could have accomplished the same result with a single wasted political appropriation or with the money thrown away in that sop to weak Congressmen called "seed distribution."

These reports which we received covered the problems of dairying from every conceivable angle. In every case they were based upon actual experience, not only in the laboratory but in the field. The Institute papers read before the annual meetings of agricultural societies gave in detail the final successful results that followed years of costly failures. Here was the experience for which men paid, already paid for and given freely. It was in a definite, concrete form. Here were tables covering every item of production and cost in getting a quart of milk to market. It was worked out as accurately as is the cost of production of a pair of shoes. With such material as this at hand I didn't see why a novice, if he had a backing of horse sense and a fair amount of business experience, wasn't in as good a position to embark in this business as a man brought up in a dairy. In some respects he had the advantage. Personally I've found the hardest man in the world to teach farming to is the farmer.

Now in this mass of evidence two facts stood out as fundamental—that the production of milk can be increased by breeding, and that the greatest innovation in the scientific care of milk—clean handling—isn't so much an innovation as it is the correction of dirty habits that milk producers have had for so many years that they no longer recognize them as dirty habits. It's a fact that many a farmer has lived with cow dung so long that he has come to look upon it as clean, just as he has forced pigs to live in filth until now he looks upon filth as their natural habitat. Hadley was convinced that a clean pig was an impossibility.

"It's agin natur' to have 'em clean," he said. "Ain't they called unclean in the Bible?"

A farmer in our town who groomed his cow would have been thought as absurd as though he put a Brussels carpet down on his barn floor. Such notions were considered the evil result of a college education. A cow barn wouldn't be a cow barn if it didn't smell like a cow barn.

"They'll be tying blue ribbons round their horns next," one man allowed.

Barney came hurrying over to the house after supper with his finger between the leaves of one of these reports.

"Look here," he said to Dick; "in Germany they go to the bottom of things. They don't stop until they reduce facts to cold, hard figures. Listen to the death rate per thousand for babies fed on various foods: Fed on mother's milk the death rate is seven and four-tenths per thousand; fed on mother's and cow's milk, twenty-one and four-tenths; fed on cow's milk alone, forty-two and one-tenth. That makes cow's milk six times as deadly as mother's milk. It comes pretty near ranking it as a poison. But this isn't due to the milk itself, mind you; it's due to the dirt in the milk. You must lay the death of those babies directly at the door of the milk handlers, not the cows. The death rate in this country is probably even higher. There are a million and a half babies under one year of age in this country. Leaving a wide margin for error forty-five thousand of them are snuffed out yearly by unclean milk. That comes pretty close to wholesale murder."

"Of course some of the milk is dirtied in the homes," I suggested.

"Admit it," said Barney, "though clean milk once sealed in clean bottles will stay clean a long while. But admit that careless home handling does some of the damage. Admit a wide margin of error in the statistics. They are bad enough even after that. Then remember that pasteurized milk at once lowers the death rate wherever used and that pasteurized milk isn't improved milk by a long shot. But pasteurization does kill out some of the harmful germs. And wherever that is done the death rate drops. There is a difference between mother's milk and cow's milk, but the biggest difference is that one is clean and the other isn't. Give us clean milk, Dick. That's all we want."

It didn't seem very much to ask for. It sounded a good deal like imploring a candy manufacturer to refrain from putting poison in penny sticks.

"I suppose the reason we don't get clean milk is because it costs more to produce it," said Dick.

"Possibly," nodded Barney; "but as a rule uncleanliness in any business stands for shiftlessness and waste. Efficient men are clean men, and an efficient business is a clean business. Filth means waste. This is especially true in the case of milk. It means that valuable manure is being lost; it means that cows are depreciating because of slovenly care; it means that a man who is slovenly with his property is slovenly with his business. Cleanliness always pays for itself in the end. But even at twelve cents a quart clean milk is cheap food. That's one thing I propose to make those people in Little Italy understand. Look here."

"It's Agin Natur' to Have 'Em Clean. Ain't They Called Unclean in the Bible?"

Barney picked up another report and rapidly turned the leaves. He was alive, that man. If he had a weakness it was for statistics. He loved to see facts reduced to figures. He made every family in the village with a new baby keep a chart, and

then he reduced that chart to a curved line. If a mother wanted any flattery from him about her offspring she had to produce that chart and not the baby. With the kiddie gurgling in its cradle beside him he'd hold that chart at arm's length and exclaim:

"Now that curve is going the way it should. Fine! Fine! That's the way I like to see a baby grow."

"Here's what I was after," said Barney. "The actual food value of anything lies in the amount of digestible dry matter it contains. The water in it you can get cheaper by turning on the faucet, and what you don't digest is simply waste. On that basis here's a comparison of the cost per pound of certain common foods. Porterhouse steak at thirty cents a pound produces a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of eighty cents; round steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty-four cents; Hamburg steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty cents; eggs at thirty cents a dozen produce it at a cost of one dollar and three cents a pound; ham at twenty-five cents produces a pound of digestible matter at a cost of sixty-five cents; clean milk at twelve cents produces the same amount of digestible dry matter at a cost of only forty-eight cents. You see it's about the cheapest food a man can buy at even twelve cents a quart. Skim milk is still cheaper, producing a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of only fourteen cents; but skim milk, like buttermilk, is an acquired taste." Barney closed the book with a snap.

"If to make a fair profit you have to charge twelve cents a quart for clean milk, charge it. It's worth it, and I'll do what I can to make the public understand that fact."

"And I'll do what I can to produce it cheaper than twelve cents," said Dick.

VII

IN THE production of clean milk the farmer starts with one fundamental factor absolutely assured him—his product as delivered by a clean cow is clean. Neither pasteurization nor sterilization can improve it. There remains for the farmer then just one duty, to keep his milk clean. He must see that it is uncontaminated between the cow and the pail, between the pail and the cooling room, and between the cooling room and the bottle, and finally that the bottle itself is absolutely clean. By skillful feeding a farmer may improve the quality of his milk and increase its quantity, but he cannot make it any cleaner than it is delivered to him by a clean cow. As Dick and I read over the many reports we received we saw this fact emphasized again and again. Nature handed her product to man in a clean state and it was man who undid her work.

"It looks to me," said Dick, "as though the chief work of the dairy expert lies, not in the improvement of cattle but in the improvement of men."

And there was something in what the lad said. In the detection of unclean cattle by the tuberculin test experts have made a distinct, concrete advance, but the rest of their work consists mainly in trying to counteract the present day familiarity with filth which has led farmers to view it with contempt. I've seen a cow step in the milk pail, and have known the farmer's only regret to be the loss of a few quarts of milk. On the whole it would have done less harm if the farmer himself had stepped in the milk pail; and yet in that event he would have considered the milk contaminated simply because of the unusualness of the accident.

Little by little the bad habits of our ancestors, bred of shiftlessness due sometimes to enforced neglect and sometimes to laziness, have accumulated in the present generation who accept them either as inevitable or natural. A routine has been handed down to them and to their wives which has paralyzed both. The man who starts in the business fresh and with his eyes open escapes this heritage.

The more the boy and I read, the more we realized that in dairying the barn is a mighty important factor. Right there is where it was necessary to pull away from the popular conception of a barn. Farmers have for years been throwing together a type of building that is nothing but a lukewarm evolution of the first primitive shelter. In constructing these buildings the farmer has considered neither his own comfort nor that of his cattle. They vary only in size, and consist of nothing but a boarded-in roof that serves to keep off the rain. No attempt has been made to have a cool stable in summer or a warm stable in winter, while such items as light and cleanliness have been ignored completely. Cattle are not accorded even the consideration given vegetables.

The barn which Dardoni had found on the place and which he had not improved at all was of this old type. Dardoni, like most immigrants, depended upon hard work and economy for his success rather than upon modern scientific farming methods. The latter would have helped him, but he never had the opportunity to learn about them. Even if he had, it is doubtful if he would have adopted them. He fell into his own little tangle of ruts, and if they were an improvement on those of his neighbors they were still ruts.

The barn was big enough, about fifty by sixty, but it was poorly ventilated and poorly lighted, and was, of course, floored with wood. Back of the cows this wood was soaked with the accumulated filth of fifty years. The manure was shoveled through a trap door directly back of the cows to the ground below, where it lay until wanted for use. Much of it was lost by drainage, and what remained polluted the whole barn. You couldn't remain fifteen minutes in that barn without advertising the fact for an hour afterward to every one you met. This came pretty close to Hadley's ideal conception of a barn.

The cattle were watered from a well in the barnyard which received a good share of the drainage and in winter

*"If That Cow Isn't Buried Within a Week She'll be the Best-Advertised Cow in This Neighborhood"*

was as cold as it could be without freezing. There were windows back of the stalls, but in winter these were boarded up. The eaves shaded them, anyway, so that no sunlight ever came in. From roof to floor the barn was covered with a fine dust that was stirred up every time hay was pitched down from the loft and every time a gust of wind blew in. Viewing the structure from the point of view of the modern dairyman the barn was about as filthy as it could be. Viewing it from the point of view merely of a man with only average decent instincts it was filthy. Detach that barn and put it down in an orderly community where such barns are not common and it would be condemned instantly by any board of health.

Yet it was no worse than the average barn of the village. We consider ourselves a decent community too. I'll admit that at first it didn't appeal to me as in a very bad condition. That's because it was up to the local standard; because after a long period of slovenly training we had all become used to barns of this type. Only when we looked at it from a fresh point of view did we appreciate its actual condition. I don't suppose our dulled vision is limited to barns either, or that farmers are the only class with dulled vision. Just such conditions exist in every community.

It isn't a bad practice to stop every now and then and try to strip things to their naked selves. I've often wondered what a halfway decent inhabitant of another planet might report back to his fellows after a visit here. Suppose he was what we'd call a savage, and suppose he was so simple-minded he couldn't appreciate our civilization and reported things literally.

"They kill animals down there," he could say, "and eat their flesh—even their livers and stomachs. They drink poison down there because of the fun they get out of it while it is killing them. It is sold in stores like groceries. And they swallow deadly drugs, that drive them mad, because of the brief enjoyment they get before they go mad. Drugs are sold in stores too. They have laws that make it illegal for individuals to settle their quarrels by killing each other, but when groups of individuals fall out they think the only way they can settle the dispute with honor is to kill each other by thousands. The nation that kills the most is then declared to have been right, and this is thought a very brave and pretty affair. The slayers are dressed in bright uniforms and have bands and are highly honored. They can't decide on God down there and hate each other for loving Him in different ways. They don't think much of little children down there; the wealthy call them nuisances and the poor call them burdens. When a man does wrong down there they don't try to make him better, but shut him up and make him worse."

I've often stripped things to the raw that way, just for the good of my point of view. It's amazing how many bitter truths like those we have clothed with excuses until we don't see the facts any more. The matter of our barns in Brewster was a fine example on a small scale.

"The barn is rotten," said Dick, "and I thought of putting a cow in there for my own use."

The first question with Dick was whether it wouldn't be cheaper to pull down the old barn and start fresh. But after examining the structure carefully he found that the framework was as sound as when put together. It was built in the days when both lumber and labor were cheap. Most of those timbers couldn't be duplicated today. Letting in air and sunlight was simply a matter of putting in windows. If the barn was sheathed on the inside this would provide a space serving as a flue for ventilation. As for the floors, they should be cement. There was no possible chance for argument there. Nothing else can be kept so clean.

Now here's a point I want to emphasize—not one of those ideas was either Dick's or mine. My experience with farming in general had taught me that cleanliness in every branch is essential to the best results, and I will say that my barn was a little cleaner than some in the neighborhood. I took care of my dressing, for one thing, and kept my cows fairly clean with plenty of bedding and considerable grooming. But my barn wasn't properly ventilated and wasn't as clean as it ought to be by a long shot. In studying this subject I found I had as much to learn as the boy. The fact that impressed me, as it had already impressed me about other details of farming, was how simple a matter it is to learn. There is nothing complicated about farming; nothing abstruse. It's just horse sense. The subject presents no technical difficulties. Even if it did, the way people with intelligence even below the average have mastered the tricks and complications of gasoline engines would seem to indicate that this should be no bar. Within a decade a large army of humdrum people, many of whom no one ever thought could learn to drive a nail, have turned themselves into skilled mechanicians for the pleasure of running an automobile. A man who can master a gasoline engine ought to be able to master anything mechanical.

Dick approached his new enterprise knowing even less than I, but he had right at hand the published experience of others and knew enough to utilize it whenever it squared with intelligent reasoning. A man can go far without personal experience today if he knows how to use the experience of others.

The first thing the boy did was to sheathe the barn on the inside, leaving it open at the top. An opening on the outside near the sill allowed the fresh air to enter there, come up on the inside and enter at the top. Flues near the floor drew out the impure air. Nothing could be simpler, and nothing, so far as Dick's experience has gone, could work better.

The next thing the boy did was to have the barn swept down from roof to floor, and then he went to work on the cement floor. In the barn proper he had the cement put on over the floorboards, these being sound. The cement was not smoothed off, but left rough so as to afford a footing. In remodeling his stalls Dick used the published experience of an old dairyman—a practical farmer who evidently had

*(Continued on Page 65)*

# AN AMERICAN VANDAL

## The Deadly Poulet Routine—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

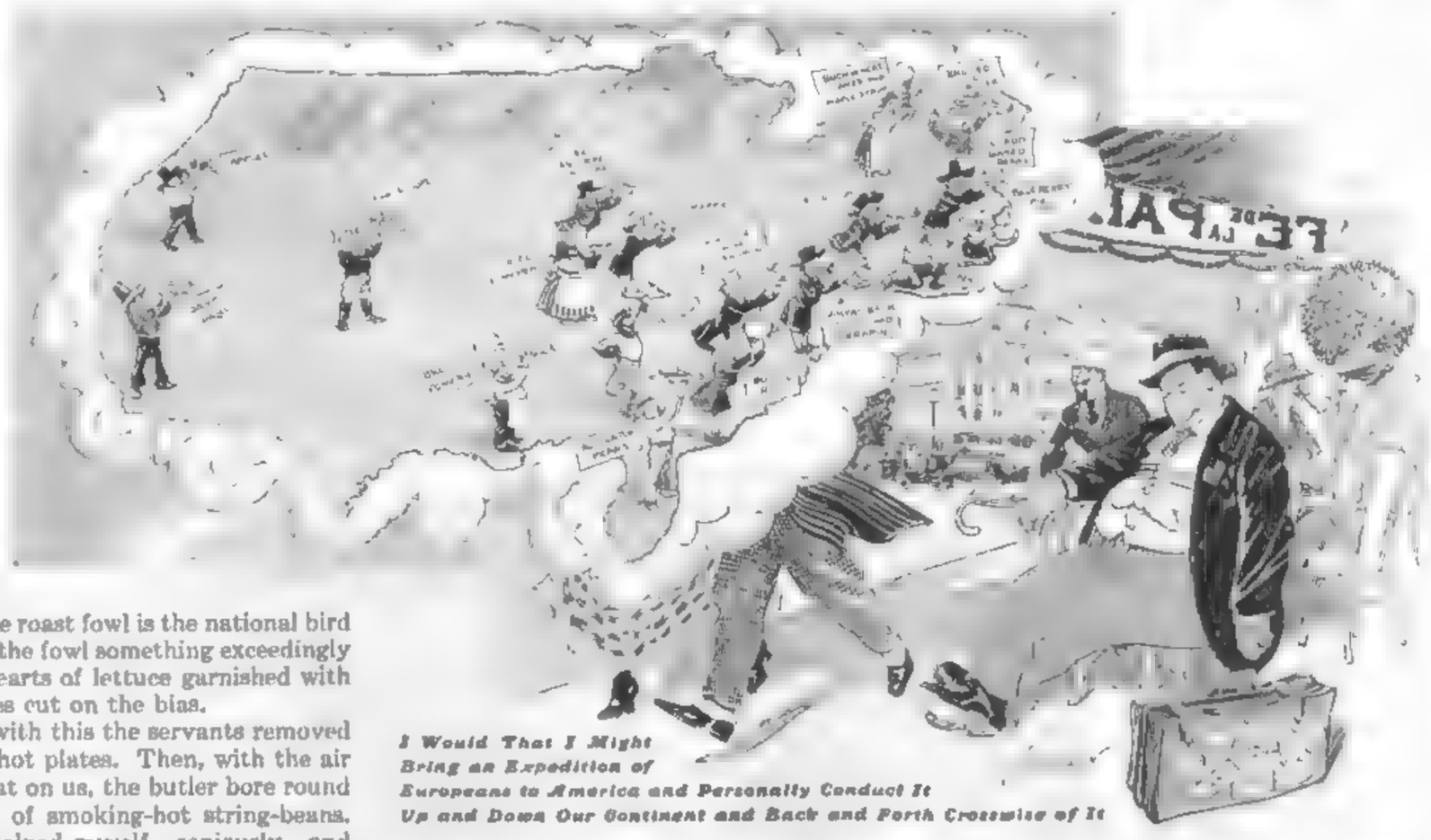
IT WAS at a small dinner party in a home out in Passy—which is to Paris what Flatbush is to Brooklyn—that the event hereinafter set forth came to pass. Our host was an American who had lived abroad a good many years; and his wife, our hostess, was a French woman as charming as she was pretty and as pretty as she could be.

The dinner was going along famously. We had the hors-d'œuvres, the soup and the hare—all very tasty to look on and very soothing to the palate. Then came the fowl, roasted, of course—the roast fowl is the national bird of France—and along with the fowl something exceedingly appetizing in the way of hearts of lettuce garnished with breast of hothouse tomatoes cut on the bias.

When we were through with this the servants removed the débris and brought us hot plates. Then, with the air of one conferring a real treat on us, the butler bore round a tureen arrangement full of smoking-hot string-beans. When it came my turn I helped myself—copiously—and waited for what was to go with the beans. A pause ensued—to my imagination an embarrassed pause.

Seeking a cue I glanced down the table and back again. There did not appear to be anything to go with the beans. The butler was standing at ease behind his master's chair—ease for a butler, I mean—and the other guests, it seemed to me, were waiting and watching. To myself I said:

"Well, sir, that butler certainly has made a J. Henry Fox Pass of himself this trip! Here, just when this dinner was getting to be one of the notable successes of the present century, he has to go and derange the whole running schedule by serving the salad when he should have served the beans, and the beans when he should have served the salad. It's a sickening situation; but if I can save it I'll do it. I'll be well bred if it takes a leg!"



*I Would That I Might Bring an Expedition of Europeans to America and Personally Conduct It Up and Down Our Continent and Back and Forth Crosswise of It*

### The String-Bean Path to Social Glory

SO, WEARING the manner of one who has been accustomed all his life to finishing off his dinner with a mess of string-beans, I used my putting iron; and from the edge of the fair green I holed out in three. My last stroke was dandy, if I do say it myself. The others were game too—I could see that. They were eating beans as though beans were particularly what they had come for. Out of the tail of my eye I glanced at our hostess, sitting next to me on the left. She was placid, calm, perfectly easy. Again addressing myself mentally I said:

"There's a thoroughbred for you! You take a woman who got prosperous suddenly and is still acutely suffering from nervous culture, and if such a shipwreck had occurred at her dinner table she'd be utterly prostrated by now—she'd be down and out—and we'd all be standing back to give her air; but when they're born in the purple it shows in these big emergencies. Look at this woman now—not a ripple on the surface—balmy as a summer evening! But in about one hour from now, Central European time, I can see her accepting that fool butler's resignation before he's had time to offer it!"

After the beans had been cleared off the right-of-way we had the dessert and the cheese and the coffee and the rest of it. And, as we used to say in the society column down home when the wife of the largest advertiser was entertaining the collected beauty and chivalry of the community, "at a suitable hour those present dispersed to their homes, one and all voting the affair to have been one of the most enjoyable occasions among like events of the season." We all knew our manners—we had proved that.

Personally I was very proud of myself for having carried the thing off so well; but after I had survived a few tables d'hôte in France and a few more in Austria and a great many in Italy, where they do not have anything at the hotels except tables d'hôte, I did not feel quite so proud. For at this writing in those parts the slender, sylphlike string-bean is not playing a minor part, as with us. He has the best spot on the bill at the evening performance—he is a headliner. So is the cauliflower; so is the Brussels sprout; so is any vegetable whose function among our own people is largely scenic.

Therefore I treasured the memory of this incident and brought it back with me; and I tell it here at some length of detail because I know how grateful my countrywomen will be to get hold of it—I know how grateful they always are when they learn about a new gastronomical wrinkle. Mind you, I am not saying that the notion is an absolute novelty here. For all I know to the contrary, prominent hostesses along the Gold Coast of the United States—Bar Harbor to Palm Beach inclusive—may have been serving one lone vegetable as a separate course for years and years; but I feel sure that throughout the interior the disclosure will come as a pleasant surprise.

The directions for executing this coup are simple—all the deadlier because they are so simple. The main thing is to invite your chief opponent as a smart entertainer; you know the one I mean—the woman who scored such a distinct social triumph in the season of 1912–13 by being the first woman in town to serve tomato bisque with whipped cream on it. Have her there by all means. Go ahead with your dinner as though naught sensational and revolutionary were about to happen. Give them in proper turn—the oysters, the fish, the entrée, the bird, the salad. And then, all by itself—alone and unafraid—bring on a dab of string-beans.

Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, and aim and fire at will. Settle back then, until the first hushed shock has somewhat abated—until your dazed and suffering rival is glaring about in a well-bred but flustered manner, looking for something to go with the beans. Hold her eye while you smile a smile that is compounded of equal parts—superior wisdom, and gentle contempt for her ignorance; and then slowly, deliberately, dip a fork into the beans on your plate and go to it.

Believe me, it cannot lose! Before breakfast time the next morning every woman who was at that dinner will either be sending out invitations for a dinner of her own and ordering beans, or she will be calling up her nearest and best friend on the telephone to spread the tidings. I figure that the intense social excitement occasioned in this country a few years ago by the introduction of Russian salad dressing will be as nothing in comparison.

This stunt of serving the vegetable as a separate course was one of the things I learned about food during our flittings across Europe, but it was not the only thing I learned—by a long shot it was not.

For example I learned this—and I do not care what anybody else may say to the contrary either—that here in America we have better food and more different kinds of food, and food better cooked and better served than the effete monarchies of the Old World ever dreamed of. And, quality and variety considered, it costs less here, bite for bite, than it costs there.

Food in Germany is cheaper than anywhere else almost, I reckon; and, selected with care and discrimination, a German dinner is an excellently good dinner. Certain dishes in England—and they are very certain, for you get them at every meal—are good, too, and not overlyexpensive. There are some distinctive Austrian dishes that are not without their attractions either.

Speaking by and large, however, I venture the assertion that, taking any first-rate restaurant in any of the larger American cities and balancing it off against any establishment of like standing in Europe, the American restaurant wins on cuisine, service, price, flavor and attractiveness.

Centuries of careful and constant press-agenting have given French cookery much of its present fame. The same crafty processes of publicity, continued through a period of eight or nine hundred years, have endowed the European scenic effects with a glamour and an impressiveness that really are not there, if you can but forget the advertising and consider the proposition on its merits.

Take their rivers now—their historic rivers, if you please. You are traveling—heaven help you—on a Continental train. Between spells of having your ticket punched or torn apart, or otherwise mutilated; and between spells of getting out at the border to see your trunks ceremoniously and solemnly unloaded and unlocked, and then as ceremoniously relocked and reloaded after you have conferred largess on everybody connected with the train, their customs regulations being mainly devised for the purpose of collecting not tariff but tips—between these periods, which constitute so important a feature of Continental travel—you come, let us say, to a stream.

### Puny Creeks With Historic Names

IT IS a puny stream, as we are accustomed to measure streams, boxed in by stone walls and regulated by stone dams, and frequently it is mud-colored and, more frequently still, runs between muddy banks. In the West it would probably not even be dignified with a regular name, and in the East it would be of so little importance that the local congressman would not ask an annual appropriation of more than half a million dollars for the purposes of dredging, deepening and diking it. But even as you cross it you learn that it is the Tiber or the Arno, the Elbe or the Po; and, such is the force of precept and example, you immediately get all excited and worked up over it.

English rivers are beautiful enough in a restrained, well-managed, landscape-gardened sort of way; but we Americans do not enthuse over an English river because of what it is in itself, but because it happens to be the Thames or the Avon—because of the distinguished characters in history whose names are associated with it. Hades gets much of its reputation the same way.

I think of one experience I had while touring through what we had learned to call the Dachshund District. Our route led us alongside a most inconsequential-looking little river. Its contents seemed a trifle too liquid for mud and a trifle too solid for water. On the nearer bank was a small village populated by short people and long dogs. Out in midstream, making poor headway against the semi-gelid current, was a little flutter-tailed steamboat panting and puffing violently and kicking up a lather of lacy spray with its wheelbuckets in a manner to remind you of a very warm small lady fanning herself with a very large gauze fan, and only getting hotter at the job.

In America that stream would have been known as Mink Creek or Cassidy's Run, or by some equally poetic title; but when I found out it was the Danube—no less—I had a

distinct thrill. On closer examination I discovered it to be a counterfeit thrill; but, nevertheless, I had it.

By the same token I also found out that day why they call the Danube the Blue Danube; for yellow is one of the component pigments of blue, and this stream had enough yellow in it to turn a whole ocean blue if properly mixed with enough green. And the Americans aboard that train could have supplied the greenness, too, and never missed it; they would have had plenty left.

What applies in the main to the scenery applies in the main to the food. France has the reputation of breeding the best cooks in the world—and maybe she does; but when you are calling in France you find most of them out. They have emigrated to America, where a French chef gets more money in one year for exercising his art and gets it easier—than he could get in ten years at home—and is given better ingredients to cook with than at home.

The hotel in Paris at which we stopped served good enough meals, all of them centering, of course, round the inevitable *poulet rôti*; but it took the staff an everlastingly long time to bring the food to you. If you grew reckless and ordered anything that was not on the bill it upset the entire establishment; and before they calmed down and relayed it in to you it was time for the next meal. Still, I must say we did not mind the waiting; near at hand a fascinating spectacle was invariably on exhibition.

At the next table sat an Italian countess. Anyhow they told me she was an Italian countess, and she wore jewelry enough for a dozen countesses. Every time I beheld her, with a big emerald earring gleaming at either side of her head, I thought of a Lenox Avenue local in the New York Subway.

However, it was not so much her jewelry that proved such a fascinating sight as it was her pleasing habit of fetching out a gold-mounted toothpick and exploring the most remote and intricate dental recesses of herself in full view of the entire dining room, meanwhile making a noise like somebody sicking a dog on.

The Europeans have developed public toothpicking beyond anything we know. They make an outdoor pastime and function of it, whereas we pursue this sport privately. Over there, however, a toothpick is a family heirloom and is handed down from one generation to another, and is operated in company ostentatiously. In its use some Europeans are absolutely gifted.

*She Wore Jewelry Enough for a Dozen Countesses*

### *Beware of the Oyster*

THIS particular hotel, in common with all other first-class hotels in Paris, was forgetful about setting forth on its menu the prices of its best dishes and its special dishes. I take it this arrangement was devised for the benefit of currency-quilted Americans. A Frenchman asks the waiter the price of an unpriced dish and then he orders something else; but the American, as a rule, is either too proud or too foolish to inquire into these details. At home he is beset by a hideous fear that some waiter will think he is of a mercenary nature; and when he is abroad this trait in him is accentuated.

So, in his carefree American way, he orders a portion of a dish of an unspecified value; whereupon the head waiter slips out to the office and ascertains by private inquiry how large a letter of credit the American is carrying with him, and comes back and charges him all the traffic will bear.

As for the keeper of a fashionable café on a boulevard or in the Rue de la Paix—well, alongside of him the most rapacious restaurant proprietor on Broadway is a kindly, Christian soul who is in business for his health—and not feeling very healthy at that. When you dine at one of the swagger boulevard places the head waiter always comes, just before you have finished, and places a display of fresh fruit before you, with a winning smile and a bow and a gesture—which, taken together, would seem to indicate that he is extending the compliments of the season and that the fruit will be on the house; but never did one of those intriguing scoundrels deceive me.

Somewhere, years before, I had read statistics on the cost of fresh fruit in a Paris restaurant, and so I had a care. The sight of a bunch of hothouse grapes alone was sufficient to throw me into a cold perspiration right there at the table; and as for South African peaches, I carefully walked round them, getting farther away all the time. A peach was just the same as a pesthouse to me—in Paris.

Alas! no one had warned me about French oysters, and once just once—I ate some, which was two kinds of mistake on my part, one financial and the other gustatory. They were not particularly flavorous oysters as we know oysters on this side of the ocean. The French oyster is a small, copper-tinted proposition, and he tastes something like an indisposed mussel and something like a touch of biliousness; but he is sufficiently costly for all purposes. The café proprietor cherishes him so highly that he refuses to vulgarize him by printing the asking price on the same menu.

A person in France desirous of making a really ostentatious display of his affluence, on finding a pearl in an oyster, would swallow the pearl and wear the oyster on his shirtfront. That would stamp him as a person of wealth.

However, I am not claiming that all French cookery is ultra-exorbitant in price or of excessively low grade. We had one of the surprises of our lives when, by direction of a friend who knew Paris, we went to a little obscure café that was off the tourist route and therefore—as yet—unspoiled and uncommercialized. This place was up a back street near one of the markets—a small and smelly place decorated most atrociously. In the front window, in close juxtaposition, were a platter of French snails and a platter of sticky confections full of dark spots. There was no mistaking the snails for anything except snails; but the other articles were either currant buns or plain buns that had been made in an unscreened kitchen.

Within were marble-topped tables of the Louie-Quince period and stuffy wall-seats of faded, dusty red velvet; and a waiter in his shirtsleeves was wandering about with a sheaf of those long French loaves tucked under his arm like golfsticks, distributing his loaves among the diners. But somewhere in its mysterious and odorous depths that little bourgeois café harbored an honest-to-goodness cook.

He knew a few things about grilling a pig's knuckle—that worthy person. He could make the knuckle of a pig taste like the wing of an angel; and what he could do with a skillet, a pinch of herbs and a calf's sweetbread passed human understanding!

*According to the French Version of the Story of the Flood Only Two Animals Emerged From the Ark*

### *Marie's Masterpiece*

CERTAIN animals in Europe do have the most delicious diseases anyway—notably the calf and the goose, particularly the goose of Strasburg, where the *pâté de foie gras* comes from. The engorged liver of a Strasburg goose must be a source of joy to all—except its original owner!

Several times we went back to the little restaurant round the corner from the market, and each time we had something good. The food we ate there helped to compensate for the terrific disillusionment awaiting us when we drove out of Paris to a typical roadside inn, to get some of that wonderful provincial cookery that through all our reading days we had been hearing about.

You will doubtless recall the description, as so frequently and graphically dished up by the inspired writers of travelogue stuff—the picturesque, tumbledown place, where on a cloth of coarse linen—white like snow—old Marie, her wrinkled face abeam with hospitality and kindness, places the delicious omelet she has just made, and brings also the marvelous salad and the perfect fowl, and the steaming hot coffee fragrant as breezes from Araby the Blest, and the *vin ordinaire* that is even as honey and gold to the thirsty throat. You must know that?

We went to see for ourselves. At a distance of half a day's automobile run from Paris we found an establishment answering to the plans and specifications. It was shoved jam-up against the road, as is the French custom; and it was surrounded by a high, broken wall, on which all manner of excrescences in the shape of tiny dormers and misshapen little towers hung—like Texas ticks on the ears of a quarantined steer. Within the wall the numerous ruins that made up the inn were thrown together any fashion, some facing one way, some facing the other way, and some facing all ways at once; so that, for the housefly, so numerously encountered on these premises, it was but a short trip and a merry one from the stable to the dining room and back again.

Sure enough, old Marie was on the job. Not desiring to be unkind or unduly critical I shall merely state that as a cook old Marie was what we who have been in France and speak the language fluently would call *la limite!* The omelet she turned out for us was a thing that was very firm and durable, containing, I think, leather findings,

*On the Nearer Bank Was a Village Populated by Short People and Long Dogs*

with a sprinkling of chopped henbane on the top. The coffee was as feeble a counterfeit as chicory usually is when it is masquerading as coffee, and the *vin ordinaire* had less of the *vin* to it and more of the *ordinaire* than any we sampled elsewhere.

Right here let me say this for the much-vaunted *vin ordinaire* of Europe: In the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder—not like the ordinary Egyptian adder, but like a patent adder in the office of a loan shark, which is the worst stinger of all the adder family. If consumed with any degree of freedom it will put a downy coat on your tongue next morning that will cause you to think you inadvertently swallowed the pillow in your sleep. Good domestic wine costs as much in Europe as good domestic wine costs in America—possibly more than as much.

The soufflé potatoes of old Marie were not bad to look on, but I did not test them otherwise. Even in my own country I do not care to partake of soufflé potatoes unless I know personally the person who blew them up.

So at the conclusion of the repast we nibbled tentatively at the dessert, which was a pancake with jelly, done in the image of a medicated bandage but not so tasty as one of those. And then I paid the check, which was of august proportions, and we came sadly away, realizing that another happy dream of youth had been shattered to bits. Out of the whole meal only the tablecloth had been as advertised. It was coarse, but white like snow—like snow three days old in Pittsburgh.

Yet I was given to understand that was a typical rural French inn and fully up to the standards of such places; but if the manager of a roadhouse within half a day's ride of New York or Boston or Philadelphia served such food to his patrons, at such prices, the sheriff would have him inside of two months; and everybody would be glad of it too—except the sheriff. Also, no humane man in this country would ask a self-respecting cow to camp overnight in such outbuildings as abutted on the kitchen of this particular inn.

I am not denying that we have in America some pretty bad country hotels, where good food is most barbarously mistreated and good beds are rare to find, but we admit our shortcomings in this regard and we deplore them—we do not shellac them over with a glamour of bogus romance, with intent to deceive the foreign visitor to our shores. We warn him in advance of what he may expect and urge him to carry his rations with him.

### Deep Breathing Applied to Spaghetti

IT IS almost unnecessary to add that old Marie gave us veal and *poulet rôti*. According to the French version of the story of the Flood only two animals emerged from the Ark when the waters receded—one was an immature hen and the other was an adolescent calf. At every meal except breakfast—when they do not give you anything at all—the French give you veal and *poulet rôti*. If at lunch you had the *poulet rôti* first and afterward the veal, why, then at dinner they provide a pleasing variety by bringing on the veal first and the *poulet rôti* afterward.

The veal is invariably stringy and coated over with weird sauces, and the *poulet* never appears at the table in her recognizable members—such as wings and drumsticks—but is chopped up with a cleaver into cross sections, and strange-looking chunks of the wreckage are sent to you. Moreover they cook the chicken in such a way as to destroy its original taste, and the veal in such a way as to preserve its original taste, both being inexcusable errors.

Nowhere in the larger Italian cities, except by the exercise of a most tremendous determination, can you get any real Italian cooking or any real Italian dishes. At the hotels they feed you on a pale, sad table-d'hôte imitation of French cooking, invariably buttressed with the everlasting veal and the eternal *poulet rôti*. At the finish of the meal the waiter brings you, on one plate, two small withered apples and a bunch of fly-specked sour grapes; and, on another plate, the mortal remains of some cheese wearing a tinfoil shroud and appropriately laid out in a small, white, coffin-shaped box.

After this had happened to me several times I told the waiter with gentle irony that he might as well screw the lid back on the casket and proceed with the obsequies of the deceased. I told him I was not one of those morbid people who love to look on the faces of the strange dead. The funeral could not get under way too soon to suit me. That is what I told him.

In my travels the best place I ever found to get Italian dishes was a basement restaurant under an old brownstone house on Forty-fourth Street, in New York. There you might find the typical dishes of Italy—I defy you to find them in Italy without a search-warrant. However, while in Italy the tourist may derive much entertainment and instruction from a careful study of table manners.

In our own land we produce some reasonably boisterous trenchermen, and some tolerably careless ones too. Some among us have yet to learn how to eat corn on the ear and at the same time avoid corn in the ear. A dish of asparagus has been known to develop fine acoustic properties, and in certain quarters there is a crying need for a soundproof soup; but even so, and admitting these things as facts, we are but mere beginners in this line when compared with our European brethren.

In the caskets of memory I shall ever cherish the picture of a particularly hairy gentleman, apparently of Russian extraction, who patronized our hotel in Venice one evening. He was what you might call a human hazard—a golfplayer would probably have thought of him in that connection. He was eating flour dumplings, using his knife for a niblick all the way round; and he lost every other ball in a concealed bunker on the edge of the rough.

There is also a popular belief to the effect that the Neapolitan eats his spaghetti by a deft process of wrapping thirty or forty inches round the tines of his fork and then lifting it inboard, an ell at a time. This is not correct. The true Neapolitan does not eat his spaghetti at all—he inhales it. He gathers up a loose strand and starts it down his throat. He then respires from the diaphragm, and like a troupe of trained angleworms that entire mass of spaghetti uncoils itself, gets up off the plate, and disappears inside him—*en masse*, as it were—and makes him look like a man who is chinning himself over a set of bead portières. I fear that we in America will never learn to siphon our spaghetti into us thus. It takes a nation that has practiced deep breathing for centuries.

Under the head of European disillusionments I would rate, along with the *vin ordinaire* of the French vineyard and inkworks, the barmaid of Britain. From what you have heard on this subject you confidently expect the British barmaid to be buxom, blond, blooming, billowy, buoyant—but especially blond.

On the contrary she is generally brunette, frequently middle-aged, in appearance often fair-to-middling homely, and in manner nearly always abounding with a stiffness and hauteur that would do credit to a belted earl, if the belting had just taken place and the earl were still groggy from the effects of it.

Also, she has the notion of personal adornment that is common in more than one social stratum of women in England. If she has a large, firm, solid mound of false hair overhanging her brow like an impending landslide, and at least three jingly bracelets on each wrist, she considers herself to be well dressed, no matter what else she may or may not be wearing.

Often this lady is found presiding over an American bar, which is an institution now commonly met with in all parts of London. The American bar of London differs from the ordinary English bar of London in two respects, namely—there is an American flag draped over the mirror, and it is a place where they sell all the English drinks and are just out of all the American ones. If you ask for a Bronx the barmaid tells you they do not carry seafood in stock and advises you to apply at the fishmonger's—second turning to the right, sir, and then over the way, sir—just before you come to the bottom of the road, sir.

If you ask for a Mamie Taylor she gets it confused in her mind with a Sally Lunn and sends out for yeastcake and a cookbook; and while you are waiting she will give you a genuine Yankee drink, such as a brandy and soda—or she will suggest that you smoke something and take a look at the evening paper.

If you do so smoke something, beware—oh, beware!—of the native English cigar. When rolled between the fingers it gives off a dry, rustling sound similar to a shuck mattress. For smoking purposes it is open to the same criticisms that a shuck mattress is. The flames smolder in the walls and then burst through in unexpected places, and the smoke sucks up the airshaft and mushrooms on your top floor; then the deadly back draft comes and the fatal firedamp, and when the firemen arrive you are a ruined tenement.

Except the German, the French, the Belgian, the Austrian and the Italian cigar, the English cigar is the worst cigar I ever saw. I did not go to Spain; they tell me, though, the Spanish cigar also has the high qualifications of badness. Spanish cigars are not really cigars at all, I hear; they fall into the classification of defective flues.

Likewise beware of the alleged American cocktail occasionally dispensed, with an air of pride and accomplished triumph, by the British barmaid of an American bar. If for purposes of experiment and research you feel that you must take one, order with it, instead of the customary olive or cherry, a nice boiled vegetable marrow. The advantage to be derived from this is that the vegetable marrow takes away the taste of anything else and does not have any taste of its own.

### England's National Flower

IN THE eating line the Englishman depends on the staples. He sticks to the old standbys. What was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him—in some cases almost too good. Monotony of victuals does not distress him. He likes his food to be humdrum—the humdrummer the better.

Speaking with regard to the whole country I am sure we have better beef uniformly in America than in England; but there is at least one restaurant on the Strand where the roast beef is just a little bit superior to any other roast beef on earth. English mutton is incomparable, too, and English breakfast bacon is a joy forever. But it never seems to occur to an Englishman to vary his diet. I submit samples of the daily menu:

| Luncheon | | Dinner | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roast Beef | | Boiled Mutton | |
| Boiled Mutton | | Roast Beef | |
| Potatoes, Cabbage | Boiled | Cabbage, Potatoes | Boiled |
| Jam Tart | | Custard | |
| Custard | | Jam Tart | |
| Cheese | | Coffee | |
| Coffee | | Cheese | |

TEA!

I know now why an Englishman dresses for dinner—it enables him to distinguish dinner from lunch.

His regular desserts are worthy of a line. The jam tart is a death-mask that went wrong and in consequence became morose and heavy of spirit, and the custard is a soft-boiled egg which started out in life to be a soft-boiled egg and at the last moment—when it was too late—changed its mind and tried to be something else.

In the City, where lunching places abound, the steamer works overtime and the stewpan never rests. There is one place, well advertised to American visitors, where they make a specialty of their beefsteak-and-kidney pudding. This is a gummy concoction containing steak, kidney, mushroom, oyster, lark—and sometimes W and Y.

Doctor Johnson is said to have been very fond of it; this, if true, accounts for the doctor's disposition. A helping of it weighs two pounds before you eat it and ten pounds afterward. The kidney is its predominating influence. The favorite flower of the English is not the primrose but the kidney. Wherever you go, among the restaurants, there is always somebody operating on a steamed flour dumpling for kidney trouble.

The lower orders are much addicted to a dish known—if I remember the name aright—by the

(Continued on Page 60)

*Your True Berliner Eats Six Regular Daily Meals—Four in Number and All Large Ones*

# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

## By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

### XVII

CHRISTMAS DAY had had a softening effect on Mrs. Boyer. It had opened badly. It was the first Christmas she had spent away from her children, and there had been little of the holiday spirit in her attitude as she prepared the Christmas breakfast. After that, however, things happened.

In the first place, under her plate she had found a frivolous chain and pendant which she had admired. And when her eyes filled up, as they did whenever she was emotionally moved, the doctor had come round the table and put both his arms about her.

"Too young for you? Not a bit!" he said heartily. "You're better looking than you ever were, Jennie; and if you weren't you're the only woman for me anyhow. Don't you think I realize what this exile means to you and that you're doing it for me?"

"I—I don't mind it."

"Yes, you do. Tonight we'll go out and make a night of it, shall we? Supper at the Grand, the theater, and then the Tabarin, eh?"

She loosened herself from his arms.

"What shall I wear? Those horrible things the children bought me ——"

"Throw 'em away."

"They're not worn at all."

"Throw them out. Get rid of the things the children got you. Go out tomorrow and buy something you like—not that I don't like you in anything or without ——"

"Frank!"

"Be happy, that's the thing. It's the first Christmas without the family, and I miss them too. But we're together, dear. That's the big thing. Merry Christmas."

An auspicious opening, that, to Christmas Day. And they had carried out the program as outlined. Mrs. Boyer had enjoyed it, albeit a bit horrified at the Christmas gayety at the Tabarin.

The next morning, however, she awakened with a keen reaction. Her head ached. She had a sense of taint over her. She was virtue rampant again, as on the day she had first visited the old lodge in the Siebensternstrasse.

It is hardly astonishing that by association of ideas Harmony came into her mind again, a brand that might even yet be snatched from the burning. She had been a bit hasty before, she admitted to herself. There *was* a woman doctor named Gates, although her address at the club was given as *Pension* Schwarz. She determined to do her shopping early and then to visit the house in the Siebensternstrasse. She was not a hard woman, for all her inflexible morality, and more than once she had had an uneasy memory of Harmony's bewildered, almost stricken face the afternoon of her visit. She had been a watchful mother over a not particularly handsome family of daughters. This lovely young girl needed mothering and she had refused it. She would go back, and if she found she had been wrong and the girl was deserving and honest, she would see what could be done.

The day was wretched. The snow had turned to rain. Mrs. Boyer, shopping, dragged wet skirts and damp feet from store to store. She found nothing that she cared for after all. The garments that looked *chic* in the windows or on manikins in the shops, were absurd on her. Her insistent bosom bulged, straight lines became curves or tortuous zigzags, plackets gaped, collars choked her or shocked her by their absence. In the mirror of Marie Jedlicka, clad in familiar garments that had accommodated themselves to the idiosyncrasies of her figure, Mrs. Boyer was a plump, rather comely matron. Here before the plate glass of the modiste, under the glare of a hundred lights, side by side with a slim Austrian salesgirl who looked like a willow wand, Mrs. Boyer was grotesque, ridiculous, monstrous. She shuddered. She almost wept.

It was bad preparation for a visit to the Siebensternstrasse. Mrs. Boyer, finding her vanity gone, convinced that she was an absurdity physically, fell back for comfort on her soul. She had been a good wife and mother; she was chaste, righteous. God had been cruel to her in the flesh, but He had given her the spirit.

"Madame wishes not the gown? It is beautiful—see the embroidery! And the neck may be filled with chiffon."

"Young woman," she said grimly, "I see the embroidery; and the neck may be filled with chiffon, but not for me! And when you have had five children, you will not buy clothes like that either."

When She Could Hear the Singing of the Runners She Slid the Tree Branch Out Across the Track

All the kindliness was gone from the visit to the Siebensternstrasse; only the determination remained. Wounded to the heart of her self-esteem, her pride in tatters, she took her way to the old lodge and climbed the stairs.

She found a condition of mild excitement. Jimmy had slept long after his bath. Harmony practiced, cut up a chicken for broth, aired blankets for the chair into which Peter on his return was to lift the boy.

She was called to inspect the mouse cage, which, according to Jimmy, had strawberries in it.

"Far back," he explained. "There in the cotton, Harry."

But it was not strawberries. Harmony opened the cage and very tenderly took out the cotton nest. Eight tiny pink baby mice, clean washed by the mother, lay curled in a heap.

It was a stupendous moment. The joy of vicarious parentage was Jimmy's. He named them all immediately and demanded food for them. On Harmony's delicate explanation that this was unnecessary, life took on a new meaning for Jimmy. He watched the mother lest she slight one. His responsibility weighed on him. Also his inquiring mind was very busy.

"But how did they get there?" he demanded.

"God sent them, just as he sends babies of all sorts."

"Did he send me?"

"Of course."

"That's a good one on you, Harry. My father found me in a hollow tree."

"But don't you think God had something to do with it?"

Jimmy pondered this.

"I suppose," he reflected, "God sent daddy to find me so that I would be his little boy. You never happened to see any babies when you were out walking, did you, Harry?"

"Not in stumps—but I probably wasn't looking."

Harmony brought in her violin and played softly to him, not to disturb the sleeping mice. She sang, too, a verse that the Big Soprano had been fond of and that Jimmy loved. Not much of a voice was Harmony's, but sweet and low and very true, as became her violinist's ear.

*"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies*
*Deeply buried from human eyes,"*

she sang, her clear eyes luminous.

*"And in the hereafter, angels may*
*Roll the stone from its grave away!"*

Mrs. Boyer mounted the stairs. She was in a very bad humor. She had snagged her skirt on a nail in the old gate, and although that very morning she had detested the suit, her round of shopping had again endeared it to her. She told the *portier* in English what she thought of him, and climbed ponderously, pausing at each landing to examine the damage.

Harmony, having sung Jimmy to sleep, was in the throes of an experiment. She was not smoking; she was experimenting. Peter and Anna had smoked together and it had looked comradely. Perhaps, without reasoning it out, Harmony was experimenting toward the end of establishing her relations with Peter still further on friendly and comradely grounds. Two men might smoke together; a man and a woman might smoke together as friends. According to Harmony's ideas, a girl paring potatoes might inspire sentiment, but smoking a cigarette—never!

She did not like it. She thought, standing before her little mirror, that she looked fast after all. She tried pursing her lips together, as she had seen Anna do, and blowing out the smoke in a thin line. She smoked very hard, so that she stood in the center of a gray nimbus. She hated it, but she persisted. Perhaps it grew on one; perhaps, also, if she walked about it would choke her less. She practiced holding the thing between her first and second fingers, and found that easier than smoking. Then she went to the salon where there was more air, and tried exhaling through her nose. It made her sneeze.

On the sneeze came Mrs. Boyer's ring. Harmony thought very fast. It might be the bread or the milk, but again —— She flung the cigarette into the stove, shut the door and answered the bell.

Mrs. Boyer's greeting was colder than she had intended. It put Harmony on the defensive at once, made her uncomfortable. Like all the innocent falsely accused she looked guiltier than the guiltiest. Under Mrs. Boyer's searching eyes the enormity of her situation overwhelmed her. And over all, through salon and passage, hung the damning odor of the cigarette. Harmony, leading the way in, was a sheep before her shearer.

"I'm calling on all of you," said Mrs. Boyer, sniffing. "I meant to bring Doctor Boyer's cards for every one, including Doctor Byrne."

"I'm sorry. Doctor Byrne is out."

"And Doctor Gates?"

"She—she is away."

Mrs. Boyer raised her eyebrows and ostentatiously changed the subject, requesting a needle and thread to draw the rent together. It had been in Harmony's mind to explain the situation, to show Jimmy to Mrs. Boyer, to throw herself on the older woman's sympathy, to ask advice. But the visitor's attitude made this difficult. To add to her discomfort, through the grating in the stove door was coming a thin thread of smoke.

It was, after all, Mrs. Boyer who broached the subject again. She had had a cup of tea, and Harmony, sitting on a stool, had mended the rent so that it could hardly be seen. Mrs. Boyer, softened by the tea and by the proximity of Harmony's lovely head bent over her task, grew slightly more expansive.

"I ought to tell you something, Miss Wells," she said. "You remember my other visit?"

"Perfectly." Harmony bent still lower.

"I did you an injustice at that time. I've been sorry ever since. I thought that there was no Doctor Gates. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to deny it. People do things in this wicked city that they wouldn't do at home. I confess I misjudged Peter Byrne. You can give him my apologies, since he won't see me."

"But he isn't here or of course he'd see you."

"Then," demanded Mrs. Boyer grimly, "if Peter Byrne is not here, who has been smoking cigarettes in this room? There is one still burning in that stove!"

Harmony's hand was forced. She was white as she cut the brown-silk thread and rose to her feet.

"I think," she said, "that I'd better go back a few weeks, Mrs. Boyer, and tell you a story, if you have time to listen."

"If it is disagreeable ——"

"Not at all. It is about Peter Byrne and myself, and—some others. It is really about Peter. Mrs. Boyer, will you come very quietly across the hall?"

Mrs. Boyer, expecting Heaven knows what, rose with celerity. Harmony led the way to Jimmy's door and opened it. He was still asleep, a wasted small figure on the narrow bed. Beside him the mice frolicked in their cage, the sentry kept guard over Peter's shameless letters from the Tyrol, the strawberry babies wriggled in their cotton.

"We are not going to have him very long," said Harmony softly. "Peter is making him happy for a little while."

Back in the salon of Maria Theresa she told the whole story. Mrs. Boyer found it very affecting. Harmony sat beside her on a stool and she kept her hand on the girl's shoulder. When the narrative reached Anna's going away, however, she took it away. From that point on she sat uncompromisingly rigid, and listened.

"Then you mean to say," she exploded when Harmony had finished, "that you intend to stay on here, just the two of you?"

"And Jimmy."

"Bah! What has the child to do with it?"

"We will find some one to take Anna's place."

"I doubt it. And until you do?"

"There is nothing wicked in what we are doing. Don't you see, Mrs. Boyer, I can't leave the boy."

"Since Peter is so altruistic, let him hire a nurse."

Bad as things were, Harmony smiled.

"A nurse!" she said. "Why, do you realize that he is keeping three people now on what is starvation for one?"

"Then he's a fool!" Mrs. Boyer rose in majesty. "I'm not going to leave you here."

"I'm sorry. You must see ——"

"I see nothing but a girl deliberately putting herself in a compromising position and worse."

"Mrs. Boyer!"

"Get your things on. I guess Doctor Boyer and I can look after you until we can send you home."

"I am not going home—yet," said poor Harmony, biting her lip to steady it.

Back and forth waged the battle, Mrs. Boyer assailing, Harmony offering little defense but standing firm on her refusal to go as long as Peter would let her remain.

"It means so much to me," she ventured, goaded. "And I earn my lodging and board. I work hard and—I make him comfortable. It costs him very little and I give him something in exchange. All men are not alike. If the sort you have known are—are different ——"

This was unfortunate. Mrs. Boyer stiffened. She sensed offensive tactics, and retired grimly into the dignity of her high calling of virtuous wife and mother. She washed her hands of Harmony and Peter. She tied on her veil with shaking hands, and prepared to leave Harmony to her fate.

"Give me your mother's address," she demanded.

"Certainly not."

"You absolutely refuse to save yourself?"

"From what? From Peter? There are many worse people than Peter to save myself from, Mrs. Boyer—uncharitable people, and—and cruel people."

Mrs. Boyer shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Meaning me!" she retorted. "My dear child, people are always cruel who try to save us from ourselves."

Unluckily for Harmony, one of Anna's specious arguments must pop into her head at that instant and demand expression.

"People are living their own lives these days, Mrs. Boyer; old standards have gone. It is what one's conscience condemns that is wrong, isn't it? Not merely breaking laws that were made to fit the average, not the exception."

Anna! Anna!

Mrs. Boyer flung up her hands.

"You are impossible!" she snapped. "After all, I believe it is Peter who needs protection! I shall speak to him."

She started down the staircase, but turned for a parting volley.

"And just a word of advice: Perhaps the old standards have gone. But if you really expect to find a respectable woman to chaperon you, keep your views to yourself."

Harmony, a bruised and wounded thing, crept into Jimmy's room and sank on her knees beside the bed. One small hand lay on the coverlet; she dared not touch it for fear of waking him—but she laid her cheek close to it for comfort. When Peter came in, much later, he found the boy wide awake and Harmony asleep, a crumpled heap beside the bed.

"I think she's been crying," Jimmy whispered. "She's been sobbing in her sleep. And strike a match, Peter; there may be more mice."

### XVIII

MRS. BOYER, bursting with indignation, went to the Doctors' Club. It was typical of the way things were going with Peter that Doctor Boyer was not there, and that the only woman in the club rooms should be Doctor Jennings. Young McLean was in the reading room, eating his heart out with jealousy of Peter, vacillating between the desire to see Harmony that night and fear lest Peter forbid him the house permanently if he made the attempt. He had found a picture of the *Fräulein* Engel, from the opera, in a magazine, and was sitting with it open before him. Very deeply and really in love was McLean that afternoon, and the *Fräulein* Engel and Harmony were not unlike. The double doors between the reading room and the reception room adjoining were open. McLean, lost in a rosy future in which he and Harmony sat together for indefinite periods, with no Peter to scowl over his books at them, a future in which life was one long piano-violin duo, with the candles in the chandelier going out one by one, leaving them at last alone in scented darkness together—McLean heard nothing until the mention of the Siebensternstrasse roused him.

*Harmony, a Bruised and Wounded Thing, Crept Into Jimmy's Room*

After that he listened. He heard that Doctor Jennings was contemplating taking Anna's place at the lodge, and he comprehended after a moment that Anna was already gone. Even then the significance of the situation was a little time in dawning on him. When it did, however, he rose with a stifled oath.

Mrs. Boyer was speaking.

"It is exactly as I tell you," she was saying. "If Peter Byrne is trying to protect her reputation he is late doing it. Personally I have been there twice. I never saw Anna Gates. And she is registered here at the club as living in the *Pension* Schwarz. Whatever the facts may be, one thing remains, she is not there now."

McLean waited to hear no more. He was beside himself with rage. He found a "comfortable" at the curb. The driver was asleep inside the carriage. McLean dragged him out by the shoulder and shouted an address to him. The cab bumped along over the rough streets to an accompaniment of protests from its frantic passenger.

The boy was white-lipped with wrath and fear. Peter's silence that afternoon as to the state of affairs loomed large and significant. He had thought once or twice that Peter was in love with Harmony; he knew it now in the clearer vision of the moment. He recalled things that maddened him: the dozen intimacies of the little ménage, the caress in Peter's voice when he spoke to the girl; Peter's steady eyes in the semi-gloom of the salon while Harmony played.

At a corner they must pause for the inevitable regiment. McLean cursed, bending out to see how long the delay would be. Peter had been gone for half an hour, perhaps, but Peter would walk. If he could only see the girl first, talk to her, tell her what she would be doing by remaining ——

He was there at last, flinging across the court-yard like a madman. Peter was already there; his footprints were fresh in the slush of the path. The house door was closed but not locked. McLean ran up the stairs. It was barely twilight outside, but the staircase well was dark. At the upper landing he was compelled to fumble for the bell.

Peter admitted him. The corridor was unlighted, but from the salon came a glow of lamplight. McLean, out of breath and furious, faced Peter.

"I want to see Harmony," he said without preface.

Peter eyed him. He knew what had happened, had expected it when the bell rang, had anticipated it when Harmony told him of Mrs. Boyer's visit. In the second between the peal of the bell and his opening the door he had decided what to do.

"Come in."

McLean stepped inside. He was smaller than Peter, not so much shorter as slenderer. Even Peter winced before the look in his eyes.

"Where is she?"

"In the kitchen, I think. Come into the salon."

McLean flung off his coat. Peter closed the door behind him and stood just inside. He had his pipe as usual. "I came to see her, not you, Byrne."

"So I gather. I'll let you see her, of course, but don't you want to see me first?"

"I want to take her away from here."

"Why? Are you better able to care for her than I am?"

McLean stood rigid. He had thrust his clenched hands into his pockets.

"You're a scoundrel, Byrne," he said steadily. "Why didn't you tell me this this afternoon?"

"Because I knew if I did you'd do just what you are doing."

"Are you going to keep her here?" Peter changed color at the thrust, but he kept himself in hand.

"I'm not keeping her here," he said patiently. "I'm doing the best I can under the circumstances."

"Then your best is pretty bad."

"Perhaps. If you would try to remember the circumstances, McLean—that the girl has no place else to go, practically no money, and that I ——"

"I remember one circumstance, that you are living here alone with her and that you're crazy in love with her."

"That has nothing to do with you. As long as I treat her ——"

"Bah!"

"Will you be good enough to let me finish what I am trying to say? She's safe with me. When I say that I mean it. She will not go away from here with you or with any one else if I can prevent it. And if you care enough about her to try to keep her happy you'll not let her know you have been here. I've got a woman coming to take Anna's place. That ought to satisfy you."

"Doctor Jennings?"

"Yes."

"She'll not come. Mrs. Boyer has been talking to her. Inside of an hour the whole club will have it—every American in Vienna will know about it in a day or so. I tell you, Byrne, you're doing an awful thing."

Peter drew a long breath. He had had his bad half-hour before McLean came; had had to stand by, wordless, and see Harmony trying to smile, see her dragging about, languid and white, see her tragic attempts to greet him on the old familiar footing. Through it all he had been sustained by the thought that a day or two days would see the old footing reëstablished, another woman in the house, life again worth the living and Harmony smiling up frankly into his eyes. Now this hope had departed.

"You can't keep me from seeing her, you know," McLean persisted. "I've got to put this thing to her. She's got to choose."

"What alternative have you to suggest?"

"I'd marry her if she'd have me."

After all Peter had expected that. And, if she cared for the boy wouldn't that be best for her? What had he to offer against that? He couldn't marry. He could only offer her shelter, against everything else. Even then he did not dislike McLean. He was a man, every slender inch of him, this boy musician. Peter's heart sank, but he put down his pipe and turned to the door.

"I'll call her," he said. "But, since this concerns me very vitally, I should like to be here while you put the thing to her. After that if you like ——"

He called Harmony. She had given Jimmy his supper and was carrying out a tray that seemed hardly touched.

"He won't eat tonight," she said miserably. "Peter, if he stops eating what can we do? He is so weak!"

Peter took the tray from her gently.

"Harry dear," he said, "I want you to come into the salon. Some one wishes to speak to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. Harry, do you remember that evening in the kitchen when —— Do you recall what I promised?"

"Yes, Peter."

"You are sure you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"That's all right then. McLean wants to see you."

She hesitated, looking up at him.

"McLean? You look so grave, Peter. What is it?"

"He will tell you. Nothing alarming."

Peter gave McLean a minute alone after all, while he carried the tray to the kitchen. He had no desire to play watchdog over the girl, he told himself savagely; only to keep himself straight with her and to save her from McLean's impetuosity. He even waited in the kitchen to fill and light his pipe.

McLean had worked himself into a very fair passion. He was intense, almost theatrical, as he stood with folded arms waiting for Harmony. So entirely did the girl fill his existence that he forgot, or did not care to remember, how short a time he had known her. As Harmony she dominated his life and his thoughts; as Harmony he addressed her when, rather startled, she entered the salon and stood just inside the closed door. "Peter said you wanted to speak to me."

McLean groaned. "Peter!" he said. "It is always Peter. Look here, Harmony, you cannot stay here."

"It is only for a few hours. Tomorrow some one is coming. And, anyhow, Peter is going to Semmering. We know it is unusual, but what can we do?"

"Unusual! It's it's damnable. It's the appearance of the thing, don't you see that?"

"I think it is rather silly to talk of appearance when there is no one to care. And how can I leave? Jimmy needs me all the time ——"

"That's another idiocy of Peter's. What does he mean by putting you in this position?"

"I am one of Peter's idiocies."

Peter entered on that. He took in the situation with a glance, and Harmony turned to him; but if she had expected Peter to support her she was disappointed. Whatever decision she was to make must be her own, in Peter's troubled mind. He crossed the room and stood at one of the windows, looking out, a passive participant in the scene.

The day had been a trying one for Harmony. What she chose to consider Peter's defection was a fresh stab. She glanced from McLean, flushed and excited, to Peter's impassive back. Then she sat down, rather limp, and threw out her hands helplessly.

"What am I to do?" she demanded. "Every one comes with cruel things to say, but no one tells me what to do."

Peter turned away from the window.

"You can leave here," ventured McLean. "That's the first thing. After that ——"

"Yes, and after that what?"

McLean glanced at Peter. Then he took a step toward the girl.

"You could marry me, Harmony," he said unsteadily. "I hadn't expected to tell you so soon, or before a third person." He faltered before Harmony's eyes, full of bewilderment. "I'd be very happy if you—if you could see it that way. I care a great deal, you see."

It seemed hours to Peter before she made any reply, and that her voice came from miles away.

"Is it really as bad as that?" she asked. "Have I made such a mess of things that some one, either you or Peter, must marry me to straighten things out? I don't want to marry any one. Do I have to? '

"Certainly you don't have to," said Peter. There was relief in his voice, relief and also something of exultation.

"McLean, you mean well, but marriage isn't the solution. We were getting along all right until our friends stepped in. Let Mrs. Boyer howl all over the colony; there will be one sensible woman somewhere to come and be comfortable here with us. In the interval we'll manage, unless Harmony is afraid. In that case ——"

"Afraid of what?"

The two men exchanged glances, McLean helpless, Peter triumphant.

"I do not care what Mrs. Boyer says, at least not much. And I am not afraid of anything else at all."

McLean picked up his overcoat.

"At least," he appealed to Peter, "you'll come over to my place?"

"No!" said Peter.

McLean made a final appeal to Harmony.

"If this gets out," he said, "you are going to regret it all your life."

"I shall have nothing to regret," she retorted proudly.

Had Peter not been there McLean would have made a better case, would have pleaded with her, would have made less of a situation that roused her resentment and more of his love for her. He was very hard hit, very young. He was almost hysterical with rage and helplessness; he wanted to slap her, to take her in his arms. He writhed under the restraint of Peter's steady eyes.

He got to the door and turned, furious.

"Then it's up to you," he flung at Peter. "You're old enough to know better; she isn't. And don't look so damned superior. You're human, like the rest of us. And if any harm comes to her ——"

Here unexpectedly Peter held out his hand, and after a sheepish moment McLean took it.

"Good night, old man," said Peter. "And—don't be an ass."

As was Peter's way, the words meant little, the tone much. McLean knew what in his heart he had known all along—that the girl was safe enough; that all that was to fear was the gossip of scandal-lovers. He took Peter's hand, and then going to Harmony stood before her very erect.

"I suppose I've said too much; I always do," he said contritely. "But you know the reason. Don't forget the reason, will you?"

"I am only sorry."

He bent over and kissed her hand lingeringly. It was a tragic moment for him, poor lad! He turned and went blindly out the door and down the dark stone staircase. It was rather anticlimax, after all that, to have Peter discover he had gone without his hat and toss it down to him a flight below.

All the frankness had gone out of the relationship between Harmony and Peter. They made painful efforts at ease, talked during the meal of careful abstractions, such as Jimmy, and Peter's proposed trip to Semmering, avoided each other's eyes, ate little or nothing. Once when Harmony passed Peter his coffee cup their fingers touched, and between them they dropped the cup. Harmony was flushed and pallid by turns, Peter wretched and silent.

*"I Am Leaving Him, Peter, for Always"*

Out of the darkness came one ray of light. Stewart had wired from Semmering, urging Peter to come. He would be away for two days. In two days much might happen; Doctor Jennings might come or some one else. In two days some of the restraint would have worn off. Things would never be the same, but they would be forty-eight hours better.

Peter spent the early part of the evening with Jimmy, reading aloud to him. After the child had dropped to sleep he packed a valise for the next day's journey and counted out into an envelope half of the money he had with him. This he labeled "Household Expenses" and set it up on his table, leaning against his collar box. There was no sign of Harmony about. The salon was dark except for the study lamp turned down.

Peter was restless. He put on his shabby dressing gown and worn slippers and wandered about. The *portier* had brought coal to the landing; Peter carried it in. He inspected the medicine bottles on Jimmy's stand and wrote full directions for every emergency he could imagine. Then, finding it still only nine-o'clock, he turned up the lamp in the salon and wrote an exciting letter from Jimmy's father, in which a lost lamb, wandering on the mountain side, had been picked up by an avalanche and carried down into the fold and the arms of the shepherd. And because he stood so *in loco parentis*, and because it seemed so inevitable that before long Jimmy would be in the arms of the Shepherd, and, of course, because it had been a trying day all through, Peter's lips were none too steady as he folded up the letter.

The fire was dead in the stove; Peter put out the salon lamp and closed the shutters. In the warm darkness he put out his hand to feel his way through the room. It touched a little sweater coat of Harmony's, hanging over the back of a chair. Peter picked it up in a very passion of tenderness and held it to him.

"Little girl!" he choked. "My little girl! God help me!"

He was rather ashamed, considerably startled. It alarmed him to find that the mere unexpected touch of a familiar garment could rouse such a storm in him. It made him pause. He put down the coat and pulled himself up sharply. McLean was right; he was only human stuff, very poor human stuff. He put the little coat down hastily, only to lift it again gently to his lips.

"Good night, dear," he whispered. "Good night, Harmony."

Frau Schwarz had had two visitors between the hours of coffee and supper that day. The reason of their call proved to be neither rooms nor *pension*. They came to make inquiries.

The Frau Schwarz made this out at last, and sat down on the edge of the bed in the room that had once been Peter's and that still lacked an occupant.

Mrs. Boyer had no German; Doctor Jennings very little and that chiefly medical. There is, however, a sort of code that answers instead of language frequently, when two or three women of later middle life are gathered together, a code born of mutual understanding, mutual disillusion, mutual distrust, a language of outspread hands, raised eyebrows, portentous shakings of the head. Frau Schwarz, on the edge of Peter's tub-shaped bed, needed no English to convey the fact that Peter was a bad lot. Not that she resorted only to the sign language.

"The women were also wicked," she said. "Of a man what does one expect? But of a woman! And the younger one looked—*Herr Gott!* She had the eyes of a saint! The little Georgiev was mad for her. When the three of them left, disgraced, as one may say, he came to me, he threatened me. The Herr Schwarz, God rest his soul, was a violent man, but never spoke he so to me!"

"She says," interpreted Doctor Jennings, "that they were a bad lot—that the younger one made eyes at the Herr Schwarz!"

Mrs. Boyer drew her ancient sables about her and put a tremulous hand on the other woman's arm.

"What an escape for you!" she said. "If you had gone there to live and then found the establishment—queer!"

From the kitchen of the *pension* Olga was listening, an ear to the door. Behind her, also listening, but less advantageously, was Katrina.

"American ladies!" said Olga. "Two, old and fat."

"More hot water!" growled Katrina. "Why do not the Americans stay in their own country, where the water, I have learned, comes hot from the earth."

Olga, bending forward, opened the door a crack wider.

(Continued on Page 68

*"I Don't Want to Marry Any One. Do I Have To?"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## The Mexican Muddle

THE European criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy is that it at once involves a radical extension of the Monroe Doctrine and a refusal to acknowledge the responsibility that even the old doctrine logically implied.

"His whole Mexican policy," says a critic by no means unfriendly to this country, "is based on the new principle that the United States is entitled to say who shall and who shall not be the president or the government of any given Latin-American republic"; and if he assumes the right to shape the government he ought to assume responsibility for it.

Americans realize that this is not a fair statement of the case, for all that President Wilson asserted was the undoubted right to refuse recognition to a certain government. Yet we can hardly blame Europeans if they are a bit more at sea as to what the Monroe Doctrine implies than we ourselves are.

When Villa shot the Englishman Benton, for example, it was quickly pointed out that the United States supplied Villa with arms and at the same time used its influence to prevent Huerta from securing funds abroad with which to fight him; hence it ought to have some control over Villa or accept some responsibility for him.

As one result of the Mexican muddle, both ourselves and foreigners may know just what the Monroe Doctrine now means. If that doctrine were reduced to definite terms that placed responsibility for Latin-American governments on the United States we think public opinion in this country would reject it.

## Infancy of Agriculture

IN THE closing years of the eighteenth century an English parson named Malthus sat down in his study and figured out that a majority of mankind must always be poor, because population, unless restricted by poverty, disease and war, would inevitably increase so fast that the earth could not produce food for it.

For the better part of a century that doctrine was accepted as gospel. There were Malthus' figures to prove it—population increasing in a geometrical ratio and food increasing at most in only an arithmetical ratio; result: billions of people with nothing to eat but themselves.

This comes to mind on looking over a recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which shows that continental United States contains more than a billion acres of tillable land, of which little over one quarter is now in crops. Besides, there are more than three hundred and fifty million acres not now under cultivation that are usable for pasture or fruit culture.

Turning to the detailed table, you find that in such banner agricultural states as Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska not more than half the tillable land is now in crops. New York and Pennsylvania have about twenty-nine million acres of tillable land and but little over one-third of it is in crops.

And on the three hundred-and-odd million acres of tilled land we get an average of twenty-nine bushels of corn to the acre when we should have at least sixty bushels, fifteen bushels of wheat when we should have thirty, and so on. No doubt the United States alone could supply food for at least half the population of the globe.

There is no ascertainable limit to the productive powers of the globe. The only limit is in human intelligence. The true rule is that if intelligence advances in an arithmetical ratio the earth will respond in a geometrical ratio.

## Uncharitable Charity

IT IS an interesting sign of the times that that peculiarly brutal enterprise—the oldstyle grandstand charity ball—has gone out of vogue. Only two decades ago it was considered rather meritorious to spend some hundreds of thousands on jewels, gowns, flowers, wine and music in order that a few thousands might be produced to feed the hungry.

In effect, the affluent benevolently invited the needy to come over and watch them squander their money. It was like asking in a crew of starvelings to see one gorge himself with the most expensive food and then take the slops—with a blessing.

An unregenerate charity ball may linger on here and there, but we do not hear of them any more. Their disappearance is significant of a big change in public opinion. If our impressions of public opinion are trustworthy, only twenty years ago it was pretty generally considered meritorious for a rich man to give anything to the destitute—a pure act of grace on his part.

Nowadays it is considered only an imperfect act of justice. It is more and more realized that there are great inequalities and maladjustments, from which many people suffer unjustly and by which others unjustly benefit. We are not acquainted with any single scheme that seems likely to trim the balance just right; and obviously the more or less haphazard handing down of doles is a very bungling, ineffectual attempt at trimming it.

What used to be regarded as charity is now generally looked on as only a makeshift attempt to square an account, the true balance sheet of which nobody can yet cast. We no longer dance over our charity, but regard it with very grave dubiety and allow its practical details to be administered by trained specialists.

## Manners Maketh Man

DO YOU know the origin of etiquette—just why, for example, you are expected to wear a particular kind of coat on a particular occasion, and eat your pumpkin pie with a fork instead of with a knife or spoon? You may think it is because there is some peculiar, inherent appropriateness in the prescribed action; but that has nothing whatever to do with it.

Etiquette was and still is invented by people absolved from the necessity of working for a living; and its only purpose is to afford a constant, indubitable sign that its inventors can afford to waste their time in learning nice ceremonials and pretty conventions. You are expected to put on a certain kind of coat at one P. M. and another kind at six P. M.—solely because certain elegant loafers wished to prove ocularly that they had nothing to do except change their coats.

So with every one of the prescriptions about greeting, parting, eating, calling, and what not. Their original purpose was to prove that the leisure class which invented them had no useful employment for its time, hence could squander it in practicing etiquette.

Some years ago Professor Veblen wrote an acute and highly amusing book on the subject, in which he pointed out that "in the last analysis the value of manners lies in the fact that they are the voucher of a life of leisure"; and "the pervading principle and abiding test of good breeding is the requirement of a substantial and patent waste of time."

So when you hasten home from the office to change your coat or worry lest you use the wrong fork you are really trying to demonstrate that you are a loafer.

## Rebellion at the Top

REBELLION is an odd business for aged and affluent gentlemen, yet they are about it very seriously in England just now. The new solemn league and covenant published the other day, which is tantamount to a threat of civil war if the Home Rule Bill passes Parliament, is signed first of all by Lord Roberts, aged eighty-two. Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, aged seventy-four, follows. Other eminent signatories are Lord Balfour of Burleigh, aged sixty-five; Lord Halifax, aged seventy-five; Dean Wace, aged seventy-eight; the Duke of Portland, aged fifty-seven. Rudyard Kipling, aged forty-nine, is a comparative infant among these hoary insurgents.

Apparently they mean it too. In this country civil war was hardly discussed more earnestly and extensively in 1776 and 1860 than it is now in the more or less United Kingdom. Partly this impassioned talk of armed resistance is a revolt against democracy. Wealthy and conservative citizens can hardly hope to rebel successfully because their taxes are increased, or because their hereditary vote can no longer block progressive legislation; but Home Rule furnishes them with an issue on which they can safely express all the resentment radical budgets and parliamentary reform have generated.

A good many sober-minded Englishmen believe that Ulster will actually fight. There is a deep-planted race prejudice fed by three centuries of oppression of the large majority by a small minority. Armed rebellion by aristocracy against democracy would be a strange spectacle in the twentieth century.

## The Competing States

PAPERMAKING is a continuous industry, the mills generally running through the week without intermission. Continuous industries mean either three shifts of eight hours each or two shifts of twelve hours each. What the latter means was described as follows by the committee of stockholders of the Steel Corporation, of which Stuyvesant Fish was chairman:

"We are of opinion that a twelve-hour day of labor followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years means a decreasing of the efficiency and a lessening of the vigor of such men."

In confirmation of that opinion William B. Dickson writes in The Survey:

"And I will further state that, in my judgment, a large proportion of the steelworkers who from early manhood work twelve hours a day are old men at forty."

At the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature the Progressive party introduced a bill limiting work in paper mills to eight hours a day. It was defeated; and one of the arguments used against it was that it would drive the paper industry out of that state and into other commonwealths which permitted a twelve or thirteen hour day.

Probably the argument was unsound, but it shows how competition across state lines may retard labor.

## The Lawmakers

IN THE absence of authentic records we feel privileged to assume that when the ancient Saxon Witenagemot convened, its venerable members debated how high the collar on a bock of beer ought to be, and whether whiskers should be braided—and then raised the dog tax ten per cent and went home.

At this writing parliaments, to which the collective well-being of a considerable part of the human race is theoretically relegated, are in session. At London they are debating a handsome increase in naval expenditure. At Paris they are worrying over a budget that is swollen to unwieldy proportions by military items. At St. Petersburg the Czar has laid before the faithful representatives of his subjects a splendid scheme for increasing the peace strength of the army by some four hundred thousand men.

The Berlin cable brings an optimistic thrill, for just at the moment the Reichstag is listening to a report on the feasibility of telephone connection with England—a bit of good human sense which stands out like a spotlight against the dreary ground of other parliamentary proceedings.

Incidentally a distinguished foreign novelist addresses to the world at large a passionate inquiry as to what parliaments mean by frittering away their time on empty statesmanship, when shoals of preventable human misery lie under their noses.

We move to lay the inquiry on the table and proceed with the bill to erect a lighthouse in every arrondissement.

## Bogus Aristocrats

IF WE were going to chisel a monument to Democracy probably we should choose for the subject John Bright heroically refusing to don court dress in order to be presented to Queen Victoria when he became a cabinet member. The courtiers understood the importance of the point much better than did Bright's friends, who counseled him to yield the point.

All his life he had fought for democracy as he understood it—it was that which gave him his power. And when he had so far won that his inclusion in the cabinet was a political necessity, the courtiers took it for granted he would cheerfully ape their dress and manners, be delighted at such social favors as they showed him and in unofficial life generally try to make a bogus aristocrat of himself.

Plain people would long ago have possessed the earth if they could have kept the positions they won. The trouble has been that a plain person, on winning a position of importance, has immediately tried to become a fancy person. Too often triumphant democracy has been nothing more than truckling, pinchbeck aristocracy. It goes much deeper than mere clothes. The snobbery that is almost inveterate in human nature gives those who have grabbed the best places a great power to defend their position.

So long as success comes humbly to the side door for their certificate that it is success, they have not a great deal to fear. Even at our own beloved capital a careful observer may see examples of the practical power of snobbery.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### A Very Plain Man

THERE are about two hundred and two thousand people in the Fourth Congressional District of Georgia, and Judge Adamson knows them all well enough to call them by their first names—and does so call them, whether men or women. The judge is an institution in that Fourth District, guaranteed under the Handshaking and Hello-Bill Act of 1897, serial number nine, and is warranted to remain in office as long as he desires.

Just now the judge is somewhat on view, inasmuch as he is chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in the House of Representatives, and is engaged in the pleasing pastime of trying to write one of Mr. Wilson's antitrust measures as Mr. Wilson would have it written—provided, of course, Mr. Wilson were taking any active part in shaping the legislation proposed, further than shaping, reshaping, ordering, insisting on, supplying ideas and language for, and a few other little details of management of similar nature which show that it is the evident determination of Mr. Wilson to allow Congress to do exactly as he pleases in the matters aforesaid.

The judge has toddled up to the White House with his bills and toddled back again without them on several occasions; but the time will come—the time will come, mark you!—when he will carry away with him the exact measure that the Democratic majority in the House will vociferously demand and as vociferously pass as an expression of the untrammeled and well-considered opinion of the said majority touching on the subject in question—couched, it may be, in the well-known scholarly language of the President and containing his matured convictions on the subject, punctuated by him and revised—but in all other respects untrammeled and undictated as aforesaid.

It is not of that phase of the judge's activities that I desire to speak. Those come to him in his capacity as chairman of this great committee. What I intend to celebrate is not the gifts of colleagues, not the outcomes of seniority of service, not the rewards of politics—though they may have helped in securing such recompense. It might easily have occurred that some other than the judge attained the chairmanship of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; that some other was intrusted with the preparation of the trade commission bill, or fondly imagined himself to be thus intrusted.

Indeed, many another might have done most of the things the judge has done, and received identical meed for services thus faithfully and diligently performed; but none other—nary one—has the judge's gift.

It is a gift! A less discriminating commentator might call it a tendency, a trend or trait; but not so with this discerning delineator.

A gift, a bestowal by Dame Fortune, a present from a fairy godmother, the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them friendly! It is not much of a trick to make a friend or to make friends. Simple and superficial methods will begin that sort of thing. The real test comes in keeping friends, and the touchstone of value is in using them after you have kept them.

Take the proof set forth by the judge: The last time he ran for Congress down in that Fourth Georgia District he received every vote cast in the primary and every vote cast at the election. Now there may be cavil at this, because, as is well known, white Republicans are so rare in some parts of Georgia that the traveling circuses usually have one as a sideshow exhibit; and black Republicans do not bother with the ballot for fear they may be bothered.

#### His Name on the Payroll in Indelible Ink

NOT much of a trick in the circumstances, I hear these carpers say; but wait a minute! Even if there is no chance for Republican opposition, when a man has been in Congress for sixteen or eighteen years—even from a Georgia district—it often happens that another Democrat rises up to contest for the nomination with him on the broad, general theory that the incumbent has been there long enough, and that some others or another of the patriots infesting the district should have a chance at the pie, power and perquisites.

Not so with the judge. He has shaken every hand in that district so many times that each hand is an instrument for casting a pleasant ballot for him on election and primary occasions—each male hand, that is—and each female hand is a further instrument for expediting the proud possessors of the male and voting hand ballotboxward. The judge is the greatest handshaker we have.

*You'll Never Catch Him Without His Make-Up*

He has shaken hands up and down, hither and yon, catercornered and allemande left, crisscross and serpentinely, from one side of that district to the other, from top to bottom, lengthwise, slantwise, and in all other directions; and the result is the result, to wit: Judge William Charles Adamson, in Congress for nine terms and with a license to stay there in perpetuity from his admiring and glad-handed constituents.

The judge is a wonder! He is close to the soil. You observe him and you observe a statesman of the old school—simple, genial, plain, unassuming and successful. Simple, I said. Well, on reflection I withdraw that. The judge is simple, of course; but they will never have to give him anything for it—that is, he is simple, but it is not catching. He has not a very bad case of it. His simplicity, I should say, is of that highly useful variety that impresses others without repressing himself. He is an incomplex and uncompounded person, but he retains his seat in Congress; an artless and unsophisticated statesman, but he has been on the Government payroll continuously for some eighteen years, and his name is written there in indelible ink.

Judge Adamson is plain—a plain man; and he has cashed in on it to a marked extent. The judge has a complete mastery of the science of being one of the common people. There is not a man in Congress who can tie him in it. There is not a man to whom the judge cannot give a handicap of a wool hat and a two days' growth of beard, a hundred handshakes and a start of twenty-four hours, and win by eighty per cent of the delighted suffrages of an equally plain constituency.

He does not believe in frills. No frills for the judge—not a furbelow! You'll never catch him without his make-up. See him coming down the street, a plain—an exceedingly plain—man! Note the ample and artless trousers. Observe the favorite white vest. Sturdy folks, those Georgians of the Fourth District—averse to dudes and dudishness; but not more so than the judge—not more so.

You can depend on it that the proportion of the antipathy of the judge for such frivolities is in exact ratio to that of his constituents. The mere fact that he is a congressman does not entitle him to put on airs or pressed trousers; and the merer fact that he does not put on airs does entitle him to be a congressman. And there you are!

The judge is a genial person and a neighborly. He considers first names as most important in social intercourse. No formal Misters for him! If your name is William the judge makes haste to call you Bill, in order that you may know he is your friend. Every William in his district he calls Bill, and every Henry, Hank; and, by the same token, every other William calls him Bill. Thus is perfect equality maintained and the judge retained.

William C. Adamson was born in Georgia, at a town called Bowdon, and, as he puts it, "spent his youth alternately in working on the farm and in hauling goods and cotton between the markets and Bowdon." There is a college at Bowdon—or was—and he was graduated from that, studied law and went to practice at Carrollton, where he has since lived. He was a judge of the city court of Carrollton for some years, whence he derived his title, but when he went to Congress, in 1897, he abandoned the practice of law and devoted himself to statesmanship. He knew he never would have to practice law again. He knew his people and they knew him. No such friendly, genial, kindly person will be deserted at the polls by any set of Georgians whatsoever.

He is a marvel! He has a remarkable memory for names and faces, never miscalls a constituent, and has stored away in his head something pertinently pleasant to say to all those who vote for him. He is a useful legislator, well liked by his colleagues, and has an excellent record, both for floor and committee work.

And as a practitioner of the Hello-Bill-slap-on-the-back-how's-the-folks school of politics he is the admired of all admirers—a plain man—a very plain man—but quite successful at it withal.

### Editor for a Day

WHEN Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher and peer, was plain Mr. Harmsworth, Joseph Pulitzer permitted him to be editor of the New York World for one day in order to exemplify the Harmsworth contention that the New York papers are too big. The tabloid World, famous in newspaper circles, was the result.

Harmsworth called the staff into consultation. Henry N. Cary, then news editor, suggested, as a joke, that all members of the staff should appear that night in full evening regalia. Everybody consented with one exception—one man refused. Harmsworth came down in a sack suit. He was astonished at the display of evening suits and sniffed the moth-ball smell from afar. He asked mildly whether the World editors and reporters appeared thus clad as a usual thing, and was solemnly assured they did. The only person dressed like Harmsworth was the editor, who would not fall in with the joke.

Also, the only man Harmsworth took back to England with him was the man who was clad like himself.

### Overdressed

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton began business he had a very small shop in a very mean street. He had only business enough to admit the employment of one small and ragged boy to help him.

Business prospered a bit, and Lipton, thinking to make things smarter, bought a new suit of clothes for the boy.

Next day the boy did not come to work, nor the next. Lipton went to see his mother. "How is it Willie hasn't been at the shop for two days?" he asked. "Is he sick?"

"No, he isn't sick," the mother replied, "but he's got some good clothes now and has taken another job. You see, with all those new clothes we didn't think he should waste himself on such a poor little place as yours."

### A Safe Background

A MAN rather untidy in his personal habits was discussing the question of a new waistcoat with a friend.

"What color would you advise?" he asked the friend.

"Why," said the friend, "I'd get one of soup color!"

### The Stone Age

WHEN State Senator Cal Stone, of St. Paul, was in the passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railroad he wrote many bitter letters to the passenger department of the Great Northern.

Suddenly he was made general passenger agent of the Great Northern. As he came in to take his new desk the man he succeeded handed him an immense file of papers.

"Now—dod gast you!" he said to Stone—"sit down here and answer your own letters!"

# BEYOND THE LIMIT

## By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

*The Rule Is to Jam In the Tables Closely*

THOSE who are compelled to eat in restaurants—the great legion of diners-out—will understand when I say those *haricots de Lima nouveaux* are the guilty parties. You see, it was this way: I felt impelled to eat, and I incautiously entered one of the nine or ten feeding places in a New York hotel. No New York hotel—that is, if it is any hotel at all—but has nine or ten feeding places. They are scattered round in all sorts of unsuspected spots—food ambushes, so to speak. You may resolutely pass half a dozen of them, persisting in your determination not to pay more than six dollars for a dollar and twenty-seven cents' worth of sustenance; but human nature is weak. It is impossible to get past all of them. Before you have reached the ninth the hat-check pirate has grabbed you—and you are lost.

The hotel men know this. If there was but one restaurant room in a big hotel—if there was but one place to be evaded—they would not sell any food save a few breakfasts in the rooms—and that reminds me: It is not so long ago that I went up to the room of a friend in a New York hotel one morning.

"Let's have some coffee," I said. He thought that would be good. So we telephoned, or punched a button, or did something to attract the attention of the noble Swiss who reigned on that floor; and the noble Swiss leisurely came and wrote down the order: "2 kof, mit rols."

He stood round for quite a time, tentatively shoving forward a breakfast card and suggesting smelts and sausages and other things; but we were firm. So, after about an hour, he brought in the coffee and rolls. He had dishes enough to serve a wedding breakfast, and napery and spoons and forks, and a few silveroid covers—and all that—which he arranged. Then he lifted one of the covers and displayed four brownish-gray rolls and poured out some heavy black stuff which he said was coffee. The check was ninety cents for the rolls and coffee, one cup each.

### The Price-Current of Prunes

OVERCOME by a fit of recklessness I told him to go back and bring me some prunes. Along about noon he strolled in with five well-preserved prunes displayed on a dish that was evidently designed to hold prunes. It is, of course, superfluous to add that it was not designed to hold many prunes; but, up to the limits of its capabilities, it was a fine prune-holding dish. The brown juice contrasted rather fetchingly with the dull glow of the silver. Also, the prunes contrasted more than fetchingly with the check. There were five prunes, and the hotel felt it could afford to part with them for forty cents.

That roused my curiosity. If this gilded mausoleum could afford to sell five prunes for forty cents, how many prunes could other institutions of similar import afford to sell for the same money? Once I gained a great quantity of knowledge and had many enlightening experiences trying to get a hard-boiled egg in Europe. It was not half the adventure this was. I have ordered prunes in every city of any size from Boston to San Francisco. The average price of prunes is six for a quarter at the big restaurants. You get four for a quarter in San Francisco; but that is easily explained by the fact that the best prunes in the world are raised a few miles from that city. You see, the San Francisco purveyors know the inestimable worth of prunes and charge for them accordingly.

However, five prunes for forty cents, added to four slim rolls, two pieces of pale and frozen butter, and two cups of what passes current for coffee along Fifth Avenue, made up a satisfying breakfast—forty for the prunes and ninety for the coffee—satisfying to the men who run the hotel, at any rate.

As I was saying, they must have more than one place to eat in these big hotels. So they stake out as many as they can find nooks for, and call them the rose room, and the Looie-Quarts room, and the Grecian room—and so on; and if you do not fall for one you inevitably must fall for another, whereby the hat-check boy gets you, and the head waiter lets you sit just behind the biggest serving-table in the place, so the soup can splash gently on you as the waiters dip it up—not your own soup! Oh, no!

It is not good form for a waiter to spill your own *consommé de volaille à la McGinnis* on you. He spills on you some of the soup belonging to the banker from Omaha, who sits right where every waiter and every captain and every head waiter, and the impresario and the general manager—and all the rest—can and do bump into his chair as they hasten to and fro with the grub for the leading merchant of Macon, Georgia.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the rule and practice of all big hotel restaurants and all other big restaurants is to jam in the tables so closely that the waiters must bump into your chair or jump over the table. It makes no difference whether the hotel has fourteen eating places. As soon as the come-ons show signs of diminution in numbers some of the rooms are closed and the tables jammed together in those that are left open.

It would be entirely outside all ethics of feeding people, according to the big-city idea, to allow the feeders to be comfortable. The first precept in all fashionable eating-places is to put the tables so close together that a sinuous black cat could not get through between the chairs without squeezing her sides; and then leave the rest to Providence and the waiters who do you the favor of bringing your high-priced food to you.

That is not what I had in mind however. What I have set down thus far is merely the *canapé* for the thoughts and emotions that rose within me when I scanned the menu card. I started to say: When I conned the menu—but it was not the menu that was conned; I was.

I read: "*Haricots de Lima nouveaux*—$1.75." The dollar mark is mine. On the bill it was 1.75, but I inserted the legal-tender mark so nobody might think it meant one and seventy-five one-hundredths bushels—or something like that.

"Captain," I remarked casually, as if *haricots de Lima nouveaux* were an article of my daily diet, "I take it from this that this hotel is wholesaling Lima beans."

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said; "I do not understand."

"Why," I continued easily, for the captain had been at great pains to put me on terms of perfect equality with himself, and had himself pulled back my chair—which is going some, I want to tell you, in that particular hotel, where the headest of the head waiters never speaks to any person who does not have a certified check for a million dollars pinned to his necktie when he comes in—"Why," I proceeded, "I note that you are disposing of Lima beans—*nouveaux*—for one-seventy-five a throw."

"Per portion," murmured the captain.

"And," I essayed, "it is a well-known economic fact, from my viewpoint, that all the Lima beans in the world—*nouveaux*, *nouvelles*, *printemps*, or carrying weight for age—are not worth a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Ah, but, m'sieu," earnestly said the captain, "these are hothouse Lima beans. You will have some—yes?"

Hothouse Lima beans! And, back in the old days, one of my jobs, after the garden was made, was to get the Lima beanpoles out of the woodhouse, resharpen them and stick them up in the center of the hills where the beans were planted, thereby wasting an afternoon that might have been devoted to some manly sport. Oh, where—as George Evans used to say—Oh, where has my Lima bean? He or she—what is the gender of a Lima bean?—has been to New York; and you may well believe it when I tell you that those restaurant keepers in New York can do more than that with the common things.

Did you ever tackle any *mousse* of fish, *riche* sauce?—you know, the fish the gentleman did not eat yesterday—moussed nicely—and it can be obtained for a dollar—for a simple, hundred-cent dollar; or an epigram of lamb, with peas—just peas, mind you, out of the can—not fresh green peas—for one-fifty? That is not an epigram—it's a jest.

Those hothouse Lima beans started a train of thought—those and the further discovery that it was possible at that moment to get a small specimen porgy, fried, for seventy-five cents. I did not see any on the bill, but I reckon if a fried porgy costs seventy-five cents they must keep the pompano in the safe and cut coupons off them. And *pommes de terre frites* might have been obtained for forty cents—fried potatoes for forty p. p. But who would be so plebeian as to order fried potatoes in a place like this—or like twenty other places I could mention—who, indeed, when it is possible to get *asperges vertes* for one-fifty—asparagus tips, which approximate waiters' tips in expensiveness—unless you intend to remain out of that place forever after?

In the course of many years of wandering across and up and down the world I have met numerous persons who have had their own methods of extracting money from the general public; and among the lot are several who are engaged in taking away increment by high-financing food.

### Tournedos on the Toboggan

OF LATE—for the past year or two, say—it has been my rather bored lot to hear these gentlemanly pirates bewail the sad tendency of the times as demonstrated by the tremendous increase of cheap eating-places in their various cities. They cannot understand why it is their former patrons, who used to be happy to pay half a dollar for half a dozen slices of *concombres*, now go to a white-enameled shop and pay ten cents for a dozen slices of cucumbers. The demand for *tournedos sautés Alsacienne*, at two dollars a *tournedo*, has fallen off, and many persons are eating roast mutton at twenty-five cents a slice.

I can understand it, and so can any person who has given the matter consideration. It is not that times are tighter—and times are tighter; it is because the restaurant keepers, not only in New York but in the other cities, have overplayed their hands. There is not a big restaurant in any big city in the United States where the prices are not absurd. And the fault is not with the restaurant keeper either. It rests solely and entirely with the restaurant patrons.

*They Play for the Women, and the Women Lead the Men In*

*It Would be Entirely Outside All Ethics of Feeding People to Allow the Feeders to be Comfortable*

is no person in the world so afraid of any other person as a visitor to New York is afraid of a waiter. He shrinks from incurring the displeasure of those haughty foreigners who serve him his food. He feels it a personal humiliation to have a captain in a dining room scowl at him; and if a head waiter sneers or otherwise displays his disapproval the visitor shrivels and shrinks, and hastily orders two or three other expensive dishes just to show he is no jay and no piker, and is accustomed to these customs.

That is one of the most curious of the human idiosyncrasies—the shivering fear of the disapproval of a waiter! It is all predicated on the false self-value most of us place on ourselves. We are all of us arrant egoists inside—and many of us outside—and we grow faint at the idea of doing or saying anything in public that will mark us as not thoroughly informed and city-broke.

A man may be stern, exacting in his business, fearless, important, self-assertive—and all that—but when a waiter shows by his actions that he—the waiter—considers this patron of the place where the waiter works not of the proper class, not thoroughly informed as to the way things are done in a big city—in short, a hayseed—he will throw money away in an effort to correct this impression in the mind of the waiter, or this impression that he fears is in the mind of the waiter—not in the minds of those near him or who know him, but in the mind of the waiter!

### *The Cowardice of the Free-Born Rich*

IT IS an odd sort of cowardice. Why does a man—free-born, successful, mayhap rich—submit to the tyrannies of a man in the box office of a theater, for example—to his insolence and his scorn and his general air of What-do-you-amount-to? Why does the average patron of a restaurant stand for the hat-check abuse, for the cab abuse, for the extortionate-food abuse, for the annoyances of crowding, for the annoyances of squeaky music, for the annoyances of slipshod service? Because he is afraid his revolt will mark him as a person who does not understand how things are done in big cities—though in his inner self he understands intimately how he is being done.

It is all predicated on the last analysis of our civilization. We do what anybody and everybody else want us to do, instead of doing what we want to do and have an individual right to do—because we fear a reflex that will stamp us as not being wise. The contempt of a waiter, to the average patron of a restaurant, is something to be avoided at whatever cost of personal humiliation.

Well, the men who run a lot of the restaurants in New York were not long in finding out that their patrons, largely from out of town, were human rabbits when it came to protesting against whatever ideas they might think up and put in practice on them. They soon discovered that a man from the West or the South, or from the Northwest or Southwest, would rather pay ten dollars for a two-dollar duck than to intimate, even by the raising of his eyebrows when he saw the check, that he was not perfectly well aware that all the sophisticated better classes pay ten dollars for ducks. Snobbery and weak egoism, you see—and played on by the restaurant men.

So the headiest of the head waiters fixed it up, and began to elevate the prices. I have sat in those restaurants and watched items on bills-of-fare jump ten and fifteen and twenty-five cents at a time until the present range was reached. Now the prices are preposterous and the restaurants are beginning to feel the results of that situation; albeit when you talk with a restaurateur he tells you the increase in prices is solely due to the increase in the sums he is forced to pay for the raw material—and that makes you laugh.

I know a place in New York—a big place—where they marked a price of seventy-five cents a portion for strawberries early in the season, when the strawberries came from the Far South and were rare—and green—but worth that to any simpleton who would buy them.

Well, by a curious inadvertence the price for strawberries remained at seventy-five cents almost all summer, when strawberries were selling in the market, at retail, for ten or fifteen cents a quart; and a portion of them at this place was about ten berries. They found they could get away with it, and they did. Far be it from a man to proclaim himself a jay by protesting.

The fact that strawberries appeared on this menu at seventy-five cents a portion was the proof that was what strawberries should cost a portion in the best circles. I ordered some without looking, one day, and incurred the grave and sneering displeasure of a bunch of waiters, captains, head waiters and omnibus boys by refusing to pay; but they cut the price to thirty cents after the owner had been brought in. The trouble was not worth the saving of forty-five cents, but the fun was worth forty-five dollars. You cannot blame the purveyors. They simply have taken advantage of the weakness of the human rabbits with whom they deal. And the out-of-town foodsellers early followed the New York lead. In the past five years prices in the leading restaurants in all the big cities of this country have advanced tremendously. I myself have watched the price of a single anemic squab progress from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter in a restaurant where I am compelled to eat now and then, and the high cost of food has been the excuse; but I happen to know the man who sells this place the squabs, and I asked him about it. He said he was getting the same price for his squabs when they were retailed at one-twenty-five as he got when they cost sixty cents served.

*There is No Person in the World So Afraid of Any Other Person as a Visitor to New York is Afraid of a Waiter*

So it has come about that, from one end of this country to the other, there has swept a vast increase in restaurant prices. New York adopted the French cuisine years ago. Then New York, finding that the out-of-towners, who make up the bulk of their patronage, would stand for heavy increases, began the heavy increasing. The out-of-New-York restaurant keepers took their cues from New York just as they took their imitation French cuisine and their imitation French on the bills-of-fare. They did not want to make it uncomfortable for the man from home who went to New York and planked down four dollars for a roast capon; so they slapped roast capon—*chapon*, you understand—on at four-fifty. And there you were!

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the restauranta have been tucking it on—tucking it on; and now the reaction has come. The men-who-were-afraid-they-might-be-thought-jays reached their limit. I know a chap who has plenty of money and who was the host at a little dinner in a New York restaurant. He wanted some fish; and the head waiter—or the captain—suggested: "The turbot is very fine."

Conceding, as I do, that any man who will buy turbot in England ought to be put under restraint, words fail when it comes to designating a man who will buy turbot in New York. My friend knew all about that imitation of a fish. He had eaten it in its native lair—eaten it and commented on its marvelous resemblance in taste to library paste; but he did not want the head waiter to think he was not used to buying turbot four times a day and he nodded in a sophisticated manner and said: "All right."

Well, they charged him twenty-five dollars for that mess—mess is used advisedly—of turbot, which served him right. But that is not the point. He had bluefish and kingfish, and all kinds of fine fresh American fish, to pick from; but he let that head waiter sting him for turbot. Probably the head waiter laughed. If he did not he has no sense of humor. It is a wonder to me he did not stick

They have allowed it. No one can blame a man who has something to sell and who tries to get as much for his merchandise as he can. That is the basic law of commerce. Wherefore it is always the province of the intending buyer to get his article as cheaply as possible. If he allows the high charge once he is fastened to it forever.

Take this food business: All restaurant charges in all of the high-plane restaurants in this country are based on the restaurant charges in New York. And who stood for the restaurant charges in New York? The folks from the other cities that copied the New York prices. Any person who has seen it work out, as I have, knows that when the man from outside comes into New York he takes what is given to him and pays what is asked; so the New Yorkers began to jack up their prices.

The visitor noticed the increases, but did not protest. He felt that a protest would mark him as a visitor—as a yap—as a rube. So it might, with the waiters; and there

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him for English sole and saw off American flounder on him—but he did not. And this chap quit right there.

That is what has been happening. The men-who-did-not-want-to-be-thought-jays have decided it does not make such a heap of difference to them as they thought if a Swiss waiter or an Alsatian captain or a Greek omnibus does think they are jays; and they are eating at the cheaper places. Not all of them of course. You can still find in any big restaurant, in any city, chaps who will pretend that *truite de yama-no uchi*, at one-fifty an uchi, shows more class than trout—just trout—for fifty cents; but their numbers are decreasing.

The keepers of the big restaurants are howling; but let them howl! There will always be some of the weak-minded for them; but a good many of us have passed rapidly to the side streets and are doing fairly well, thank you!

Contemplate the big hotels of this country, where the bulk of the restaurant eating is done—the bulk of the *carte-du-jour* stuff—and, speaking of *carte du jour*, I ate once in a gilded hotel in the West—one of those with pillars of imitation onyx which look as though they had been made of castile soap—where the manager had copied a bill-of-fare from a New York restaurant. He had it all down—*potages, poissons, entrées, rôtis, légumes* and all the rest; but the *carte du jour* got past him. It was first on the bill; and he evidently thought it was some sort of a *canapé*, rare and expensive, for he had it down on his card: *Carte du jour*—$1.25—.75.

### *Loafing-Places for Idle Women*

Please excuse the digression. I was about to observe that the big hotels will worry along for a time, because most of the big hotels in this country are not conducted for the men any more, but are run almost exclusively for the women—the stall-fed, club-crazy, bridge-playing, nonproducing kind of women—who grab all of father's salary and spend it on themselves. It is not so very long ago that the hotels in this country were places for men. There was a small parlor upstairs or somewhere where women could go and where they were expected to go; and the men had the rest of it.

Now the men are shunted off to one side and the hotels are conducted for the women. They flock in at luncheons; sit during the afternoons; are there to dinner—and the men are second-fiddlers. If you don't believe it go into any big hotel and observe the size of the men's restaurant as compared with those where the women are served.

So they will go along for a time yet; for some women never know times are hard and never think prices are high. Why should they? The men are producing and they are having a good time. The gentlemen who run the restaurants and hotels know the value of the women. They pay scant heed to the men and cater to the female of the species. There is a chance somebody may get some of father's money besides the hotelkeepers if they leave it to father; so they do not.

They play for the women, and the women lead the men in; and the men pay a dollar for a hunk of a tough guinea hen, and two dollars if they serve a minute specimen of alleged ham with it and call it *Guinée à la Virginie*, or whatever they may think will excuse that other dollar. And the restaurant keepers will tell you they are not making a cent and would be compelled to go out of business if it were not for the bar.

If it were not for the bar! There's the good old faithful friend! That is the place of man's tribute to the affluence of the hotelkeeper and the rest. Only the most advanced of the women have invaded the bar—as yet—not that the fair ladies do not consume their share of the goods the bar holds, but that they have their own places for so doing.

The bar! Ah, yes, the bar! They buy bottled whisky for about sixty or seventy cents a bottle, and they figure to sell seventeen drinks out of a bottle at twenty or twenty-five cents a drink. A very distinguished boniface in New York once told me his bar profits were two hundred and fourteen per cent—and I should think that was conservative.

We are getting them, though, fellow citizens who must perforce eat in restaurants—we are getting them! The prices at this particular moment, having reached the height where they cease to be anything but absolutely absurd, are trembling. They are shivering and shaking. The restaurant keepers must keep their places open; and you will observe what I have observed—a gradual tendency to let down. It will not come until it is forced by empty chairs and tables.

No restaurant man, and no other sort of selling man, ever cut his price on anything until he was forced to do so. His specialty has been raising prices. The aggregated worms of food-consumers are beginning to turn. They are slipping unostentatiously into the smaller places on the side streets. They are responsible for the great and increasing number of bright, clean, comfortable restaurants where a lamb chop does not cost so much as a diamond ring.

Presently the restaurant men will be back within reason. I have observed a tendency to lower luncheon prices. Dinner prices will follow. I doubt not that, within a short time, one will be able to get eight prunes for a quarter instead of four. I know a place where a wedge of apple pie costs thirty cents. Think that over! I will bet a dozen apple pies against a chocolate éclair that within a year a wedge of apple pie in that same place will cost not more than fifteen cents—and in each case the real worth is a dime.

What would you say to a small dab of cold rice pudding for the same thirty cents? You will say Pish-tush! to it within the twelvemonth, for the restaurant prices of this country are beginning to topple. The string is played out. The middleman and the cold-storage man—and the rest of them—are being placed in a position where they will inevitably get what is coming to them; and the producer at one end and the consumer at the other may gather a benefit or two. At any rate the producer can be no worse off than he has been, and the consumer may be aided.

The consumer—poor chap!—consumes and is consumed. Just at present he is hopefully waiting for results from the new tariff—hopefully is the word. He has risen and formed the Society for the Boycott of Extortionate Eggs; but that will not last long.

They will let eggs down and we shall go back to our breakfasts. Then they will shove eggs up again, having experience with movements of this kind in the past. Eggs are permanent institutions, and societies for the boycott of them merely the ephemera of the passionate moment.

### *Must Have Been Advance Copies*

There are interesting features to eggs, however, aside from their price. I met an indignant lady at the market last December. She was there for the purpose of saying a few things to the egg merchant. As I gathered the facts in the case, she had been buying strictly fresh eggs of this egg purveyor. To prove that the strictly fresh eggs were strictly fresh—they cost seventy-five cents a dozen, they were so abso-strictly-lutely fresh—the eggs were dated—not by the hen, of course, but by the honest hen-owner—that is, when the lady bought an egg on the fourteenth she was handed an egg which had neatly printed on its shell, by means of an impeccable rubber stamp, the legend: "Laid December thirteenth." That was the incontrovertible proof that this egg had been but one day in this vale of sorrow and deceit.

The eggs in controversy—though the egg-dealer had not much to say—were bought on the nineteenth of the month. They reached the house intact and dated. Desiring to take some liberties with an egg that evening, this lady opened the box. I am well within the facts when I state that she was both astonished and indignant to read on each egg: "Laid December twenty-second."

You see, this predicated the unique possibility that the eggs were laid three days after she bought them. They were strictly fresh eggs *in futuro*, so to speak. The official egg-dater had used the wrong stamp or the egg-merchant had opened the wrong box of strictly fresh ones. It was a *contretemps;* but it reminded me of the connoisseur who was buying a bottle of priceless old brandy. There was the date on the label of the bottle—1814.

"Are you sure this is 1814 brandy?" asked the purchaser.

"Well," replied the vender, "the label says so; but I don't know the printer."

However, more power to the Society for the Boycott of Extortionate Eggs, and


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Wilson Bro's Chicago


more power to the Society for the Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving; and more power to all other societies with similar aims. The pirates who have been selling us food and other necessaries have had up the black flag long enough and deserve punishment; and they are in a fair way of getting it.

It is largely our own fault. Take that question of Christmas gifts: We went through it a few months ago, and we are in a position to sit back and size up the spasm in a somewhat philosophical manner. They were all on hand—the elevator boys, and the janitor, and the charwomen, and the bellboys, and the clerks, and the cook, and the servants, and the chauffeur, and the superintendent, and the manager, and the clothespresser, and the shoeshiner—and everybody else, from bishop to barber—expecting a remembrance and remembering all their expectations. You recall them—lined up with avaricious eyes and rapacious hands—all the greedy procession of those who appraised you by the value of what you gave, not by the spirit in which you gave.

The analogy is well defined. It is exactly the same with our indiscriminate Christmas giving as it is with the countryman—or the city man, either—who dreads the waiter's ill opinion. The vast, needless, oppressive Christmas-destroying orgy of giving that has grown up in this country is not the result of the spread of a holiday spirit. It is the result of our own timidity, our own egoism, our own self-conceit. We are afraid not to be on a par with—or a bit beyond—our friends and relatives; so we gave last Christmas more than we could afford to give because others were giving more than they could afford to give, and because we did not have the faint courage that was required to tell the army of Christmas holdup men there was nothing for them.

Still, the signs of the times are heartening. The Society for the Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving helped some the past season; and it will help more. We observe waiters that were formerly bumping into chairs in closely packed restaurants moving with ease between the tables, because there are fewer of the tables occupied. A good many men have discovered they can exist without alcohol. We are slowing down. There is a glimmer or two of light ahead.

The limit of this kind of thing has been reached and exceeded. It will be a hard task for the American spender to reform himself; but there are indications that he intends to try. And if he sets himself to it his reform will not only be personal but it will reform the gougers also.

## Heat Magazines

HEAT magazines are now being built—to be a substitute for stoves. The particular purpose for which they have been designed is to use electricity to store up heat in the hours when the demand for electric power is small and when consequently electricity may be supplied at a very greatly reduced rate. This is usually between midnight and five o'clock in the morning, when few electric lights are being used, few motors are in use, and most of the great plant at the electric power house is idle.

Then during the hours of daylight and evening the heat magazine can be made to give out its warmth. The magazines are big steel boxes about the size of a large stove.

In the center is the apparatus to turn electricity into heat and round this are masses of metal that absorb the heat. These are built to withstand heat up to one thousand degrees. All round these heat-storage blocks is very heavy insulation to keep the heat in—in the same way that the heat is kept in a fireless cooker.

When it is desired to have the magazine give out its heat a damper is opened and a passageway thus provided for air to enter the magazine, become heated and pass out into the room. The damper can be used also to regulate the amount of heat coming out.

Electricity is ordinarily much too expensive for housewarming use, but it is coming into practice in some localities where the power is cheap. Some villages on irrigation projects in the West now depend on electricity for their heat, as power developed at the irrigation plant is plentiful, but has only a limited market, thus making the price low. A late development in Norway—the home of cheap electricity—is the heating of churches by electricity.

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Almost every nation sends here to get Quaker Oats for children.

You will find Quaker Oats in nearly every grocery, and it is always as we describe. Never will any but the choicest grains be used in making Quaker.

**Now a 25¢ Size**

**Our new large package—for 25 cents—gives you nearly three times what the 10-cent size gives. All by saving in packing. Try it next time—see how long it lasts.**

You can get it always, without extra price, by simply saying Quaker. And sight, taste and aroma will all point out the extra quality.

Then serve it at least once daily for its vim-producing powers. If there are growing children, twice a day is better. This is Nature's premier food for growth.

***10c and 25c per Package***
***Except in Far West and South***

**The Quaker Oats Company**

(541)

50,000 Girls
Every Day Enjoy Liggett's Chocolates

WE DON'T believe there's another candy more pure and delicious, nor any other so good at the price.

We can afford to sell this best quality so cheaply because we bring Liggett's Chocolates direct from our own factory to you, and because, producing them in the immense quantities needed to supply our more than 7000 Rexall Stores, we can buy our cocoa, nuts, fruits and other ingredients direct from the original sources and obtain the finest in all the world at lowest prices.

IS IT any wonder that we can afford to put into Liggett's Chocolates a quality, richness and goodness that cannot be surpassed? Is it any wonder they have won the favor of millions?

Should you seek other causes for the notable quality of Liggett's, you will find an organization of expert confectioners, an equipment of the finest chocolate-making machinery of this country and Germany, a freshness insured by direct shipments from our factory.

In beautiful and distinctive Liggett's Packages. Pounds, 80c. and $1.00.

Liggett's Chocolates are one of many guaranteed lines of goods manufactured for and sold only by the 7000 Rexall Stores in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. Among those we have already told you about in The Saturday Evening Post are: REXALL VIOLET DULCE, BOUQUET JEANICE AND HARMONY TOILET PREPARATIONS—SYMPHONY LAWN STATIONERY—KLENZO TOOTH BRUSHES. All are sold at low prices made possible only by the buying and distributing co-operation of these 7000 leading drug stores.

"Liggett's Chocolate Week" begins today at all The Rexall Stores. See the window display.

**Sold only at *The* Rexall *Store* in your town**

In The Saturday Evening Post of May 9 will appear Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 9 on Rexall Toilet Preparations. Look for it.

# OUT-OF-DOORS

## The Inconnu—What It is Not

WHO of sporting tastes has not from his boyhood read of the voyages of the early explorers of the sub-Arctic regions—Hearne and Pond and Mackenzie, and those others who went North before there were even those chartographic bluffs that now pass as maps of that far-off country? And which of us, so reading, has not retained some vague remembrance of the mysterious animal known as the inconnu, found in the fauna of that land?

Such, at least, was my own youthful experience. Later on, passing from callow youth, when I had ceased to read of early voyageurs and was trying to pay for a dress suit on the installment plan—which fully occupied my mind for some years—I still retained a hazy idea that somewhere up North there was an animal which Sir Alexander Mackenzie had been unable to place and which he had called the what-is-it or the unknown or the inconnu. In my trusting soul I hoped one day to meet an inconnu, whatever it might be.

It never occurred to me at that time to look in the dictionary or the encyclopedia to learn about this mysterious critter. Never, indeed, until long after I had first met the inconnu in mortal combat did I consult the encyclopedia. Since that time I have never touched my forelock, as was once my wont, whenever passing in front of my encyclopedia—because, in good sooth, the encyclopedia knows no more about the inconnu than any of the rest of us.

All the way north from the edge of the Rocky Mountains in the Athabasca system we heard the swarthy voyageurs—you yourself would be swarthy if you used soap no oftener than they do—speak in hushed tones of the inconnu, which, they said, we were sure to meet in our dangerous voyage in the extreme Northern country.

Each time they spoke of it I grasped my trusty rifle tighter, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible if attacked by one of these ferocious creatures. We had men with us who had killed big game all the way from New Zealand to New Jersey; but none of them had ever met the inconnu.

On deck at night, under the paling Northern sun, we held councils of war, discussing questions of proper equipment; and new to that land we resolved to do our best to uphold the traditions of American sportsmanship, though then under the British flag, which, of course, has more traditions than any other in regard to sport. In plain United States, we resolved to give any inconnu a run for its money if it ever locked horns with us. At that time we thought it had horns.

### Fishing With Field-Glasses

Time passed and we saw no inconnu, though we gumshoed round the camp every night looking for tracks. We got to Fort MacMurray and still had seen none. Most of the population of Fort MacMurray bears the name of Loutit, on account of an active ancestor who arrived there some years ago and established a family tree that is still growing; but not even any of the Loutit family, which covers several degrees of latitude, had ever seen an inconnu there. Neither, though we kept a sharp watch day and night with field-glasses, did we discover any inconnu all the way down the river to Lake Athabasca.

No one at Chippewyan had ever heard of an inconnu in that neighborhood. We began to think we had been made victims of a cruel hoax, and we rechristened the inconnu as the bull-connu, classifying it with the jokes about the handle of a valve or the insects among the type that are shown to the cub compositor in a printing office.

When we reached Smith's Landing, at the Falls of Great Slave River, the plot began to thicken. We were told that sixteen miles below, at the foot of the rapids, we should surely find the inconnu; but though we oiled up our guns and prepared for the "imminent deadly breach," we did not see the said inconnu according to schedule.

"You'll see one before long if you keep on going north," said the captain of our steamboat.

We did not see him, however, though we kept on going north. We passed into Great Slave Lake and inquired at Fort Resolution whether the inconnu had gotten that far south on its annual migration; but there was nothing doing either there or at Fort Rae, according to the best obtainable reports. We had, in fact, arrived at Hay River—where there is no hay—before, by the merest accident, I first met an actual inconnu.

In all this time on the river steamboat we had been, as one may say, almost on the point of mutiny over the kippered herring and tinned salmon, which made a good part of the bill of fare; and at Hay River, in a fit of desperation, I chartered an Indian boy and rowed about four miles to run some nets which he or somebody else owned, and which might or might not contain some fish not as yet contained in tin cans.

Arrived there, the said Indian youth casually began to unload from the nets into the boat a bunch of fish that left me helpless with amazement. This was on the reefs at the edge of Great Slave Lake, near the mouth of Hay River. The boy, with whom I had been unable to establish any sort of lingual understanding, began to pull out suckers, whitefish and jackfish—which we call pike—until our leaky skiff looked as though it were getting ready to sink at any moment.

I heard him thumping at something in the net, and he casually hauled over the gunwale a twenty-five-pound lake trout—repeating the act an instant later with yet another and larger one. Also, he uncoiled several whitefish that would be worth, at city retail prices, about fifteen dollars each. Still he was not content.

### The Points of the Conny

After a time he flung behind him into the boat a long, silverish-looking fish, which I saw at once was a whitefish—and later saw that it was nothing of the sort. It was not a salmon or a sucker or a whitefish or a pike-perch, or like any one of them—but a good deal like all of them

In short it was an inconnu. All the specimens of inconnu we took from these nets—I have often wondered whose nets we really were running—were stiff and dead, with their mouths wide open, though none of the other fish taken in the gill-net were dead. My attention being thus called to the mouth of the fish, I found it to be almost square, with a sort of projecting rim, so that it stuck out in front of the fish's countenance, something like the mouth of the sucker—only it was larger and more directly east of the fish's face.

Each of the specimens we had ran eight or nine pounds, being small, as I found later. The tail was not square, like that of any of the salmon family, but forked. Yet, to my astonishment, I found the fatty little caudal fin that is supposed to be distinctive of the salmon family. The body was not the shape of a salmon, but more like that of a giant whitefish, somewhat flattened, the general lines being those of the pike-perch, or wall-eyed pike, except that the mouth is quite different—also the head and everything else.

Naturally I could not name this fish at the time, though I examined it with curiosity. Thus far I had been unable to diagnose the parentage of my companion, whether French, Scotch or English—I could never get used to a half breed who says "cawn't" instead of "can't"; but, having tried him in French, Spanish, Cree, Chippewyan and Blackfoot, I concluded to try English, knowing that he was a mission boy.

"What in blazes do you call this thing?" I asked him.

"That?" said he. "Why, that's a conny. Didn't you know it?"

Now conny is Hudson Bay for inconnu.

I sat and gazed at this creature for some time. It did not look dangerous, but, rather, quite decidedly mild, especially as it was dead—the only dead fish taken in the net. It had a reminiscent sort of look, like some of the jokes in the Sunday newspaper.

"I have seen your face before," you say sometimes when you meet a gentleman who will not tell you his name. I had never seen this face before; and neither had the artist who made its picture in the encyclopedia—a portrait that resembles the inconnu about as much as an art photograph of a dramatic

# Travel on "A.B.A." Cheques

They will relieve you from the risk of carrying large amounts of cash, will simplify your calculations in foreign currency, will free you from the annoyance and expense of exchanging money at frontiers. Read the reasons why

## "A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques

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They are as safe to carry as your own check book, because your counter-signature is required to make them good and because they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

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"A.B.A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques issued by thousands of American banks under authority of the great American Bankers Association. They are engraved and printed on counterfeit-proof paper, with every safeguard known to modern banking. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

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Ask for descriptive booklet. If your own bank is not yet supplied with "A B A." Cheques, write us for the booklet and information as to where the cheques may be obtained in your vicinity.

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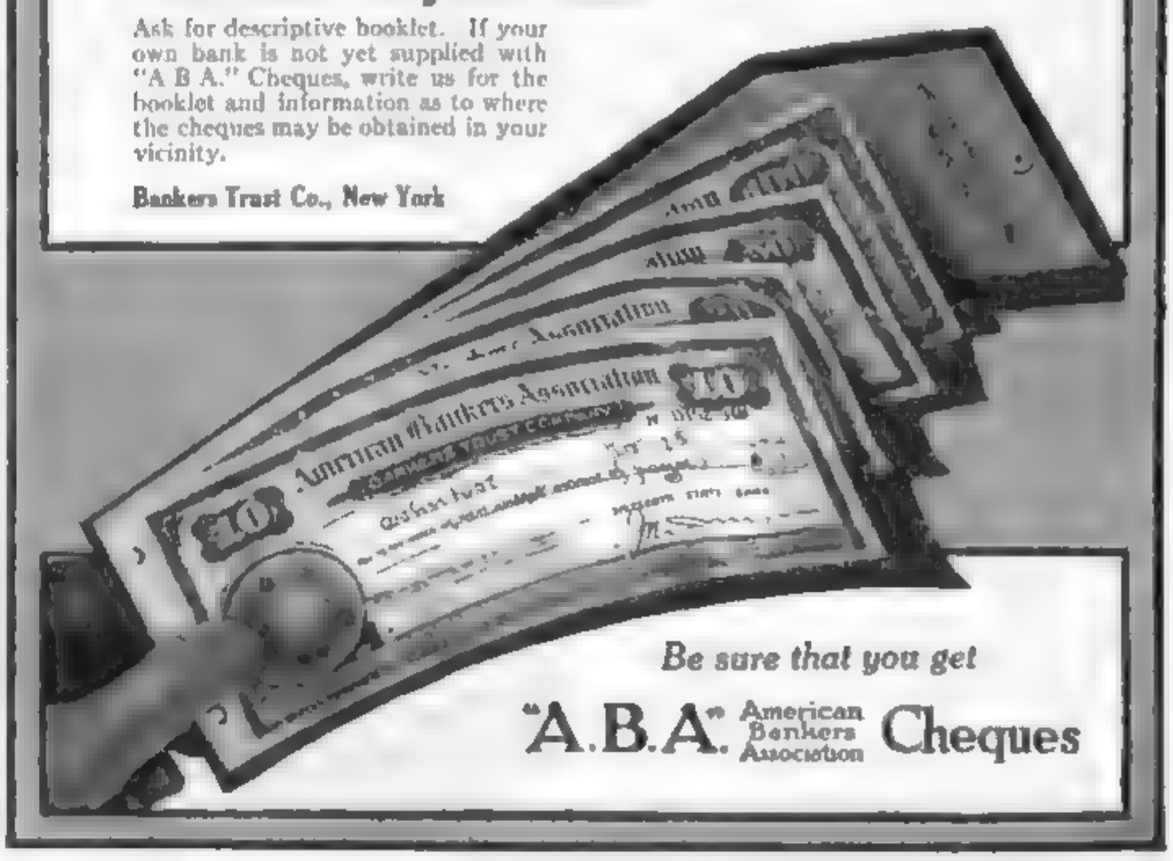
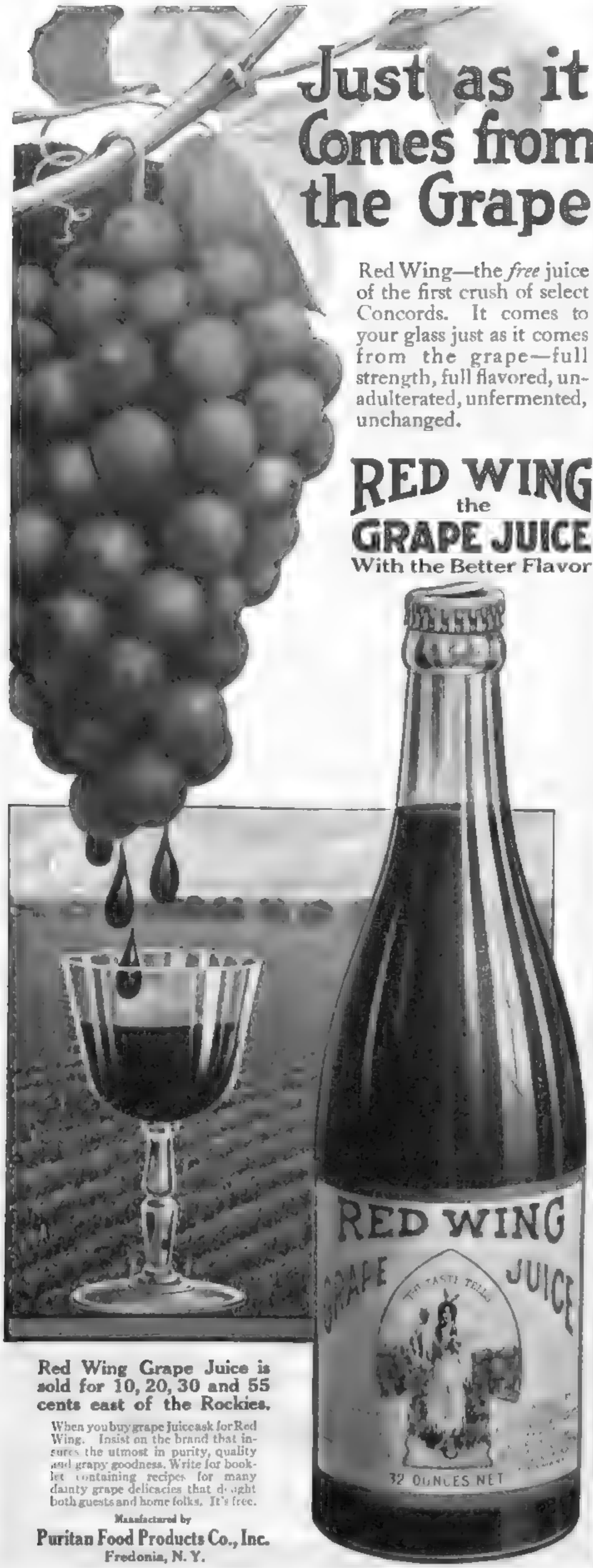



*Be sure that you get*

"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques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Red Wing—the *free* juice of the first crush of select Concords. It comes to your glass just as it comes from the grape—full strength, full flavored, unadulterated, unfermented, unchanged.
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When you buy grape juice ask for Red Wing. Insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapy goodness. Write for booklet containing recipes for many dainty grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's free.

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celebrity looks like the same celebrity before breakfast. Even so, the picture is quite as accurate as the context that goes with it in the average encyclopedia.

We paddled back to our steamship and displayed our fish, much to the joy of the kippered passengers. The deckhands, the purser, the captain, the soldiers, villagers and others all leaned over the rail of the steamboat and looked at our mysterious strangers and said: "Conny, huh?" After that I felt the report did not lack confirmation. It was thus that one of my boyhood's dreams came true. We had met the inconnu and it was ours!

We ate the inconnu then and many times afterward, far above the Arctic Circle. It has not the taste of the salmon at all. Served often on the same table with whitefish, we found that after a time we gravitated toward the dish of whitefish, which is more delicate, though also fat. There is perhaps a slight richness or oiliness in the taste of the inconnu.

One is apt to eat rather too much of it at first, especially if one has undergone a preparatory course of kippered herring. None the less it is an excellent foodfish, and as such it is put up by thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Far North; also, as food for dogs. I saw many great specimens of this fish, split open along the back—like your wife's party gown—as they always open fish in the North, and hung out to dry round Indian camps.

### *Not a Salmon, But Scrappy*

At Fort McPherson I saw two taken from one net that I thought would weigh forty pounds apiece; and I have heard they go to sixty pounds.

The inconnu is not a salmon, but it is more of a sporting fish than any but the Atlantic salmon. It strikes the trolling bait freely, is not shy, and puts up quite a scrap in spite of its squarehead look. It was one of the regrets of our Northern trip that we had no flyrod along with us. I would gladly have given a hundred dollars for a flyrod during one evening's sport with Arctic trout and grayling on the streams of the Rocky Mountains about a hundred miles south of the Arctic Ocean—there is no angling like it in any country I have ever seen.

And again, I would have given a like sum for half a day's sport with a good casting rod and proper lures at any of several localities we saw where the inconnu was present in full force. We took these fish on rude tackle—that is to say, others did. I would not give a snap to take game fish in any way but on a good rod, giving them a sporting chance and myself sporting experience as well. In short, the inconnu has never received the full meed of praise that should be his.

The conny lives for the one purpose of poking his head into a gill-net, so that you may eat him; he even relieves you of the trouble of killing him and you always find him dead. He is the most amiable of fishes.

At Fort McPherson, which is thirty miles up the Peel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie, we found the connies quite abundant; and we then heard of different localities in the neighborhood where the natives had always found them in regular supply.

Such a place we found on the Husky River, one of the delta branches of the Mackenzie, at the mouth of a little creek leading back into some inland lakes.

We did not learn that the connies ever went into the lakes; but here at the mouth of this little creek they were schooling in thousands, and we were told that this was always held to be a certain fishing place by the natives who travel up and down that river. The scene here was much like that of a salmon run in the salt water a day or so before the fish move up into some freshwater stream.

Here, however, there was no salt water; nor did the fish jump free into the air, but kept the surface churned up in hundreds of waves, where only their backs and shoulders showed. They were supposed to be feeding on minnows; but we could not see any minnows, though the fish often broke within a few feet of us, apparently feeding.

When we made our encampment at this spot we were hungry, as every one in the North is all the time; and when one is short of grub in the North he goes after connies if possible. We had no net with us and no fishing rods or any bait. Fortunately, under some sneaking sort of notion that we might have trolling for lake trout, I had taken along, against all counsel, a few assorted sizes of trolling spoons; and these we now put into commission, lacking anything better.

One of the party tried to use a clumsy willow rod; but he was clumsy himself, not used to fishing, and so lost several fish that struck directly at the side of the boat. The other fisherman was a trapper who lived in that country.

He caught six or eight fine connies on a stout hand line and spoonhook simply by throwing the spoonhook out as far as he could and pulling it in hand over hand. It was a crude method, but it worked.

A gill-net set across that stream at that time would either have been torn to pieces or taken out full of these great fish. My admiration for the conny rose very distinctly; and it was then that, above all things, I honed, sighed and pined for anything in the most remote manner resembling a fishing rod and reel. Then and there I forgave the conny for looking like a sucker, a whitefish and several other fishes which it is not.

Many a man takes down a good salary by handing out solemn stuff about vomers and supramaxillaries and palatines, because he is pretty sure no one is going to call him on his statements; but none of these gentlemen in their recorded works, albeit abbreviated to meet the needs of the encyclopedias, tells us about the personal habits of the inconnu or attempts to explain the bar sinister that seems to prevail in its family.

Even in the North, where the entire population lives on conny half the year, and hope and whitefish the other half, there seems to be no one who knows very much about this mysterious fish. I could not learn whether or not it comes out of the ocean; whether or not it is ever taken in salt water. I could not learn its spawning season, though I presume it to be in the spring or early summer.

We know all about fur seals, but no one describes the pelagic pursuit of the inconnu amid the unknown islands of the North.

### *Not a Stenogus in Sight*

In appearance the fish did not in the least resemble a salmon that has come out of salt water, reached its spawning grounds and dropped back. It is a bright, clean silver color; the scales are rather coarse, more like those of the whitefish than of the salmon, which, of course, scarcely seems to have scales at all. Even in the muddy water far up the Mackenzie River it retains this clean look—though the Athabasca, the Great Slave and parts of the Mackenzie are among the dirtiest waterways of the world.

The inconnu seems to survive sediment. So far as known, it never is found south—that is to say, upstream—beyond the great rapids of the Great Slave River, between Fort Smith and Smith's Landing. That seems a sort of dividing line between tame things and wild things, when it comes to that; between known things and the unknown; between us and the inconnu.

Well, anyway, we saw the inconnu, bearded it in its den, and survived.

As to the inconnu itself, it has no actual and exact portrait at present extant and up to date, so far as known. Much as I desired it, there was never any camera when there was any inconnu—except once, when the results were not wholly satisfactory, but good enough to show the facial contour of the fish and the size it sometimes attains. So far as known, this is the only photograph of the inconnu to find its way out.

The great aim in the life of the fish seems to be to enshroud itself in gill-nets and mystery. We are obliged to leave it in full possession of the field and holding down its reputation and its name.

Bob Davis, of New York, has never caught an inconnu. Sam Blythe has never seen one. Kermit Roosevelt has never photographed one. Indeed, this is the first time the species has ever been scientifically described. We should protest its loose classification under the name *Inconnu stenodus Mackenzii*. Mackenzie had no stenodus or stenogus at all.

# A Revolution in Hosiery Making!

Hosiery, when made with the new **Hirner Fashioned Foot,** wears many times as long as ordinary hosiery, because the fabric is knit in the correct shape of the human foot. It positively fits the foot without tension over heel, toe and sole, or wrinkling over the instep.

No Stretch or Pull at Top
No Surplus Fabric Here to Wrinkle
No Tension Here
Here's the Knit-in Extra Section that marks a revolution in hosiery making. — A stocking that exactly conforms to the human foot without Seams.
No Tension Here

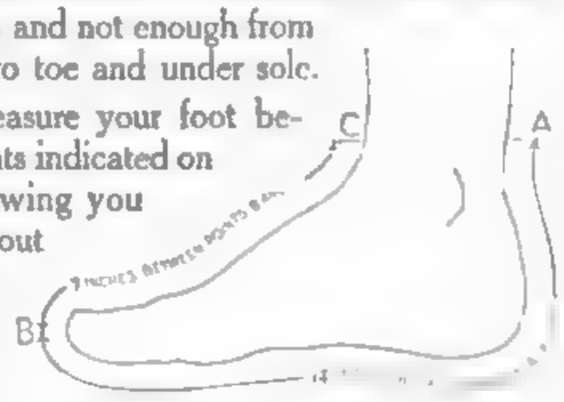
**HIRNER FASHIONED FOOT**

## The most important improvement in hosiery making during the past 100 years.

Hosiery has never before been made according to the measurements of the human foot.

Up to this time most of it was knit as a straight bag with a fullness at the heel. There was too much fabric over the instep and not enough from back of heel to toe and under sole.

If you measure your foot between the points indicated on the small drawing you will find it is about 14 inches from A to B, and 7 inches from B to C.




Now, take the ordinary stocking before it has been worn and you will find the measurements between the same points to be about as follows: A to B 12 inches, and B to C 9 inches.

This proves that when on your foot the stocking is stretched 2 inches between A and B. From B to C it is 2 inches too long and that is why it wrinkles over the instep.

To take out the wrinkles you pull hard, stretch it more, and hold it there with your garter. This garter strain is also very hard on the fabric.

Any garment that doesn't fit wears out quicker than one that does. If it is stretched tight, it loses a large part of its durability; besides, it is likely to tear. This is particularly true of hosiery. In fact, more medium and light-weight hosiery tears out than wears out.

*With the new* ***Hirner Fashioned Foot*** *an additional piece of fabric about 2 inches long is knit into the lower instep (see cut) without seams, and at the same time the entire foot is re-inforced and knit to conform to the exact dimensions of the human foot.*

Hosiery with the ***Hirner Fashioned Foot*** is bound to *wear* very much better, *look* better, and *feel* better.

This important improvement has been adopted by a number of hosiery manufacturers and is being made under their regular brands in different grades from 25c to $1.00 per pair. It can be identified by this peculiar ticket and by the mark on the toe.

***Ask your dealer for hosiery with the HIRNER FASHIONED FOOT. If he hasn't it yet, don't accept anything else. Write us and we will tell you where you can get it; at the same time we will send you an interesting illustrated booklet dealing with the history and making of hosiery.***

*Cut This Out and Mail*

"HIRNER FOOT,"
Allentown, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Please mail Booklet—"Making Hosiery Wear"

Name_____

Street_____

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My dealer is_____

Address_____

# Low Cost of Maintenance the Root of Hupmobile Popularity

One of the officials of this company is just back from a nation-wide tour.

Another official has just returned from a second trip around the world.

They traveled tens of thousands of miles, that they might meet and talk with men who sell, and men who buy the Hupmobile.

They wanted to learn the sources of its strength and popularity.

They went with open minds, to hear criticisms and suggestions.

Their reports—submitted separately—are in startling and significant accord.

Both point to the same irresistible conclusion—both single out one paramount and impressive fact.

*The root and basis of Hupmobile popularity is the low cost of the superb and continuous service which it renders to the owner.*

Both men encountered differences of opinion in regard to non-essentials.

But all over America, and all around the world—*only one opinion on the all-important question of cost and service.*

In the old world, they found the Hupmobile commanding an eager and magnificent market.

In America, a demand that is twelve months long—with a secondary market for used Hupmobiles at a price so high that it is one of the marvels of the motor car business.

"I have found out," says one report, "precisely why the Hupmobile is 'the car of the American family.' It is because the Hupmobile does all that any family could ask, and *does it at a lesser cost.*"

"We have not over-stated the case," says the other report. "When we say we believe the Hupmobile to be 'the best car of its class in the world' we are only repeating what ninety-nine out of one hundred owners sincerely affirm."

Don't be satisfied with our say-so on this important subject of cost and service.

Stop and inquire of the first Hupmobile owner you meet.

In every one of the forty-eight states—in every civilized country on the globe—you'll find the substance of these two reports backed up by the enthusiastic experience of the individual user.

All these thousands of owners are solidly behind you when you buy a Hupmobile.

A loyal servant, a faithful friend, a tireless worker, and a source of saving instead of expense—all these qualities you'll find pre-eminent in your Hupmobile.

Unit power plant, with small bore, long-stroke motor, 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke, cylinders cast en bloc.
Trouble-proof carburetor, permanently adjusted, with air supply controlled from dash.
Right hand steer, gear shift and emergency brake levers in center.
Full-floating rear axle.
Touring car or roadster type, with regular equipment, $1050; in Canada, $1230.
With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, $1200; in Canada, $1380.
Six-passenger touring car has regular equipment of oversize tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, at $1200; in Canada, $1480; with electric lighting and starting, $1300; in Canada, $1630.
All U. S. prices f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

Canadian Plant, Windsor, Ontario

# A WOMAN FREE-LANCE

(Continued from Page 14)

criminal were run in his place, and none of us knew the difference until afterward. This was not the designed deception of "the yellow"; but if a hero persists in dying at the very last moment when a paper is going to press on the very day when a war and an election and a train wreck are straining nerves to the breaking point, you must not blame the printers' devil Johnny too severely if, when he comes rushing in for the picture plates, he picks out Holmes the criminal for Holmes the scientist.

Because we were one of the very last of the Middle Western papers to change hand setting for the type machine we prided ourselves on freedom from typographical errors. In fact there were times when we were almost ready to offer a five-dollar goldpiece to any one who could find a typographical error in our morning edition. All right! Behold the pride that goes before a fall. We took on one type machine as an experiment. It set solid lines. If there was an error of one letter in a line the whole line had to be reset. At the last minute one afternoon the news was telephoned in that a certain hyphenated, generous spender would donate a certain generous figure to put up a monument for two heroes "who lost their lives in the Indian War." The proofs were dashed in—Generous-Spender's name was misspelled. That would never do! In the absence of the head proof reader, who was in the composing room running his eye over the galleys of type, I put the hyphen and the letter in Generous-Spender's name; but, trusting to the city editor and proofman being out in the composing room, I did not go out to see the correction. Here is what that type machine did when the corrected lines came out in the paper:

"Mr. Hyphenated Generous-Spender will denote spzg89-ryxt, [etc., etc.] to the heroes who lost their livers in the Indian War."

We had an elaborate gentleman who did a column on society called Social Salad; and we had a little man picked up from somewhere who arranged, stole or made up the weekly page on recipes and plum puddings. Whatever became of the people who ate the plum puddings I don't know. I gradually slipped into the habit of coming down at nine-thirty in the morning and writing my editorial till eleven; then helping to edit the telegraph in the rush from eleven to two-thirty—no time for lunch; then, if there were more of rush, all hands would turn in and read the proofs till three or three-thirty. The pace was a wild scramble from the time of entering the office. The hours were short; but it was the kind of work you took home in your thoughts and had in mind at your meals and slept with overnight; for the editorial writers were supposed to look up their data the night before. Was it worth while—I mean worth while for the average woman? Put it wider still: Was it worth while for the average man? Your successful banker, railroad man, engineer, doctor, wholesaler, also takes home his business in his thoughts at night and sleeps with it and eats with it, though he may swear he doesn't; but at forty-five your business man—if he is successful—has a security, a fastness against want, a certainty of tenure. His value is in proportion to his experience. Is that so of the average successful newspaper worker, especially the woman worker?

### Work for Honest Owners

We were a corporation paper—that is, we were owned by a corporation rated as one of the ten richest in America. By that do not think that we came down hat in hand every day and licked the hand that fed us, or beguiled an innocent public into mistakes for the sake of that corporation. We didn't. Except during election-time we did not know we were owned by a corporation. During elections we were supposed to shout for the "grand old party." If the man who stood for the "grand old party" chanced to be malodorous to the public, then we were allowed to write on economics in China and Peru. The corporation owned that paper for the purpose of pushing the country and defending itself from blackmail legislation. There were times when we attacked the corporation itself, when its policy seemed a discrimination against our territory. Because we were owned by a rich corporation we did what not another paper west of Chicago could do at that time—we refused to boom or advertise the fake mining schemes that successfully broke out from Nevada and Colorado to Klondike. I am setting these facts down because corporations have been so roundly "cussed" for the past ten years, and it is well to give even the devil his due.

A newspaper exists solely by virtue of the confidence inspired in the public. The minute it forfeits that its value to the corporation is lost. The most deeply we ever sinned against the public was in connection with a man put in as governor by the "grand old party." He used to come into our office and write interviews with himself lauding a well-known gold mine to the skies. It was a mine then paying one thousand per cent dividends; and as he always put his opinions in "quotes" as his own we did not feel our blood-guilt till we saw those interviews reproduced in the leading commercial journals of London and New York as coming from our representative governor. Then we began to make inquiries. Engineers let us into the suspicion that the mine with ten-cent shares then selling at $1.85 might be a pocket that would peter out any day. Two of us went in to confer with the chief, who had succeeded the old admiral.

### A Puff and a Crash

You will remember his characteristics of ambition but no ability. He didn't snub us. He squelched and squashed us. What were we—lay critics, greenhorns, outside dunderheads—to put our office opinions up against experts? Did we expect the paper to offend the party because Governor So-and-So was blowing off some innocent self-advertising? Anyway the governor had gone to New York. The thing was over. We couldn't prove the vein would fail. We'd have a libel suit on our hands if we touched the thing; and so on and so on. But, alas, the damage was done! A huge international corporation had been formed in New York and London to take over that group of mines and railroads. Shares jumped to $2.85. If I remember correctly the figure paid was twenty millions good cash, not water. That mine never paid a dividend. In two years the vein petered out; and a capitalist of stainless reputation died of a broken heart because his name had misled investors to ruin. Was it corporation or party that caused our sin?

As far as I can recall there was only one occasion when even an attempt at intimidation was made. It was two years after I had left that staff. That was the era when corporations grew rich buying up for a song blanket charters with land grants attached for the construction of impossible railroads over impossible routes. In a series of special articles for London and New York dailies touching on the opening of the West, which at this time was just beginning to break on us like a dawn, I had mentioned this abuse of blanket railroad charters—the particular abuse was a grant of twelve thousand acres to the mile for a railroad across a swamp, the land not to be picked from the swamp area but from the choicest lands of the country. One night about ten o'clock the chief lobbyist of this corporation, who had been telegraph editor on our old staff, called at my home.

"Say," he remarked after friendly preliminaries and reminiscences, "have you done this series of Western development stuff that's been telegraphed everywhere?"

"Certainly. That's no secret."

"Well, it's a curious way to treat old friends. It will cost us $100,000 to counteract——" mentioning a special on a particularly rotten project for obtaining land grants.

"I'm sorry old friends are hit by it," I answered. "I was not thinking of your people when I wrote it."

"It might prove a boomerang," he said.

I didn't take in what that meant.

"We have agents everywhere. Don't you know we could damn you with outside editors if our string of newspapers began to attack your work as inaccurate?"

"Is that a threat?"

"No, it's a piece of advice from an old friend. You would not be the first we have turned down."

It is a mistake ever to fly up in a dispute over matters of fact. Something within me felt like a fuse burning near dynamite.

"I wish you hadn't said that," I answered; "for I have nothing to lose, and on your testimony you have a good deal."

He left awkwardly, and I went upstairs and what I wrote about blanket charters left no manner of doubt as to what was meant. This article I sent out in duplicate, one copy to New York, one to London.

Three weeks later I met my old friend on the street. He stopped me. "Say," he said, "I'm sorry about the other night. I told them if they had any more dirty messages to deliver they could do it themselves."

Whether he had been sent to tell me to be good, and had blundered into the threat, or had been sent to make the threat and was now blundering out of it, I don't know. I mention it as an instance of the fact that the craftiest corporations do not work by whip and bludgeon.

But all this reflects only one side of newspaper work. Corporation organ as we were we fought the usual battles for children, for purer civics, for the punishment of crime, for the help of the needy. All the legislation for children's aid, delinquency courts and guardianship of unfortunate children resulted from the visit of two little beggar girls to the office one night at ten to beg money to buy drink for their mother. The men of the staff told them to come back next morning. I went with them to their home—if a one-ply board shanty without a floor in the section of the city known as "hell's kitchen" could be called a home. The conditions were unprintable. It was a den of a gang of nine, including one woman, and there were eight children besides. The entire gang lived on the children's begging. When I went back to the office we all hammered it out.

The empty, silly midsummer season was on, when the wires yearly grind out the same old fakes of "the man who swallowed the small alligator," "the eagle that swooped down on the farmer's sleeping baby," "the baby found with a snake in its lap." Just as regularly as news would flag, these perennial old lies would come over the wires. We all talked it over in the reporters' room. Why not play up the kids and *kill* the snakes and the eagles and the alligators? We did—not in solid chunks and sermons, but in editorial notes and human stories and little paragraphs used as fill-ins for articles that ran short of a column. We didn't make it a big-headline campaign. We just kept peppering hot shot into public complacency—a story today, a police paragraph tomorrow, a ten-line editorial on what the public was paying for crime and how much cheaper it would be to save the kids. The mayor called a public meeting. That winter the local legislature passed its first delinquency-court and children's-aid acts; and the year before I left that city, as secretary of something or other, I signed a guardian's permission for the marriage to a prosperous farmer of the eldest of those little girls found in "hell's kitchen."

### The Hungry Unemployed

In all big cities where there is an influx of workers, men and women, there is an hour on a newspaper when you can pretty nearly read tragedy in hungry eyes. It is the hour before the main edition comes off—about two in the afternoon and between twelve and one at night. Then the out-of-work nondescripts crowd in to read the "want ads" before the paper goes out to the general public. In our go-as-you-please office they used to wander upstairs to read the "want ads" in the proofs. When they were men some of the staff would turn them over to the city charity departments or the labor unions; but to me there never seemed a proper clearing house for the women—a place of coöperation and quick action to stand between the girl and the park bench. A man can sleep on a park bench all night and come off with but slight damage except to self-respect. A woman can't. When she reaches the park-bench stage she is on an edge from which she may drop into a hole in the river or the abyss. Send a girl who is hungry and out of work to a charity organization, where she has to wait for the secretary to see the treasurer and the treasurer to see the president, and before red tape has run its endless round almost anything may happen.

I have tried it again and again with girls who came to us, and have come away from


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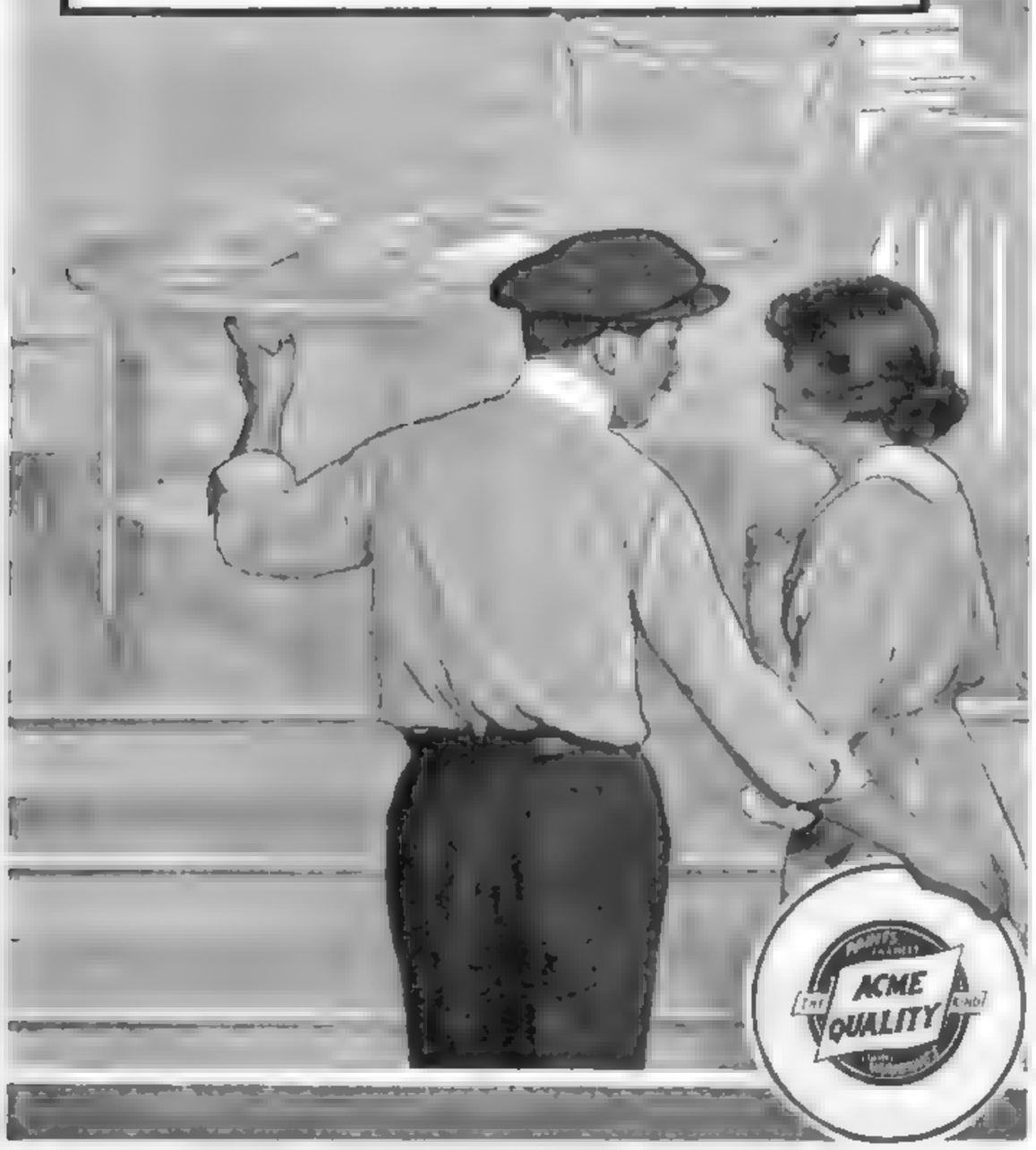



charity with a lump in my throat and a fury of contempt in my soul. "Unfathomable is the stupidity of the good." There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of unenlisted women able to help, who want to help, but will not give either their funds or their presence to charity organizations where ninety per cent of the funds go to jobholders' salaries and ten per cent to the needy. There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of self-respecting women who deserve help and will not ask for it, and can be helped only through the coöperation of the strong with the weak. Lady Bountiful, feeding out charity at the end of a forty-foot pole to sniveling nakedness and want, is a figure past forever in the world of work except as a caricature of the Christ creed. What is wanted is a Sisterhood of Service to sing together, to play together, to cooperate, to help, to march shoulder to shoulder to whatever this enforced economic revolution in woman's world may lead. Where it will lead neither you nor I know, but we are on the march. Let us march together! It is in the vacation unions, trades unions, consumers' unions under the civic federations now springing up in every city in the United States that the great hope lies; but at that time there was literally not such a coöperative union of women in the United States.

Here is one example of the need: One night—I forget what it was that had kept us all on the rasp till six o'clock, probably a trainwreck, murder or something—I was sitting in my cubbyhole of an office among the line cuts of the famous and the infamous, when I heard the stairs creaking to the measured slow tread of a step that I did not recognize. The grimy urchin who kept guard at the wicket had gone. The reporters had come in for their night assignments and dispersed. The presses were thump-thumping below, but with not half so tired a pound as our own heads and hearts. I had sat down to write my editorial for the next day, so that I could rest at home instead of work that night. With thoughts about as fluid as black-strap sirup in winter I was thinking up some far-away subject, when a vital, live subject swooped down without my recognizing it. The slow, dead step stopped opposite my cubbyhole and a woman's voice asked: "Are you ——?" calling me by my Christian name. I thought it some social self-advertiser who had failed to boom her wares over the telephone wire, and without turning asked what I could do for her. She came in and leaned heavily against the top of the high roller desk.

### *When Life is Not Simple*

"I'm working as a hired girl and waitress in ——" she said, naming one of the lowest dives in "hell's kitchen," just opposite the Union Station where the immigrant trains came in and out. I looked up to see a woman of twenty-five or six, hollow-eyed with emaciation and worry, but well dressed and unmistakably well born. "I've been there three months. I came on a colonist excursion with my mother from the East, expecting to find a position teaching; but my certificates were not good for your schools. I placed my mother in the old ladies' home; and this was the only work I could get."

She told me her duties were to rise at four in the morning, when the first immigrant trains passed, and sell fruit to travelers that rushed from the cars to the little fruitshop that acted as a blind for the gambling joint in the rear. The place was kept by an Assyrian of the lowest type. After the first trains passed she scrubbed the whole establishment, then she cooked the breakfast for a family of five who slept in one room above.

Then she was supposed to stand on her feet behind the fruit counter till twelve at night, when the last train passed. For these services she received four dollars a week. How she had escaped harm I do not know—probably because she was needed to keep a respectable front to the joint. The place where she worked was unsafe for a man after dark. I looked over her certificates, enough to see they were authentic, though I missed her name.

"How did you happen to come to me?" I asked.

I knew a good many gamblers of a respectable sort in that wild hurly-burly era; but I didn't think that any frequenting that low joint would know me. It seemed a passenger on the through Pullman that day had run across to buy fruit and asked how such a respectable woman happened to be in such a place. She had told him in gasps. He had rushed out mumbling he was sorry he was going right through; then, just as he jumped on the train, he turned back and called over his shoulder: "See ——" naming me by my first name; "she'll see a girl in trouble through hell if she has to go down for her." She gave me a minute description of the man. I have not the remotest idea who he was. Sometimes, when body and spirit flag and we lose contact with or consciousness of the stream of vital power that flows from the God of the Unseen, it takes a lifting kick, or a slap on the back, or a lash of need to jolt us back into contact with the hidden energy. But sometimes by a quip or quirk of fate we get a rose unexpectedly tossed in the face, and it brings back the fragrance of the morning garden to our soul. This unexpected compliment tossed in my face by a total stranger at a moment when I had been tired enough to heave brickbats brought a feeling of sudden lift to the let-down energies that you can explain in only one way—a tapping of unseen reservoirs. I thought a minute. We had fought for and elected the Ph. D. at the head of educational affairs in the local government.

I went into another room and called him up by telephone at his house. I asked if he were ready to do as he had been done by. He laughingly answered, "Yes." "Then I am sending a woman to you by the next car passing your house, and I want you to come across," I answered.

### *When the Lesser Gods Laugh*

I sent her off with two street-car tickets and a line on a reporter's pad. Then I forgot all about her and wrote an editorial on The Evil Effects of French Realism on Our American Idealism. I hope the lesser gods whom the Indians call "the delight makers" didn't laugh. It is we who are the clowns, not the delight makers among the gods. Here was realism that was idealism right under my hand, and I hadn't sense to recognize it. That is typical of much of woman in newspaperdom! She is working the old dead sawdust and punk while life is quivering to come up under her hands. Next day at noon—in the rush, of course, when A. D. T. messenger boys were piling in telegraph stuff and printers' devils were shouting for copy—a head poked into my cubbyhole door. "I've got a job," called a face—not the emaciated face of yesterday, but a face with the morning hope of the rose in its glow. "I've got a school at $50 a month, and I'm leaving by the noon train." I followed her to the stairs.

"Good luck," I called, and I don't know her name to this day.

And now is there anything in newspaper work for a woman, or is it a Barmecide Feast? In this life, can women drink the full cup that all human beings crave? Is it a structure built up from foundations, or is it a door from somewhere to somewhere else? Is it a job or a vocation, an incident or an accident? However this may be, there is no candle that singes the wings of more moths. Yearly, out of the seminaries, out of the universities, out of the homes, out of quiet retreats where no one dreamed the journalistic lure could reach, come armies of recruits to what they call newspaper life. Is it the artistic they seek? There is no calling where life must be reproduced in replica to swifter order with no time for art. Or is it just a plain job, an ultimate vocation, where you will take out just what you put in? Do the hosts coming realize that success is a result, not an aim, in this life, and that the road up must be a training-in all the way, at hard, driving, unflagging pace? Do girls and women longing vaguely to be journalists think of that? Granted that the joy is in the game, and that newspaper work may become the gamiest and most absorbing kind of game, the question is: Having learned, is the game worth the candle?

Always it is a vocation where the risks are great, the pay moderate, the tenure uncertain, the hours excessive, the pressure high and constant, with no future, no place for age. If one goes into newspaper life seeking glamour, big wages, easy earnings, security, there can be only disappointment and a throwback of hopes. If one goes into the life seeking service, to do work that counts, to be grilled into fitness for work that counts, one will find what Rhodes, what Tennyson, what King Arthur, what all other workers have found: So much to do, so little done.

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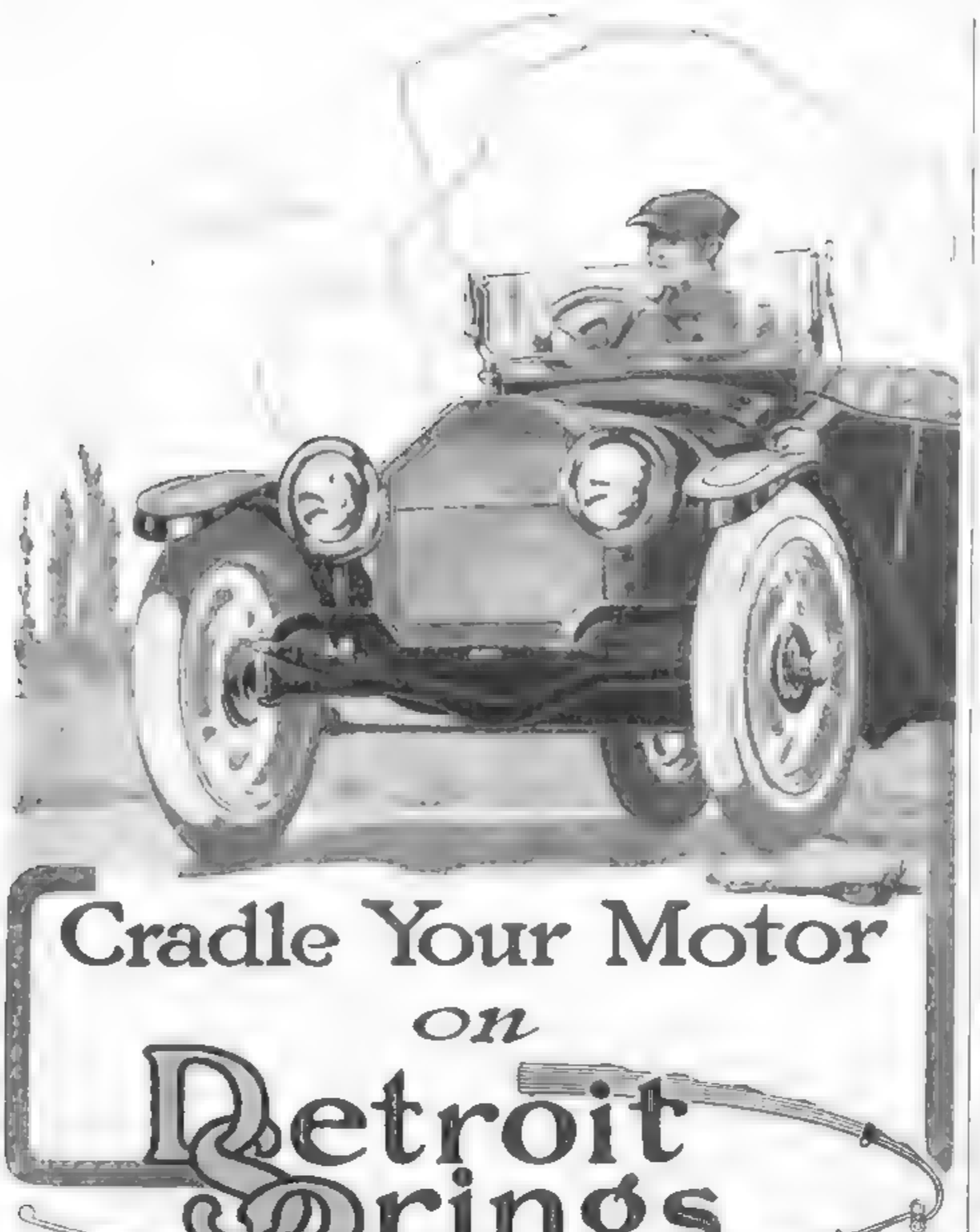

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# THE LAME DUCK

## Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Notwithstanding the well-known claim that a new broom sweeps clean, and that a deal from a fresh pack makes futile whatever stacking of the cards has been done previously, I have the honor to report that the System is still working here in Washington and most of the ramifications thereof.

The System, as I have explained to you, is made up of the permanent persons in the executive departments of this Government. It is composed of the men who stay on the job regardless of shifts in party control, of patriots and politicians—like army officers, for example, or naval officers, who are in for life and who hold the bureau posts in the War Department and the Navy Department—the chief clerks and others who run the other departments regardless of the entrances and exits of the chesty cabinet members who think they are personal conductors of their branches of the business of the nation, but who are merely passengers, and are not riding first-class at that.

I am reminded of this by an incident that recently occurred in one of the great departments—it would not be fair to say which one, for similar instances are occurring in all departments all the time, and there would be neither use nor usufruct in singling out this secretary as a distinguished goat. They are all more or less goats, Jim; but it so happens that the instance I have in mind whereby a cabinet member was made a goat of is so perfect an illustration of this condition that it seems worthy of relation.

As everybody knows who is experienced in the ways of cabinet ministers, a cabinet minister is an exalted personage who is a member of the president's advisory board and who is intrusted with the direction and management of a certain proportion of the executive business of the country.

Personally I have been apprised of the claims and characteristics of, say, a hundred of these eminent citizens; and not one of them was different from another. Invariably as each newcomer vocally took the oath of office he swore—mentally, at the same time—that he would run his department himself; that he would be the Supreme Snark of his snarkdom, the boss of the entire works. And that was fitting and excellent; but the trouble was the newcomer didn't know. He wasn't informed. He did not understand about the System, which is a perfectly logical outgrowth of our style of government.

### The Mysterious Letter

Take the army, for example, or the navy, or any of the rest of them; but take the army—and there's nothing personal in the taking to the distinguished New Jersey jurist who is now our chief war overseer. A new secretary of war is appointed. He lasts one year or two years, or mayhap four years. Meantime the highly political soldiers who must make up his technical and administrative forces are there for life. They were there before he came and they will be there when he goes away. Naturally they have plans and policies of their own. Naturally, too, the civilian is at their mercy. Naturally, for the third and last time, they keep him in exactly that position.

The soldiers may be jealous of one another—and are; and there may be a great amount of politics of one kind and another in the army—and there is; but when it comes to putting over their own plans on the civilian secretary they are a unit. Then their teamwork is admirable. He is an episode. They are institutions. And this is observed as regards the rear admirals in the navy and in all other branches of the executive service. The System, the brook and the conservation of Jim Ham Lewis are the three things that go on forever.

It so happened not long ago that the secretary of one of the departments, a cabinet minister of renown, had a plan for increasing the efficiency of a certain branch of his department. It did not work out. There were reasons why the things he wanted done could not be done—and he felt impelled to abandon his quest.

He is a persistent person—this cabinet member—and he decided that if his plan was not feasible another plan might help. He wanted to establish a new grade of public service; but as he couldn't, he felt that he might get a portion of the results he was striving for by increasing the number of the men in a coördinate branch—that is, though he was not given his new service, he felt he could get some results by doubling the number of the men who did work along somewhat similar lines.

It was a scheme all his own. He didn't bother to consult with any of his numerous bureau heads about it. He simply called in his personal stenographer and dictated a letter to the committees in Congress having his departmental matters in charge, recommending that the force of these correlated persons be doubled. As he couldn't get new workers, he desired and recommended enthusiastically the increase of what he had, and felt that he had done a good stroke.

The letter went to the committees and was received and filed for discussion and action. Four or five days later the committees of the House and Senate received another communication from this cabinet member, regularly signed and official, which recommended specifically that no increase be made in the force the original recommendation had so strongly urged should be doubled. This communication said nothing about the first communication. As they showed, when placed side by side, the cabinet member had recommended one thing one day, and then, a few days later, had recommended exactly another thing without withdrawing the first recommendation or referring to it.

### The Sign-Here System

Committees in Congress are wise. They have been dealing with the System for years. The men in charge of these particular committees laughed when they compared the two letters. The chairman of one of them called on the secretary.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "which recommendation do you desire us to follow in the matter of that increase in the so-and-so force?"

"Which recommendation?" the secretary exclaimed. "Why, I have made but one recommendation, and that was that the force should be doubled."

"Pardon, Mr. Secretary; but you have made two recommendations touching on that subject."

"Not at all!" the secretary replied tartly. "Not at all! I have made but one communication to you on the subject. I want the force doubled."

"Then," said the chairman, "why did you send us a letter recommending that no increase should be made at this time?"

"What letter?" roared the secretary. "I have sent you no such letter."

The chairman laid the two letters before the secretary. He read one and then the other. Both were regular. Both were signed by him. Both were official. Neither had the slightest reference to the other. As they read, he asked for a certain thing one day and then, a few days later, asked that what he had asked for the first time should not be done—and gave no explanation.

"I know nothing about this second recommendation," said the secretary, growing a bit purplish in the face. "How did you get it?"

"From you, of course. Isn't the signature yours?"

The secretary examined the signature. It was undeniably his. "How do you account for it?" he gasped.

"Why," answered the chairman, "they have put one over on you. It's simple enough."

And so it was. Not knowing that the secretary had written the original letter, but knowing he had such an increase in mind, the System, which was opposed to such an increase as the secretary advocated, had a recommendation for no increase prepared, slipped into a mass of official letters, and passed along to him. It was in official form.

No secretary can read every letter he signs or he would have no time for anything else; and when the expert blotter who brought in the mail indicated with his

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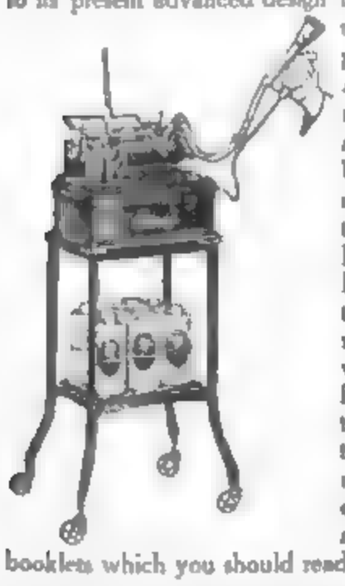

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thumb the place for signature and said, "Sign here!" the secretary signed; and he never would have been the wiser if it had not been that he had taken a little initiative himself and had written a previous letter of his own volition instead of according to the instructions of the System.

The committee chairman left the secretary in a haze. He is trying to find out what happened to him. He will not be successful. The same thing has happened to other secretaries times without number, and the same thing will happen to him again. He will resolve to read everything he signs and will do so for a day or two. Then he will find that is impossible, and the System will go gayly along in the same old way. Whenever it is advisable to slip one over on him, said one will be slipped over; and this will be the case in all other departments.

Every man wants all the power he can get, even a president! For example, have you by any chance looked over that bill, recently signed, providing for a government railroad in Alaska? One doesn't need to go much further than the title to learn how rapidly we are centralizing things. The title of that bill is:

"An Act to authorize the President of the United States to locate, construct and operate railroads in the Territory of Alaska, and for other purposes."

It would seem that when it comes to railroad building, at an initial expense of thirty-five million dollars, the man who has the authority to "locate, construct and operate" such a road has about all there is; and an examination of the bill shows that to be the case. Under the terms of the bill the President is to select the name for the road; employ everybody connected with the work; designate army or navy officers as engineers; fix all rates of wages to be paid; locate the route; pick out terminals; make the schedule of rates; make the regulations for running the road; lease it if he likes; build and maintain telegraph and telephone lines; locate town sites, and do everything else in connection with it save raise the money, which is to be provided by the Treasury. He is to hire and discharge, receive reports, and—to make it good in case any little delegation of power and authority was overlooked—"to do all necessary acts and things in addition to those specially authorized in this Act to enable him to accomplish the purposes and objects of this Act."

### *A Dent in a Spotless Record*

As nearly as I can make it out, about all they do not permit and require the President to do is to take tickets on the trains and act as flagman. It is, of course, a tremendous tribute to the President, for the road might easily have been built by a board, or by the secretary of the interior and a commission; but it is also a remarkable exemplification of the process of centralizing that is in progress and to which I thus call your attention.

I'd like to lay a small wager that Ambassador Walter H. Page, who has hitherto represented us so jocosely at the Court of St. James, never makes another joke so long as he may live. We are keenly humorous, we Americans, but only in an unofficial capacity.

The fact is, a public man who makes a joke makes at the same time a dent in his record that he never can push out; and an ambassador who makes a joke may as well look for a convenient weeping willow tree on which to hang his harp.

Poor Walter Page! He doubtless wonders what hit him; but if he had reflected he would have been as serious as Porter J. McCumber, which is the most serious thing there is. Imagine an ambassador making a joke to Englishmen about the Panama Canal and the Monroe Doctrine, with thirty-one senators preparing to go before the people this year, and some of them in states where the Mexican troubles are vital, and the repeal of free canal tolls a local issue, to say nothing of a big bunch of representatives in the same case.

After this, no doubt, Ambassador Page will confine his public speaking to the recital of such cheerful sentiments as: "This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given!" and so on.

Do you suppose there is any connection between the report that Mr. Roosevelt received three thousand dollars for a speech in Brazil and the announcement that Mr. Bryan is going to take a trip down that way next summer? However, farewell, BILL.

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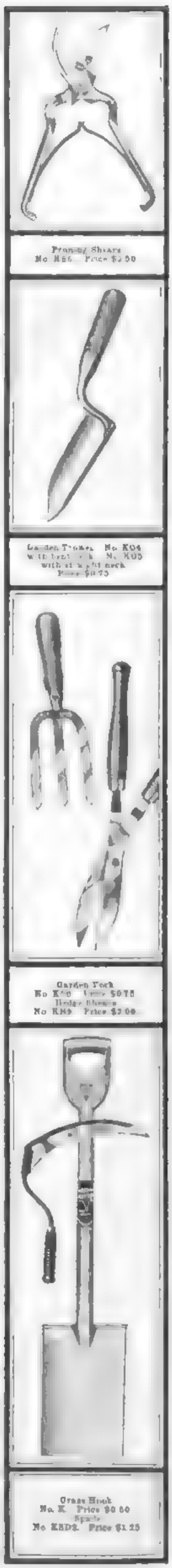

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# How Much Interest Should I Pay?—By Roger W. Babson

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." If any body of men in this country ever arrives at this opinion it will be the new Federal Reserve Board, charged with the duty of both preventing inflations and extending accommodation to the business men of the United States.

If interest rates become abnormally low and securities consequently abnormally high, accompanied by gold exports, these men will be blamed; while if money rates become abnormally high and securities abnormally low, accompanied by gold imports, these men will likewise be wholly blamed.

To hope that business will reach an ideal condition wherein buyers and sellers, loaners and borrowers, producers and consumers shall all be happy, is too much to expect. Consequently the Federal Reserve Board will always be stormed either by one side or the other of the surgent mass of humanity whose activities we barbarously style business.

Unlike the Aldrich Bill the checking of business under the new Currency Law is not performed automatically, but rather is left to the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board. Whether or not this is wise depends, of course, on the character and judgment of these men. There is no reason why they cannot perform as good service as—yea, even better service than—the automatic checks suggested by Mr. Aldrich.

On the other hand there is no reason why these men cannot permit our currency to be expanded, with an accompanying era of inflation, which Senator Root, while shutting his eyes and looking into the future, is reported to anticipate as follows:

"Every one is making money. Every one is growing rich. It goes up and up, the margin between cost and sales continually growing smaller as a result of the operation of inevitable laws, until finally some one whose judgment is bad—some one whose capacity for business is small—breaks; and as he falls he hits the next brick in the row, and then another and another—and down comes the whole structure!

"That, sir, is no dream. That is the history of every movement of inflation since the world's business began; and it is the history of many a period in our own country. . . .

"If we enter on this career of inflation we shall do it in the face of a clearly discernible danger, which, though clearly recognized, will result in a dreadful catastrophe. Gold always leaves the country in which the amount of currency exceeds legitimate requirements of business."

### The Reserve Board's Power

Though the Federal Reserve Board can do much to cause lower interest rates, increase credit facilities, and bring about the inflation times Senator Root suggests, yet I feel that the Federal Reserve Board will be limited by the very gold movements to which Senator Root refers.

In other words, for once I do not believe our great senator is logical. The Federal Reserve Board can lower money rates and cheapen credit by permitting an excess of currency to be issued; but no Federal Reserve Board can make water run uphill. Gold always leaves the country of high prices or low money rates, and goes to the country of low prices and high money rates. The Federal Reserve Board will be in a position to hamper or develop the business interests of this country; but it can never stop the operation of natural economic laws.

Now as this era of inflation of which Senator Root dreams comes about, gold will be rapidly leaving the country; and as the Federal Reserve Board must have a forty per cent reserve in gold to protect the inflated currency, this means that it must either stop the outward flow of gold or reduce the outstanding currency.

To do either it will be necessary to increase interest rates, contract business and return again to the simple life. Thus, though the new currency system will not have the automatic checks Mr. Aldrich desired, yet the Federal Reserve Board will have natural law, expressed in the flow of gold, to contend with, which, though alow in effect, should prevent any such abnormal inflation as certain bankers fear.

During the past ten years rates on time money have varied from four to six per cent on the choicest loans for the best borrowers, with minimum during the past year of about six per cent; though the average borrower has been obliged to pay much more—if he could obtain the money at any price. Practically speaking the average borrower has been unable to obtain money at any price in many instances. When money has been applied for at the local bank the cashier has sadly replied: "Mr. Jones, we are very sorry, but we have no funds to loan at this time."

Now these kindhearted cashiers can no longer give this excuse, but must either come out frankly and tell Mr. Jones they think his note is not good, or they must obtain for him the funds from the Regional Reserve Bank. This should soon be a great boon to business; and when the present era of depression has been completed, to counterbalance the previous era of prosperity, this country should enter into another era of exceedingly good business, with a considerable upturn of our normal line of growth.

In other words there is no doubt in my mind that the new Currency Act will result in lower average interest rates on commercial loans.

There is, however, one warning I desire to give to the small business man, for whom I have been writing in this weekly during the past few months—namely: Do not allow this decrease in interest rates to be absorbed by the large interests before it reaches you.

### Tariff Reductions Absorbed

In some studies I have been making of the results of the recent new tariff I find there has been a distinct reduction in wholesale prices of woolens, machinery, and various other articles on which the tariff has been reduced; but that this reduction is being absorbed mostly by the middlemen and there has been little decrease in retail prices.

I have before me several instances where duties have been lowered from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the articles' cost, with a reduction of less than ten per cent in the price the consumer has to pay. This is owing to the fact that the consumers are unorganized and unable to force prices down.

In the same way, unless you small business men stand up for your rights and insist on a lower money rate from now on, big business may absorb the principal advantages of the Currency Act without those advantages sifting down to the small merchant.

In order to help such small business men I have recently made an examination of the rates of interest average investments are paying our banks at the present time. In addition to studying the investments owned by the banks of which I am an officer I have also studied the investments of other institutions, especially a great life-insurance company that has invested during the past year about fifty million dollars under most careful restrictions. First, it will be interesting to notice how this money has been divided—that is, the various forms of investment sought.

I find that eight-fortieths was invested in state and municipal bonds representing twenty-two states, thirty-four cities, ten counties and several school districts, with a net return of 4.78 per cent interest. Seven-fortieths was invested in the bonds of countries and cities outside the United States and Canada, and these paid 4.40 per cent interest. Nine-fortieths was invested in the choicest railroad bonds, which paid five per cent interest. Fifteen-fortieths was invested in mortgages on business property, which paid 5.58 per cent interest. One-fortieth was invested in farm loans, which paid 5.50 per cent interest.

Taking all these loans and investments together, an average rate of only five and one-tenth per cent was obtained the past year; while, considering the total assets of nearly one billion dollars invested during the past decade, there is found to be an average interest return of about four and one-half per cent; in fact the insurance company above referred to submits the

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following table, as showing the interest return of all its ledger assets on December 31, 1913:

| | |
|---|---|
| Railroad bonds—4.27% | $311,949,214 47 |
| Foreign government and municipal bonds—4.19% | 83,022,525 44 |
| Policy loans—5% | 18,367,450 32 |
| Premium notes—5% | 4,308,077 71 |
| Mortgage loans, including farm mortgages—4% | 172,970,838 44 |
| State, municipal and other bonds—4.04% | 5,177,781 79 |
| Miscellaneous bonds—6.57% | 7,081,152 25 |
| Stock received from reorganizations | 284,488 88 |
| Real estate—4.8% | 9,486,780 00 |
| Cash—6.07% | 7,146,777 82 |

In plain English this means that, though the small business man has been paying six per cent, and the average reader of this weekly has probably been paying more—in some cases perhaps seven, eight, ten or twelve per cent—yet the average rate received from all outstanding investments the past year has been only about four and one-half per cent; while the average of new investments has been about five and one-tenth per cent—which, moreover, is abnormally high. Of course, owing to the additional expense involved in handling small loans, banks are justified in charging a somewhat higher rate to the small business man than to the much-hated bigger interest.

The large borrower is economically entitled to the same consideration as the large buyer; but the above figure of five and one-tenth per cent includes the interest received from the biggest and strongest concerns as well as from the smallest: consequently it is an average rate, and not either a minimum or maximum.

Under the new Currency Law this average rate should be lowered. At any rate this is my opinion after making a careful statistical study of the situation at the present time.

## Simplified Shopping

A SIMPLE service that is of great use to suburbanites and city visitors has been established in a new great railroad station at Birmingham, England. This is a shopping-parcel office. Articles purchased at stores may be ordered sent to this office, and then when the purchaser is ready to take his train home he can gather up all his parcels at this office in the railroad station.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE: This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
George H. Lorimer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirteenth day of March, 1914.

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY
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It represents in retail selling value more than thirty-four millions ($34,000,000) of dollars.

It represents a volume of cars which, we believe, exceeds the sale, during the same period, of all other high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price.

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It is an unparalleled endorsement of the 1914 Cadillac.

There should be no question in your mind as to the car which dominates the high grade field.

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# THE LITTLE GENERAL

(Continued from Page 5)

in the student's eyes what he did not like, and under his peaceful pilgrim's robe his steel muscles tightened with anger.

The student chattered, braggart-fashion. He was from Paris, where he studied.

"My brother wished much to study," said the girl, eyes and heart ahead with the crawling column.

"Latin, rhetoric, didactics, astronomy!" His manner was lordly. "Save in rhetoric I did well. The rhetoric examiner disliked me—an affair of a woman. But he will give no further trouble."

He paused for a question, but received none. "I slit his throat for him," he observed, and fell to whistling. The girl edged away from him toward the palmer.

She was very weary. The dust choked her, and the road, packed hard with many feet, bruised through her sandals. Once she staggered. The student slipped a quick arm about her; his voice took on the deep note of men that woo.

"Come, come, mistress," he said softly. "I am strong. Lean on me." He drew her to him. The next instant the palmer's staff took him sharp on the shoulder.

"Our Lady!" he cried, and whirled.

One of the groups of swaying women turned and watched. A cluster of country folk gaped. All was not holiness then among these pilgrims! Here was to be trouble. But trouble there was not just yet. The student glared, then laughed.

"I do no battle with the holy palm!" he said. "If you think I fear, see this!" He stripped up a sleeve, baring a mighty arm. "And this!" He held up a dagger. The women drew back. The girl did not flinch.

"Good sirs," she said, "if I am to make ill will it were better that I travel alone." To the student she turned, chin high. "You mean well, that I know; but the good father here will accompany me. We have traveled all day peaceably."

The student took his dismissal furiously, bowed, swinging his cap almost to the dust, and going ahead joined the group of evil women. Laughter floated back to the palmer and the girl making their silent way. But although the student gibed there was no mirth in his eyes.

III

FOR two days the child had trudged along, dropping behind now and then to rest on some shady bank, making little bursts of speed to catch up again. As he grew tired his white banner with its red cross trailed in the dust, and once he forgot it and must retrace his steps a weary way.

Nevertheless the flame in his young eyes was unquenched. There was sunlight, food in plenty, the freedom of the road. At any time, also, they might reach the Holy City. Like many of the others at each hamlet he inquired:

"Is this Jerusalem?"

"A little farther on," was the reply. "Mary, Mother of God, keep you."

The column was long, kaleidoscopic in its changes. Those who were first, growing weary, became last. The stronger ones forged ahead, remained in the van, set a pace that thinned the line to attenuation. When one had breath one cheered or sang. The boy sang lustily, eyes toward the south; sang even while he limped, while the banner trailed in the dust; sang even when, on awaking from his sleep on a bench in the marketplace, he had found his wallet slit open and his small stock of money gone.

But on this second night he was very tired and they had not yet reached the Holy City. The way seemed long. The purple shadows of twilight rose out of the east, even while the hilltops were still golden-yellow with the sunset. At home the cows would be lowing at the gates, and his sister would be placing the supper bowls. Word went down the line that they would sleep by the roadside, no village being near. What, then, of the Old Man of the Mountain? Of the King of the Assassins, who lived in the hills of Lebanon, and whose emissaries struck down in the dark those who were on their way to the Tomb?

The line hesitated, closed up on itself, stopped. The road ran through a ravine with uncleared forest on either side. Although the day had been breathless-hot the valley that night was cool, almost cold. Here and there brushwood fires sprang up. The elders, hangers-on, rat-eyed cutthroats, did rude cooking, warmed themselves, drank, and being filled to repletion spread themselves about their fires and slept. Outside the sodden ring of their bodies the children crept up as near as they dared, to warm themselves.

The boy had courage. Fire was comforting and there were wolves in the forest. Also he was too young to dread rebuff. So, one group being safely asleep, he stole inside to the very fringes of the blaze and sat down. All round him in the abandon of sleep lay the scum of Europe. He sat by the fire, not uncontented, and the red cross over his heart glowed in the firelight. Soon he yawned. He bent over, painfully unlaced his sandals, yawned again. Then he dropped back and slept. An hour or so later the student, roused by a weight on his right arm, opened his eyes. The fire was low and the night breeze in the valley chill. The boy had crept up to him for warmth and lay with his head on the student's outstretched arm.

"*Deus!*" grumbled the student, who had studied Latin, and slept again.

The night was not silent. Murder, robbery and wanton cruelty were abroad that night. Two miles away, at the head of the sleeping column, lay ten-year-old Nicolas, the General of the Holy Ghost, surrounded by an escort of princelings, of noble children and a scattering of monks. Here it was silent.

The girl searched through half the night. Twice the palmer's staff saved her from mischief. It was only when at last she succumbed to sheer exhaustion that he drowsed uneasily, his back to a tree. Gradually the occasional outcries died away. The night grew weary of sinning. The darkest hour before the dawn found all silent, save for the crackling of underbrush under stealthy, padded feet, the groan of some sleeper who found the earth a hard bed.

Twenty thousand children slept under the stars that night. Within a month seventy thousand would be on the way—thirty thousand, under twelve-year-old Stephen of France, doomed to shipwreck and slavery, not one to return; twenty thousand more leaving bereft the homes of Germany. Seventy thousand in all, dying for an ideal, doomed before they started. "For the cause of God and without price."

At dawn the student roused. A woman who lay near was watching him from under half-closed lids.

"So!" she said. "Is our lion tamed? He who slit the throat of the examiner! He whose sport it was to grease the feet of slaters to see them fall! Behold!"

The student had turned surly overnight. He slid his arm from under the sleeping boy's head and sat up.

"Let the child sleep," he said churlishly. "Save your clack for later in the day. If you rouse him you will find if the lion has become a bleating sheep."

He towered over her. It was early summer dawn, no sun yet and still cool. Purple night still edged the sky. The camp slept. From under her lids the woman looked up at him.

"Come!" she said. "Last night you loved me."

For answer he kicked the embers of the fire together with his foot, and then, stooping, covered the boy with his cloak. The woman eyed the cloak covetously.

"Loved you!" The tone was contemptuous. He looked down at her, at her untidy hair, at her sprawling figure. Then he deliberately prodded her with his foot.

"The cloak is to remain over the boy," he said with a threat in his voice. Then he took his great height and heavy shoulders off into the morning mists.

The children were weary and slept late. The sun had lifted over the lip of the horizon before the camp was fully awake. But long before that time the palmer had opened his eyes on the morning. First of all he prayed; then with a hand on the girl's shoulder he roused her.

"Now is the time to search, daughter," he said. "Later on, with all in motion, it will be difficult."

A very little bread was all they had for food, with water from a spring that having had the night to settle was fairly clear. A half mile to the east ran the Rhine, but few there were of the weary young Crusaders who made the extra half mile that morning. The girl renewed her search with the courage of a new day. Surely now she would

(Continued on Page 49)

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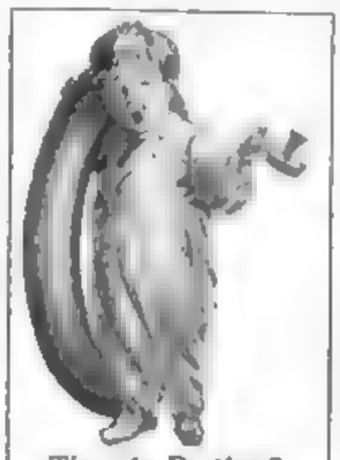

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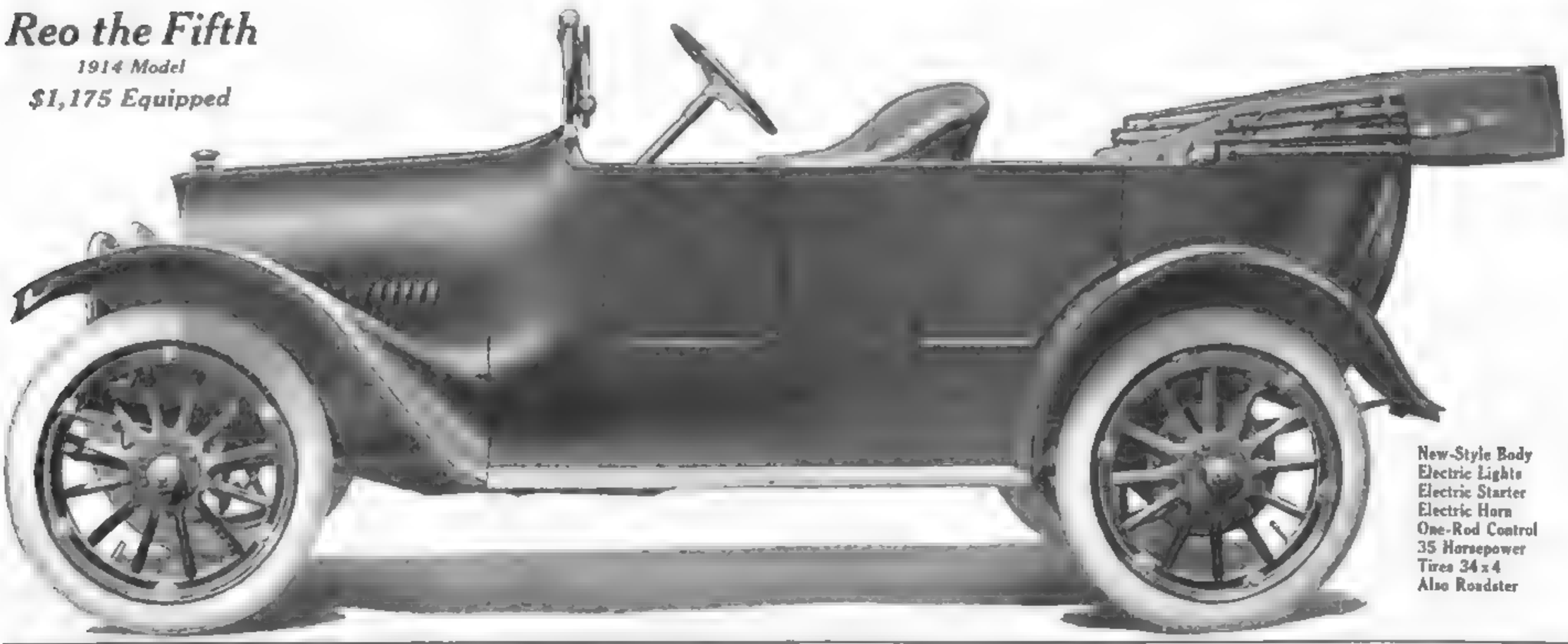

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In our slow process of building, countless tests and inspections are applied to every part of the car.

---

Then for years we have kept test cars on the road. We run them night and day at high speed on rough roads, to bring out any weakness. After 10,000 miles, these test cars are taken apart and inspected. And we require that vital parts, after all that rough service, shall show slight evidence of wear.

Each part in this car, each formula for material is based on those radical tests.

## Lines and Finish

This year's model has the streamline body, the coming vogue. It has demountable rims, dimming searchlights, a new tire carrier, instruments set flush with the dash. The finish is perfect, the upholstery deep and covered with genuine leather. In beauty, comfort and perfect equipment it meets all the ideals of the time.

## $220 Saved

Yet this year's model costs you $220 less than last year's model with electric equipment. The main reason is that all our special machinery has been charged against previous output. For years our whole output has been confined to this chassis, and the resulting saving is now taken from our price.

---

The demand for this car, at nearly all times, is far in excess of our output. At times it is five times our output. And that demand is growing all the time as men find this car out. This year's model has broken all of our sales records.

So you will be wise to make early decision if you want a car built like this.

**Reo the Fifth is sold by a thousand dealers. Ask for our catalog and address of nearest showroom.**

## REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

**Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, $1,575**

(247)

(Continued from Page 46)

find him. She ate but half of her bread, saving the rest for fear he hungered. The palmer had bruised a foot and must save himself for the day's journey. So she wandered alone along the line, looking, making plaintive inquiry.

"He is but a babe," she said over and over, "and his hair is the color of mine. Also he carries a banner. He stands very straight for one so small, and when he speaks he looks straight in your eyes."

She found him after all quite by accident. For a wretch of a camp follower caught her in his arms and would have kissed her, when he was clutched from behind and whirled through the air. Where he had been stood the student, scowling.

"By Our Lady!" he said to her savagely, "know you not that you court insult? Aye, and worse. Yesterday you were well guarded!"

"I do but seek my brother," she replied with a new meekness.

"Then come."

He elbowed his way through the circling crowd that had gathered and she followed. By the dying embers of a fire, wrapped in a cloak, the boy was sitting contentedly eating. Beside him on the ground was an iron pot of new milk. As they approached, the woman of the early morning was bending over the pot thirstily.

"But a taste, little son!"

"Why, it is not mine. But if you thirst ——"

The student growled in his throat and the woman took herself off.

"Little brother! Little brother!" cried the girl, and fell on her knees beside him.

He took her arrival with the easy acceptance of childhood; must show her his sandals, worn already, and one blistered foot; offered her milk, which she took; must tell her of the King of the Assassins. And finally having exhausted his store of news, must have word of home; of his geese; of the house dog; of his mother last of all. All the while the student stood by, silent, almost sullen, watching the glint of the girl's hair in the early sun.

It was only when the young Crusaders got slowly under way again that the girl fell to marveling about the milk, and how the student had found the child.

"He looks like you, mistress," he replied shortly. "As for the milk, I found it close at hand—an undiscovered herd."

What he did not say was that he had tramped far through the mists, had stolen the kettle from a sleeping farmhouse, had been soundly kicked by the first cow he had attempted to milk. Vastly ashamed was the student that morning—he, the slitter of gullets, the free of foot, the rake, to saddle himself with a child and a girl! For saddled he was, and bridled too. The boy clung to him; the girl, failing to voice her gratitude, speaking it with her eyes.

Not that he stayed with them. During the long day's march he remained always behind them, a hundred feet, a hundred yards, but in plain sight, towering over the children, occasionally with the woman of the morning, who fawned on him, but more often surrounded by little ones. He drove them on roughly, he frightened them with hideous tales, he sang French songs that luckily they did not understand. But now and then a straggler, no longer responding to the scourge of his oaths, found himself picked up and carried in great arms.

Except in the matter of fatigue the going was comfortable. They followed the Rhine along the west bank, save here and there where a cut across country saved a detour. And these cross-country excursions were painful. The drought continued. Away from the river they suffered for water. And hamlets were scattered. Famine threatened the countryside, which found itself called on to feed an army and had not food for itself. At St. Goar, where the river loops westward to receive the Main, they struck into sun-dried plains again, crossed the Nahe, traveled by Limburg, Trifels and Selz, and so back to the welcome Rhine again and water.

The cut-off had taken several days. The sight of the Rhine again was received with shouts. Once more small throats, now parched, rose to the song of the Crusade, so earnest, so ironic:

*"Fair are the meadows,*
*Fairer still the woodlands*
*Robed in the blooming garb of spring,*
*Jesus is fairer,*
*Jesus is purer,*
*Who makes our saddened hearts to sing."*

The palmer did not rejoin the girl and the child. Perhaps he felt that, having brought them together, they no longer needed him. He plodded along, now in the van, now in the rear of the procession, head on breast, in the selfish absorption of the religious fanatic. And yet, were one near, one saw how his eyes watched from under the broad hat; how, apparently seeing nothing, he missed nothing. The girl was left wondering, rather hurt; and yet, had she known it, not one night did she and the child sleep beyond his ken. He slept little, mostly he watched. And it was the student he watched.

A strange quartet, that: The student, untamed, savage, primitive, making a thousand plans in the day and thwarted by the palmer's red-fringed eyes at night; the child with his gray robe and flaming cross, his weary feet and eyes set ahead for the kingdom of God; the girl, full of tender motherings, strong of heart, deep-breasted and sun-warmed, led on by no dream of the Sepulcher and its rescue, but lightening the burden of the dreamers; and always near, threatening, praying, the pilgrim in his gray habit, with the dusty-green cross of the palm.

So far the column was practically intact. A few weaklings had fallen out and turned disheartened faces homeward. Their places were more than filled by the idlers and scamps of the villages through which they passed, and by childish recruits. But now disintegration began. Towns were fewer; the road often hardly a path. The student, bringing up the rear, could neither flog nor curse courage into some. The one cry was: "The sea! The sea!"

"And when you reach the sea, little brother? There is much water."

She was bathing his tired feet in the river. He gazed out at the shrunken stream.

"More than here in the Rhine?"

"Much more."

"HE will turn it back," he asserted, undaunted. "HE prepares already. That is why there is no rain."

She bent over and kissed him. And as once before:

"Brave words, little brother!" she said, and fell silent.

They were camping in a town that night and the child wandered back alone through the twilight. The girl sat on the bank, depressed. There was much talk of the mountains now. Soon they would leave the river and cross into Hochbergund. It was said that there was snow there, and they were clad for summer. She held up the child's sandals and looked at them. They were worn through. Many things made her low-spirited. Rapine and robbery persisted; the honest burghers of the hamlet behind her had caught a thief that day and hanged him on a hasty gallows. Only the night before one of the wild barons had ridden down from the hills with his men and made a raid on the camp. It was said that thirty children had been carried off into slavery.

The river slid past her feet. Warm as the day was, the water was chill, being fed by icy tributaries from the mountains. The girl shivered and looked up. The student was standing beside her.

"Alone at last!" he said. "You are cautious, mistress."

"Why should I be cautious who have nothing to fear?"

"Are you so certain of that?"

"I am on God's errand. He will care for me."

"There have been others that He did not—care for!"

Now to the girl this tall youth was no menace, but a protection. Had he not brought milk to the boy, and had she not seen him again and again with weary children in his arms?

"If I am not worthy for Him to care for I am not afraid. Are you not here? Why are you ashamed of being kind?"

"Eh? Kind — I?" He was taken aback, horrified. If it were overheard! If it should get about! He—kind!

"*Deus!*" he said suddenly. "How beautiful you are!"

A new instinct of coquetry stirred in the girl, flushed her. After all the student was a man, and comely, and could she not read his eyes?

"I am glad if I am—not unpleasing."

He had lounged above her on the bank. Now he sat down beside her and slid a hand over both of hers as they lay in her lap.

"My lady of the gold hair!" he said through his teeth, and closed his hand like

(Continued on Page 52)

Now -they're perfect!

After perfection goes in- then this Trademark goes on

The Black Cat label means more than a mere trademark. Its significance is an assurance of hosiery satisfaction. It stands for finest materials—expert workmanship—and unrivaled skill. Buy hosiery with the Black Cat trademark and you'll never buy any other kind again. Let your own feet prove the worth of

Black Cat Hose

For Men, Women and Children

The Black Cat label is a mark of 30 years' hosiery experience. It is a label known and sought by millions of mothers for children's hosiery, because Black Cat Hose for children are famous for wear.

The Black Cat trademark means comfort. The toes are elastic—yield with the foot without binding. There are no bunches, no wrinkles to irritate and hurt the foot. The double toe and sole and high spliced heel are what give Black Cat their wonderful wear. The perfect "glove fit," softness and sheerness of Black Cat Hose are due to our uniform, high standard yarns and our knitting and dyeing skill. The Black Cat label is the mark of comfort, wear and beauty.

The colors of Black Cat Hose are fast and strictly sanitary. Our dyer is the highest priced in the business. We spare no expense to insure Black Cat wearers hose perfection.

Then all this care in the making is further guaranteed by our corps of 85 inspectors. No pair is labeled "Black Cat" until these censors agree that they are worthy of it.

April 11 to 18 is Black Cat Week. The Black Cat dealer in your town will give particular attention to your hosiery wants. Get your spring hosiery supply then.

For Men
Silk Lisle..25c
Thread Silk..50c

For Women
Silk Lisle..50c
Thread Silk 50c to $1.50
Cotton . . 25c

For Children
Silk Lisle..35c
Cotton 15 to 25c

Black Cat Hose are worn by millions. We are required to make over 35,000 pairs a day to supply the demand. 8,000 retail merchants in all parts of the country specialize on Black Cat Hose because Black Cat give such universal satisfaction. Buy all your hosiery wants from the Black Cat merchant in your town. He is reliable.

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Chicago Office 327 S. 5th Ave.

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# "Give me a quart of oil"

## This careless request may bring costly penalties

The garage man comes out.

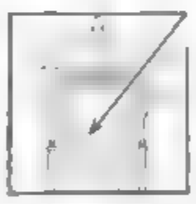
The motorist says, "Give me a quart of oil."

His "quart of oil" is poured into the crank-case, or reservoir. The car goes on.

No doubt the motorist thinks he has amply protected the 1500-odd parts of his motor.

Far from it. *One of the surest ways to invite friction-drag and motor trouble is to say, "Give me a quart of oil."*

### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Loss of Power

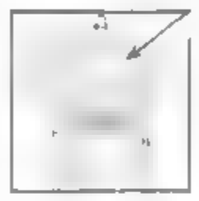


Escape of explosion past the piston rings, loss of compression and loss of power frequently result from oil of incorrect *body*. The power-loss is felt most on heavy roads and on the hills.

You can get full compression—complete power—only by using oil whose *body* suits *your* motor.

Correct *body* is seldom secured by saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Scored Cylinder Walls



Scoring frequently results from oil of low lubricating *quality*. Often, also, the oil's *body* is too light. Then the cylinder walls have no protecting film.

Scratching results.

Too often the blame can be traced straight to "Give me a quart of oil."

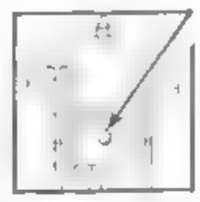
### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Wear of Bearings

The problem of bearing-lubrication is far from simple. Bearings differ widely in type and size. The oiling systems which supply them also differ. Adjustments vary.

Both the *quality* and *body* of the oil must suit these conditions. For every oil that suits your motor bearings, you will find many which will cause undue friction.

An almost sure start toward bearing-trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Wear of Wrist-Pins

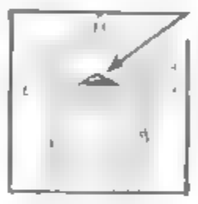


Wrist-pin lubrication is a difficult problem and little understood.

The location of the wrist-pins within the heated pistons and the slight angular motion of the bushings demand an oil which will spread readily, yet maintain the proper film between the pins and bushings.

Quick damage will come if the oil fails to meet these conditions. To encourage wrist-pin troubles prematurely, it is only necessary to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Carbon Deposit



Guesswork won't eliminate this trouble.

Both the *quality* and the *body* of the oil must be considered.

Suppose the *body* is too light for the piston clearance. The oil then works too freely into the combustion chambers. In burning, excess carbon accumulates unless the oil's ash is light and naturally expelled through the exhaust.

An easy road to carbon trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of Oil" invites* Noise

Noise is often a sign of worn parts—resulting from friction.

It may be a dull "thump" at every revolution of the main shaft. It may be

# A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

***Explanation:*** In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A," "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 | | 1911 | | 1912 | | 1913 | | 1914 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Abbott Detroit | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Alco | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | ... | ... |
| American | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Autocar (2 cyl.) | A | Ar | A | Ar | A | Ar | A | Arc | A | Ar |
| " (4 cyl.) | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Avery | A | E | A | E | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Buick (2 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | ... | ... |
| " (4 cyl.) | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Cadillac (4 cyl.) | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Carter-car | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | E | Arc | Arc |
| " Com'l | A | E | A | Ar | A | Ar | A | Ar | | |
| Case | | | A | A | A | Ar | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chalmers | Arc | Ar | A | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | Arc | A | A |
| Chase | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B |
| Cole | Ar | Arc | A | Ar | Ar | Ar | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Delaunay-Belleville | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| E. M. F. | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Enger | A | A | B | A | A | A | B | A | B | A |
| Franklin (6 cyl.) | F | E | E | E | Ar | Arc | Ar | Arc | | |
| Ford | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |

# Mobiloils

*A grade for each type of motor*

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 | | 1911 | | 1912 | | 1913 | | 1914 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Franklin | B | Ar | A | Ar | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| " (6 cyl.) | B | A | B | A | A | A | A | Arc | | |
| G. M. C. | | | | | Ar | Ar | A | Arc | A | A |

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 | | 1911 | | 1912 | | 1913 | | 1914 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Havers 6-44 | .. | .. | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| Havers 6-60 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Arc | Arc |
| Haynes | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Hudson | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Ar | A | Ar | A | Ar |
| Hupmobile "20" | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Ar | Ar | Ar | Ar | | |
| " "32" | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| I. H. C. (air) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | B | A | B | A |
| " (water) | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | A | A | A | A |
| International | B | A | B | B | B | A | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Interstate | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Jackson (2 cyl.) | A | A | | | | | | | | |
| " (4 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Jeffery | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | A | A |
| Kelly | .. | .. | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | A |
| King | .. | .. | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | A |
| Kline Kar | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc |
| Knox | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Krit | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Locomobile | Ar | Ar | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Ar | Arc | Arc |
| Lozier | Arc | Ar | Ar | Ar | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Ar |
| Mack | A | E | A | E | E | E | E | E | A | A |

"knocking" of worn wrist pins. It may be "hissing" within the cylinders. It may be "knocking" caused by excessive carbon deposit.

When a comparatively-new car pounds and racks its way along the roads it is seldom necessary to ask what brought on premature old age. Generally it is undue friction — resulting from incorrect lubricating oil. A way to invite premature noise is an off-hand request, "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of oil"* increases Maintenance Cost

If the oil's *quality* is low, a larger quantity is necessary to maintain a film.

If its *body* is incorrect, you have incomplete protection for the moving parts.

In either case excessive friction-drag results. Fewer miles are obtained from each gallon of gasoline. Your fuel and repair bills mount up.

This common waste is the frequent result of "Give me a quart of oil."

### *"Give me a quart of oil"* reduces Second-Hand Value

What fixes the selling price of a used car? (1) The condition of the motor. (2) The condition of the chassis. (3) The condition of the body.

The motor is the vital part of the car. The motor condition therefore, is most important.

At a recent sale in New York City, second-hand cars of uniformly prominent makes were auctioned off. The bodies were in good condition. The prices of the cars originally ranged from about $2000 to $5000. *The selling price in some cases was as low as* $100.

Why? Because the motors and other moving parts were badly worn.

Was the wear due to long service? No. The age of most of these cars disproved that. *Premature* wear was evident.

It is safe to say the owners of these cars had used the common expression—"Give me a quart of oil." They paid a high price for their carelessness.

## How to secure the correct oil for your car

DO not say "Give me a quart of oil."

You want an oil whose *body* is correct and whose *quality* is best suited to the requirements of your motor.

Ask for that oil and get it.

Below we print, in part, our Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

This Chart is the result of the most far-reaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication, for every class of machinery, is recognized throughout the world—The Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

For a number of years this Chart has been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in this Chart for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

You will then give your motor oil of *body* and *quality* which will yield you the fullest power, the greatest freedom from friction, and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

If your car is not listed below, send for our *complete* Chart of Recommendations.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils, it is safest to purchase in original barrels, half-barrels, and *sealed* five-gallon or one-gallon cans.

Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles—and gives their causes and remedies.

---

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

**Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"**
**Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"**

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

## VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

**Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery.**
**Obtainable everywhere in the world.**

BRANCHES: DETROIT, Ford Bldg. · BOSTON, 49 Federal St. · NEW YORK, 29 Broadway · CHICAGO, Fisher Bldg. · PHILADELPHIA, 4th & Chestnut Sts. · INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana Pythian Bldg. · MINNEAPOLIS, Plymouth Bldg. · PITTSBURGH, Farmer's Bank Bldg.

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloils

*A grade for each type of motor*

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 Summer | 1910 Winter | 1911 Summer | 1911 Winter | 1912 Summer | 1912 Winter | 1913 Summer | 1913 Winter | 1914 Summer | 1914 Winter |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mack, Jr | | | | | | | | | A | Arc |
| Marion | A | E | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Marmon | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Maxwell (2 cyl) | E | E | E | E | E | E | | | | |
| " (4 cyl) | E | E | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " (6 cyl) | | | | | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Mercer | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Mitchell | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Moline | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Moline Knight | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| Moon (4 cyl) | A | E | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc |
| Moon (6 cyl) | | | | | | | | | Arc | Arc |
| National | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Oakland | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Oldsmobile | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Overland | A | E | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Packard | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc |
| Paige-Detroit | E | E | A | Arc | A | E | A | E | A | A |
| Pathfinder | | | | | | | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Peerless | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Pierce Arrow | Arc | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 Summer | 1910 Winter | 1911 Summer | 1911 Winter | 1912 Summer | 1912 Winter | 1913 Summer | 1913 Winter | 1914 Summer | 1914 Winter |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pierce Arrow Com'l | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Pope Hartford | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Premier | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |

| MODEL OF CARS | 1910 Summer | 1910 Winter | 1911 Summer | 1911 Winter | 1912 Summer | 1912 Winter | 1913 Summer | 1913 Winter | 1914 Summer | 1914 Winter |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rambler | A | A | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | |
| Reo | A | E | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Jewett | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Ro | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| S. G. V. | A | E | B | Arc | B | Arc | B | Arc | A | Arc |
| Selden | A | E | A | E | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Simplex | | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Speedwell | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc |
| Mead | | | | | | | A | Arc | B | A |
| Stearns | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | |
| Knight | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Stevens Duryea | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Stoddard-Dayton | Arc | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| Knight | | | | | A | A | A | A | | |
| Studebaker | E | E | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Stutz | | | | | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Velie 9-45 | A | E | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Velie 6-cyl | | | | | | | | | Arc | Arc |
| Waltham | A | E | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| White Gas | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Winton | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

# Walk for health, and pleasure, too

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**R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY**
GARDINER, MAINE


*(Continued from Page 49)*

a vise over hers. Now for the first time she read his eyes and saw the madness there, felt his burning breath on her face. The next moment she was in his arms. She fought like an animal for freedom, bit, scratched, struggled. She did not hear the palmer's approach, but she felt the arms about her relax, saw the student put his hand to his head and reel, and knew the palmer's staff had struck a terrific blow. Then a knife flashed and the palmer went down. The student stood staring, while a red smear crept out and touched the gray-green cross. Nay, the dagger had gone through the cross itself. Desecration, sacrilege, to have killed a holy man and profaned the cross!

Those were emotional days. Men's passions ran high and uncurbed. Religion was a thing of superstition and fear, of sinning and penance. The palmer did not move. Down on his knees went the student, his great bulk quivering with remorse, and crossed himself, muttering. The girl leaned faint, against a tree. From the town behind came the sound of the children singing in the marketplace.

"You have killed him," she said dully. "He was my good friend and you killed him."

"Now by Our Lady, this I swear," said the student on his knees: "To go myself to the Tomb; to take no more in vain the Holy Name; to assist all those who make the pilgrimage; to brawl no more." He hesitated, glanced from the girl to the palm cross with its red stain. "To touch no woman's hand, to kiss no woman's lips, until I have first kissed the Tomb."

He rose, stood very straight.

"You need not fear me now, mistress. I have sworn."

The swift summer darkness had fallen. The girl, white to the lips, made her way back to the village and house where she lodged. She was dazed with the swiftness of it all. Even the boy, drowsing on a bench, noticed her pallor. She evaded him; covered him against the night wind, chill from the mountains, but did not go to bed herself. She must work out this puzzle of life.

The village settled at last, save for those in the church, where thin candles guttered in their sockets. Parents prayed for the children that they would lose on the morrow. Near the altar a tall youth, no longer trembling with fright, but now resolute, knelt and asked for strength.

He was the last to leave the church. He had scorned a lodging, being content to roll himself in his cloak and sleep, as did others, in the marketplace. But before that he made his way along the twisting street to where the girl was lodged, and having found the house, he knelt very humbly in the darkness and kissed the hollowed doorstep.

## IV

IT WAS a day of quick changes of heart. The fervor of religion was in the air. To the earlier Crusaders the capture of the Sepulcher had meant battle, more than piety; the clash of ax against shield and armor, rather than the contest of religion against irreligion.

Constantine had placed his sword above the cross. But the sword had failed. The Crusade of the Children was a reaction. What war had not done faith might do.

The student's change of heart was not unusual. Many like him, who had joined in a spirit of adventure, or those who left home to escape poverty and wretchedness, ended by becoming zealots. Even the oaths of the time were colored by the prevailing spirit. Men swore by the Cross, by the Virgin, by the Blood of Christ.

Changed as he was, old habits were hard to overcome. Many a wicked song the student started and broke off singing; many a quarrel he courted; many an oath died on his lips. But although women wooed him with their eyes, these he did not see. The girl had become an obsession now, although he rarely spoke to her; never, by his vow, so much as touched her.

The procession had lost all form by now. One by one the bodyguard of the little Nicolas sickened or died. They were in Hochbergund and nearing the Alps. The weather, as they climbed, grew colder. At night they gathered round fires. Each morning saw those who did not waken, but remained behind. Small mounds dotted the wayside where there were kindly country folk to dig graves.

The student was a natural leader. He pleaded hard that the unfit be weeded out and sent back. But as by now there was no order, so there was no authority. Little Nicolas, bereft of all of his advisers except a few fanatics, fell back into the ranks. Sick, he could hardly travel. The lines of small dead bodies increased—two thousand unburied on the plateaus before the Alps were reached.

And still the camp followers hung on. They had traveled so far—surely Italy was very close. It were better to go ahead than to retrace those weary miles—Italy, with sun again and green valleys and grapes on the vines. A day, two days perhaps, and then warmth again.

The palmer had not been missed. A pilgrim more or less when thousands were dying—who would notice, or noticing, care?

When they came in sight of the snow-covered peaks at last the army cheered with childish cries. But the student sought out the girl and stood before her.

"I pray you, mistress, go back," he said. "This way lies death."

"Death lies behind also."

"Look ahead, mistress! Think you many will live through that snow and ice—clad for summer and their garments torn to rags?"

She turned and looked back along the way they had come, much as on that day, only a month before, she had turned at the lip of the moor and gazed at the scar across it.

"It is so far!" she said piteously. "To suffer as we have and then to fail! Besides, the boy—he will not give up now."

"Listen!" He bent toward her. "Go back, as I pray you. All my life is yours, mistress. Let me take the boy. I am strong. When he is weary I will take him on my shoulder. If there is food he shall be fed." He pointed up at the peaks ahead, covered with ice. "Look and think!" he cried. "Can he cross that alone or with you?"

But she could not bring herself to leave him, nor would the boy go back. He raised haggard eyes to the mountains and shook his head.

"I go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord," he said obstinately. "Besides, great silly, we do not cross the top of the mountains. There are ways which are known."

She gave up then and sought out the student. She found him on a rock haranguing a crowd of hangers-on, fifty or so.

"Men," he was crying, "these be but children on a holy errand! What we are, we know; what they are, we have seen. Over beyond these mountains lie warmth and safety. Would you die here of hunger and cold and see these little ones die? Or would you earn remission of sins, would you share the glory of this great emprise?"

They answered with a cheer: gimlet-eyed thieves from Nieder-Lothringen and the lower Rhine; bearded cutthroats from Friesland; ox-eyed, stupid serfs from Franken and the Black Forest. Something in the man got their confidence, almost their respect, certainly their fear. The only organization of the Crusade was effected then; fires were ordered; an attempt made to separate the children into bands, each with a captain; forage of the surrounding country decided on.

The girl stood by and listened. Surely all would be well. Strong men had taken hold. The student saw her and came to her, his heart in his eyes.

"Now at last have I hope," he said. "Many will die, but some will live. What think you of my—accomplices?"

"'God does his work sometimes with crooked instruments,'" she quoted.

"And with none more crooked than I," he replied humbly. He listened while she told him of her decision to keep on, of the boy's dogged faith; he was the more resigned, that now for the first time there was to be some attempt at order.

"If only it come not too late, mistress," he said.

But it came too late. The children had had no discipline and would brook none. In vain their whilom murderous leaders tried to enforce order.

Snow-water and bread was what they were living on by now, and each day's progress painfully slow. The girl was growing gaunt, with hollow cheeks and strained eyes. The child's hands, as he spread them to the fire at night, were clawlike, with broken and bleeding knuckles. There was ice all about them; the nights were winter-cold. Worn out, hungry and half-clothed, the children wandered from the path into side valleys and lay down to sleep that knew no waking.

The route was by the Mont Cenis Pass. Many tragic armies have crossed the Alps, but none so pitiful as this—an army of pygmies against a giant, weakness against strength, tender flesh against ice and snow, dizzy childish heads against crevasse and precipice.

On the third day in the mountains the boy was ill. His indomitable spirit kept him moving until nightfall. Rumor had it that Nicolas was dead and that another boy had secretly replaced him. The student was far away at the head of the column, frantically marshalling, ordering, always on the verge of the blasphemous oaths he had forsworn.

At the dizzy crossing over the chasm of the Reuss, where the children must crawl along a yard-wide shelf and then on to a foul and shaking four-foot bridge, he stood for hours on the brink of death, passing small shivering Crusaders to a Friesland cutthroat, who led them over the abyss.

The girl realized that night that she could not go on. The boy tottered, must be carried over the bridge. When her arms gave out he was done, could go no farther, lay down with pinched white nose and quick breath. The column struggled by. There could be no fires for there was no wood, nothing but snow.

Most of the hangers-on had turned back, but the woman who had lain at the campfire that first night and watched the student from under heavy lids was still desperately making way, in rags now and gaunt—a death's head instead of a *fille de joie*. As she passed the student by the bridge she stopped and looked at him, all the mockery gone from her eyes.

"I think this is the end," she said.

"For many, aye; not for all."

She hesitated, eyes on his, put out a cold hand in the semi-darkness. He started back, his oath in mind.

"No?" she said without bitterness. "It is but farewell."

"I have sworn."

She shrugged her shoulders, drew her rags about her in the icy wind, went on a step or two, faced about on the ledge.

"It is the girl with the gold hair?"

"Aye, mistress."

The waiting children crowded behind her. The Friesländer swore in his native tongue. She moved on with her swaying walk. The children followed her.

The girl sat on the ground with the child in her arms. His brave gray gown and red cross were swathed in her cloak, but she did not feel the cold. To her, with her burden, came the woman who loved the student and stood looking down. There was no darkness, although it was night; in the snowlight the two women looked at each other.

"Is the child ill?"

The girl denied it fiercely.

"Only weary. Rest and food and a fire—O God, for a fire!"

"Give him to me and move about. Will it avail the boy if you freeze?"

"It were cruel to disturb him."

The woman bent over and uncovered the small face.

"It will not disturb him," she said quietly.

So she took the gray figure and the girl stamped her stiffened feet. In an hour, two hours, came the student, driving, scourging, calling, and would have passed them, but the woman called and he turned aside.

"The boy sleeps," cried the girl eagerly. "Tomorrow he will be well again, and the sun is warm."

The woman uncovered the boy's face without a word.

"Well indeed, little brave-heart!" said the student, and took off his cap.

They buried him in the snow in a shallow grave, the best they could do. They wrapped round him the white banner, and the student found a gilt cross in the path, and set it upright to mark the spot, all hastily, for the children were wandering into perils of crevasse, of ice and cold.

The girl was dazed. After a time she begged to be taken home; she had left her mother alone and had failed besides. The student was distracted.

"Now that you have come so far, mistress ——"

"I must go back."

His oath forbade him to touch her, but he longed to take her in his arms.

"The way back is long and full of perils."

"Not if you are with me," she said pitifully. "You are strong. I shall not be afraid—with you."

His gaunt face went white.

"Mistress," he said with gentleness, "God knows that I wish to go with you, since go you must. My love for you is my life. But here be many children who need help, and you are but one."

"How great a love!" sneered the woman, standing by. He wheeled on her.

"Aye, great indeed! For, if I live, I will bring her a man for husband."

"Bleating!" said the woman. "Bleating!"

The student heard her not at all. He stood before the girl in the starlight and gazed down at her.

"Sorrowful mistress," he said, "I shall go to the Sepulcher as I have vowed and there do penance for the thing you know of. And after that I shall come back to you—if it be months or years. I pray you, keep me in your heart."

But the girl looked toward the gilt cross and the new grave.

Easter morning in the village on the Rhine. The scar across the moor is long healed; the geese wander in sober procession over the new grass, still pale from its earth-bleaching. In the marketplace are sunlight and the voices of children.

Other scars are in the healing. There is comfort in the spring sun, hope in the rousing earth. Europe still mourns her children and will not be comforted, but other children have come, are growing. There is again the laughter of their voices through the streets. But at night sometimes they nod by the fire and hear tales of their brothers and sisters who went to rescue the Sepulcher, and how none returned save one girl; of the sea that did not turn back; of the King of the Assassins, who captured those that lived and sold them into slavery; of mountains reared by the powers of evil into a barrier of ice to prevent the passage of the Cross.

Easter morning and five years later.

The fruitseller sat outside his door in the sun. He had been to early mass, and now sat alone while his dinner cooked over the fire within. Priests and clerks, having finished the elaborate service, had retired for rest and food. The fruitseller basked and knew his friends by their step.

"*He is risen!*" he said to each passerby.

"*He is risen indeed!*"

So at last the girl came and sat on the bench by his side. She was not much changed; her riotous beauty was quieter, perhaps, her mouth more thoughtful.

"Alone, daughter?"

"I am always alone now, father."

"True. I had forgotten. The boy went to the Holy Land, as I did—only I came back, but blind."

The fruitseller was childish now and remembered things only for a day.

"He never got to Jerusalem," said the girl patiently. "I left him in the mountains."

"There was a palmer—something about a palmer, daughter. And a—student."

The girl had told the story over and over, but she never lost patience.

"Aye, a palmer and a student. They quarreled and the palmer was stabbed. The student went on, full of grief to have slain a holy pilgrim."

The old fruitseller rubbed his hands together and chuckled.

"The student made a vow. I remember now. The palmer was a fierce, red-bearded man; I knew him. And this student loved you—it all comes back to me—a big man, you said. Think you, daughter, that he still lives?"

"He has never returned, Father Nicholas."

"Ah, but it is a weary way." The old man yawned. "You loved him, too, I think you said."

"I do not know. Perhaps it is not love. But I watch and wait, and when I am troubled I think of him. He was very strong."

"I have forgotten—did you come back alone?"

"A woman was with me, but she—left me. When she was warm and fed again she was different. She was always singing and looking at men—she said my face chilled her."

"I know the sort," said the old man drowsily. "One such I remember, always singing or laughing and swaying as she walked. I was mad about her. But somewhere—she was taken prisoner—or was it a fever—I—forget ——"

His head drooped forward and he slept in the sun, the swift sleep of age.

Came in mid-afternoon of that Easter Sunday, riding hot-foot along the arched lanes and clad in soft leather, the young

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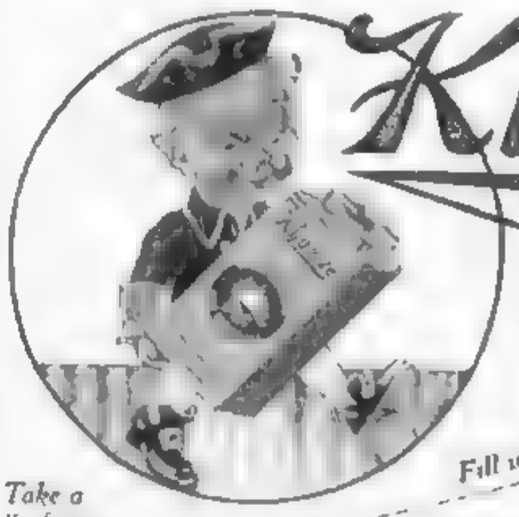

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overlord of the domain. As he rode he looked from side to side, over vineyards, meadow and woodland. The old baron, his uncle, had died. So far as his eye could see, the smiling and bride-decked earth belonged to him.

And in the village there was a girl—a creature of fire and snow, of high chin and slim hands, of black-fringed eyes, of unbelievable haughtiness. As he rode the young baron swore at a memory and smiled.

"The little cat needs her claws cut!" he muttered.

A pleasant day and pleasant thoughts. Peaceful times had come. His villeins paid their tribute of service and feudal dues, in exchange for the protection of the overlord. And no protection was needed. His men grew fat from no fighting and much ale, but also—crops were fat, and oxen, and women decked themselves.

So he rode into the marketplace. The fruitseller roused at the horse's clatter over the paving stones.

"*He is risen!*" he called.

But the overlord did not hear him, or was intent on his thoughts, which were of the girl, and pleasant. He did not reply.

He rode through the sunny street and stopped inside the gate, at the house with the iron-bolted door. Bending from his horse he rapped hard; but only the old house-dog answered.

The young baron was impatient. Who was this girl to defy him? She was within. The house-dog, soothed by a touch, was barking no more.

The street was empty and silent. The young folk walked in pairs by the river, arm in arm, and the elders slept. The overlord bent close.

"What avails it to hide, Cold Heart?" he demanded.

The girl within made no reply. Only she loosed the dog and put a hand to her throat.

"My house is lonely," he wooed through the door. The dog snarled and the hair on his back lifted. "I too am lonely. Beauty like yours, mistress, should be a jewel set in fine gold. And behold, here am I, ready to furnish the setting."

Soft words availed nothing. He lost patience, hammered at the door with the gilt handle of the knife he wore, swore if she did not admit him to come that night with his men and carry her to the castle. His voice rose with his gorge. The drowsing elders wakened, peered from behind shutters, curiosity urging against fear.

And to his anger came the girl's quick-breathing rage. The same blood spoke in them both. She bent down over the dog and whispered in his ear. Then very softly she drew the bolts. A whirlwind flew at the mare; she reared, plunged, almost flung her rider to the flags. Swearing furious oaths, beating at the dog, hauling on the reins, the overlord, center of battle, went down the street. Easter peace was broken—worse.

The girl knew what it meant. The village had before this been taxed not only of cattle, pullets and wine, but of its women. A tramp of horses' feet in the night, it meant; a demand and a refusal; then all the devils of hell turned loose in the quiet street.

The dog came back and whined at the door. She admitted him, her mind elsewhere. The town held no refuge for her. It dared not risk the baron's displeasure. There was left to her only flight, and this time no friendly palmer to guide her way.

A cloak, bread and cheese, as before, a trifle of money, the dog to free for neighbors to feed. When she was ready the early spring twilight had fallen. She left by the near-by gate, slipping out under cover of darkness and locking it behind her. Then she flung the great key far and smiled. Pursuit would not come by this direction. She went toward the river. She had a mind, if things went wrong, to end there.

By the bank she turned south to a ford she knew of. Beyond it lay the moor with the healed scar and the hills. There was hiding in the hills, and the river flowed close.

She had made good speed. It was not yet dark. An hour, perhaps, before the gate of the castle would open and the horsemen file out, dark deeds requiring darkness. In that hour night would come and she would be alone. Her thoughts, like her feet, moved swiftly.

"My love for you is my life," the student had said. Had he then no more life that he had left her to this? His arms, steel to protect her, where were they? He who could have led her through the hills to safety, was he buried in the gray desert?

"Our Lady of Mercy," she prayed, "thou whose Son today rose from the tomb, thou who knowest the sadness of death, send me help."

A solitary horseman rode out behind on the plain. The baron was impatient; the search was on early. The girl stared from her ambush, hand to throat, as earlier. The river

As she turned toward the hills he was coming toward her. She was afraid to believe the truth, looked away, looked back again, was hot and cold, dropped on her knees.

"A miracle!" she said, with folded hands. And having prayed, rose.

As for the student, he saw only a woman, tall and slim against purple shadows. As he neared her he paused, stared.

Her eyes on his in the darkness, she gave him the salutation of the day tremulously.

"*He is risen.*"

"*He is risen indeed,*" he said gravely.

Then he knew her and held out his arms.

The lonely horseman surveyed the plain, cantered back to the bridge, swearing soundly. The village was in an uproar. Old Nicholas had been knocked down by a horse and lay dead in his house. The key of the towngate was gone. The overlord bit his nails and shouted furious directions. The clerk had locked himself in the church. Up and down through the streets horses raced, houses were searched.

But in the hills was Easter peace.

"I have been to the Sepulcher as I vowed," said the student, "and there I have done penance for the thing you know of. And now I have come back to you, mistress. All these years I have held you in my heart. And you?"

"I also, although I knew it not."

## Flat Transformations

THE latest apartment-house marvel is an apparatus for turning the kitchen into a dining room as soon as dinner is cooked, and turning the dining room back into a kitchen when the dinner is finished and dishes must be washed. This brings the apartment down to two rooms successfully, for while the dining room is being used as the kitchen any guests may remain in the living room, which is really the bedroom, with a bed that can be concealed by folding it into the wall or into a couch.

The apparatus is a big piece of furniture occupying one side of the dining-room kitchen. When the room is used for a dining room the device becomes a buffet, with mirror, china closets, and so on. When the room becomes a kitchen the device is opened up and discloses a concealed gas stove and a sink, as well as compartments for utensils and cooking materials and boards for mixing and kneading.

Another new device could be used in connection with the combination room. This is a dumb-waiter refrigerator. When the refrigerator is not needed it drops down through a shaft to a cool basement, and it is iced while in the basement. The luxurious apartment houses are having added to them every day greater collections of machinery. Among the recent installations are washing machines, drying closets, and garbage incinerators attached to the gas stoves.

Another new idea in the more elaborate apartment houses is auxiliary guest rooms. In each building a few rooms completely furnished are kept separate from all the regular apartments. Then if any of the regular residents wish to entertain more guests than they can accommodate these guest rooms may be rented for a brief period.

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WHO ARE YOU-LITTLE SMOKE
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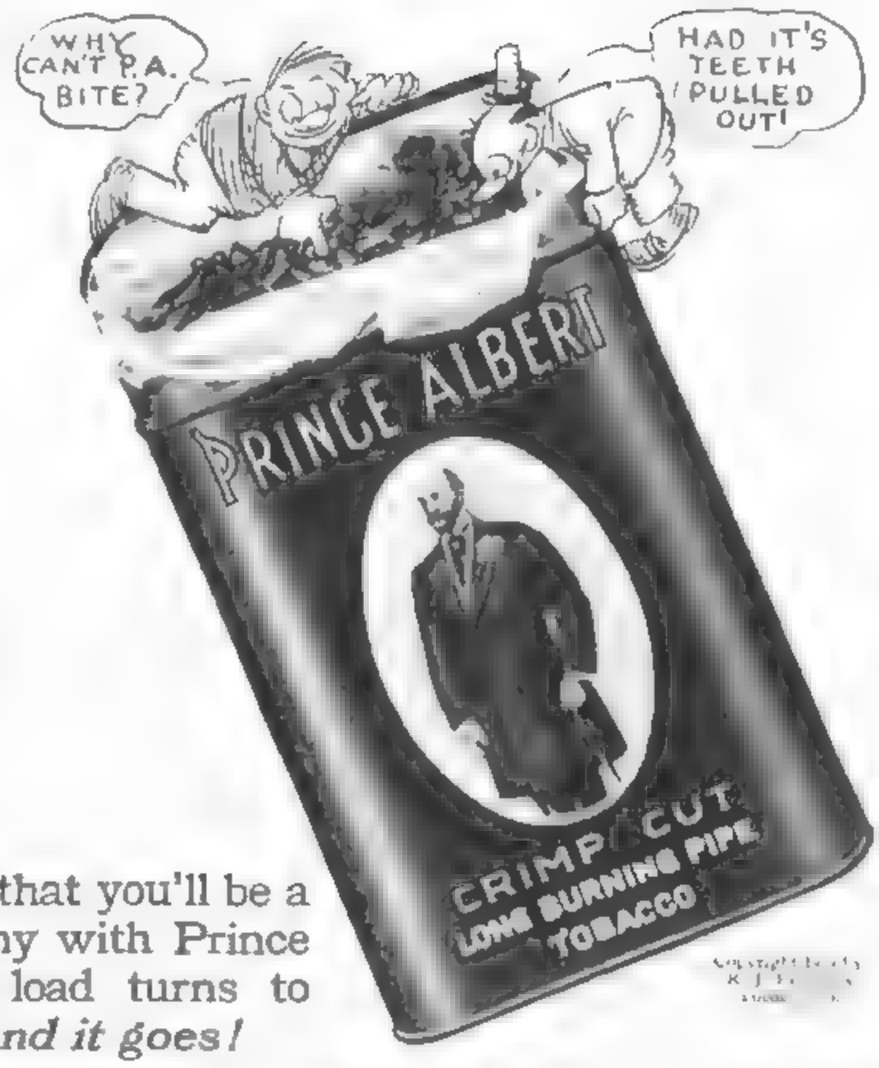
NO, I'M COOKING A GLASS OF ICE WATER

# Butt right in with your old jimmy pipe!

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Sketch of R. L. Goldberg, famous cartoonist, and some of his "Boobs," drawn by himself.

# WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

(Concluded from Page 9)

vast, nebulous protectorate, imposing obligations on this republic of which Monroe never dreamed! It is supposed to be our duty to put down rebellion in Southern states, to see that they maintain law and order, pay their debts and keep themselves tidy

Mr. Olney told Lord Salisbury that the United States Government was sovereign on this continent. Mr. Taft is reported to have said that our boundaries extended to Terra del Fuego. Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "chronic wrongdoing" in discussing Southern affairs. And we read in the public prints that our ambassador to England, in a speech at the Savage Club, has expanded the Monroe Doctrine still further:

"We now have developed subtler ways of taking their lands. There is the taking of their bonds, for instance. Therefore the third proposition is that no sort of financial control can, without the consent of the United States, be obtained over these weaker nations which would, in effect, control their government."

The ambassador may be incorrectly quoted, but the idea is a possible construction. Must we, then, not only keep our brother tidy, and police him, but also undertake to say in what bank he shall discount his notes of hand? Have we, then, in fact, shouldered the obligations of a beneficent protectorate? Could foreign governments find out today exactly what our idea of the Monroe Doctrine is? Could they find out, also, what song it was the sirens sang or what name Achilles took when he hid himself among the women?

### *The Future of the Doctrine*

After the reign of the man of business the Southern republics began to doubt our good faith when we spoke of the Monroe Doctrine. They said it was a doctrine of petulant and insatiable imperialism; that it was a cover for an established policy of conquest, and the like.

The world was no longer sure we were satisfied with our own. Southern peoples felt they were no longer safe in their institutions or their lands. It is vain for a great Executive, moved by high ideals, to declare that the American Republic will never again acquire another foot of territory by conquest.

They could reply to that as a great English judge who pronounced a principle of law was replied to: "Do you expect to live forever, that you lay down a rule of conduct for these islands for all time?" The man of high ideals might not always remain at the head of the American states. The man of business might again take it over for his money-getting uses.

What are we to do with the Monroe Doctrine?

Writers lacking the responsibility of a decision advise us to abandon it and—like the lawyer—permit our brother to go to the devil in his own way! A mass of criticism from these Southern countries is presented to influence us. The dangers attending the enforcement of the Doctrine are assembled, and innumerable collateral arguments, fanciful and unique—as, for instance, the fact that Buenos Aires has some three thousand taxicabs, one thousand more than New York with her five million people!

Old, time-honored things are held just now in very light esteem—our religions are said to be myths; our institutions antiquated devices; our very selves bacilli. Not even the multiplication table remains to us! It is said to be founded on the untenable hypothesis that things will remain unchanged long enough to be counted—a postulate so false that it never could have occurred to anybody who realized that the universe is in a state of perpetual flux!

If we have stultified the great Doctrine that Monroe pronounced, what is there to do? Two avenues are open to us:

We can contract the Monroe Doctrine into a clear, well-defined policy of exclusive national interest—that is to say, we can define it from the point of view of our own interests and safety, excluding every other consideration. We should then abandon the great, noble, altruistic policy that Adams, Jefferson and Monroe formulated, and substitute for it the common policy of nations.

There is another alternative. There are in South America three stable and efficient governments—well established, and as competent to be regarded as powers as any. These are the republics of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, commonly known in our current discussions as the A-B-C governments.

It has been suggested more than once that the United States join these stable governments of the South in some well-defined alliance looking to the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, in order that the presence of their own brethren might be an earnest of good faith when we found it necessary to interfere in Southern affairs.

This suggestion has cogent arguments to support it. It would get rid of the idea of an American protectorate, which seems to be firmly seated in the half-Latin mind. It would banish the bogy of imperialism.

On the other hand, there are difficulties to be met. Would these countries be willing to form such an alliance?—and on what basis? Who should decide as to the nations to be included and those to be excluded? Would the United States have a controlling voice in such an alliance? What should be the voting status of the countries in this league when they came to determine a policy? Would the United States be subjected to foreign entanglements through the acts of these associate states? Might she be intrigued into the abandonment of policies vital to her safety? And finally, could there be any harmony in a congress of races so dissimilar—from nations of such unequal powers?

There is a great principle in this idea, but it is one to be adopted only after long reflection.

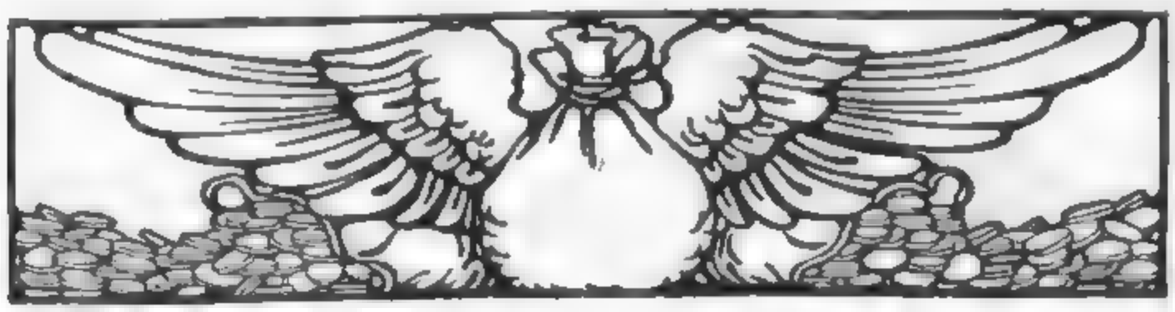
As one thinks about it, however, the suggestion again and again returns: Why not go on as we began, defining this Doctrine as Monroe defined it in his message, and by a broad and generous statesmanship restore ourselves to the confidence and respect of the world?

## *Aëroplanes and Ice*

AËROPLANES for sighting icebergs and icefields, to enable a ship to steer clear of them, are being seriously considered by a Norwegian steamship company that has many difficulties from ice. The steamers of the line ply to Siberian ports by an Arctic Ocean route, which is badly blocked by icefloes in some seasons. Under the present method, when floes are sighted by the lookout, the steamer has to cruise back and forth until it finds a way through or round the floes, and much time is thus lost.

The proposal is to have an aëroplane on each steamer and to have one of the crew trained to fly. When ice is sighted the aëroplane would go up and the airman could in many instances see that in a certain direction the water was clear, or perhaps even determine the entire extent of the floes. His report would then enable the captain to fix the shortest route round the obstruction.

Methods of launching an aëroplane from the deck of a vessel are still imperfect and other obvious difficulties appear; but the company has the idea in mind and hopes it may find it feasible.



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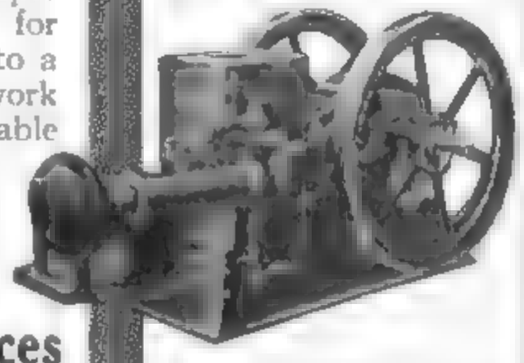
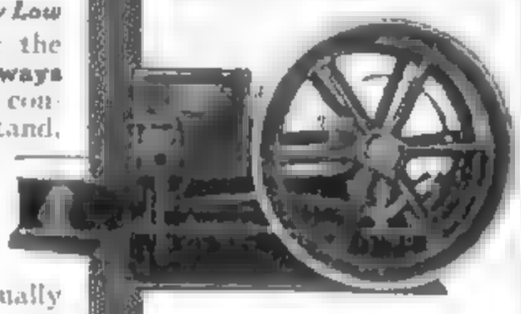
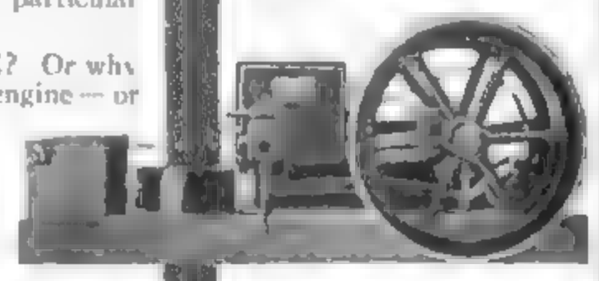


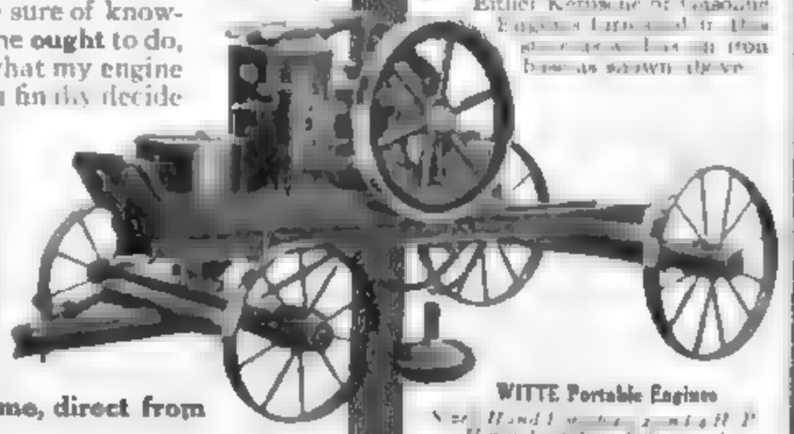
WITTE Kerosene Engine—Stationary
Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16 and 22 H. P.
Burns Kerosene, Distillate, Solar Oil, Toppings and all fuels of like grades. Also Gasoline, Naphtha and Gas



WITTE Gasoline and Naphtha Engine Stationary
Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16 and 22 H. P.
Shown mounted on iron sub base which makes a permanent foundation where it is impractical to use masonry construction



WITTE Engine—On Skids
Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 12 H. P.
Complete self contained Either Kerosene or Gasoline Engines Line mounted in this [illegible] base as shown above



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New Hand [illegible] 4 to 8 H. P.
Horse [illegible] 2, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16 and 22 H. P.
All steel truck. Either Kerosene or Gasoline Engines furnished mounted in this style. Specially desirable for ensilage cutters, threshers and large pumps.

Look at These New Prices

Direct from Factory to User

2 H. P. $34.90; 4 H. P. $69.75; 6 H. P. $99.35
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For 27 years the WITTE has set the standard of engine quality. It has **always** proved itself **dependable**—so simple in construction that you can easily understand, start, and run it, whether you are experienced with any engine or not. Guaranteed steady power with small fuel consumption. No gas or oil engine has outlasted the WITTE, and few, **very** few, of them work for an equally low fuel cost.

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So why be without a WITTE? Or why pay double price for a good engine—or take chances on a **poor** or doubtful one at **any** price?

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I don't consider any sale closed until the engine has made good—sold itself under actual test in the user's hands. Under my New Plan, you are sure of knowing what any engine **ought** to do, besides knowing what my engine **can** do, before you finally decide to buy. I am the only man in the U. S. who makes his own engines, in his own debt-free factory, from his own designs, using his own special machinery and selling his output **under his own name, direct from factory to user.**

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WITTE Engine-quality is the only thing that did it. I challenge anyone to show stronger proof of reliable engine-quality.

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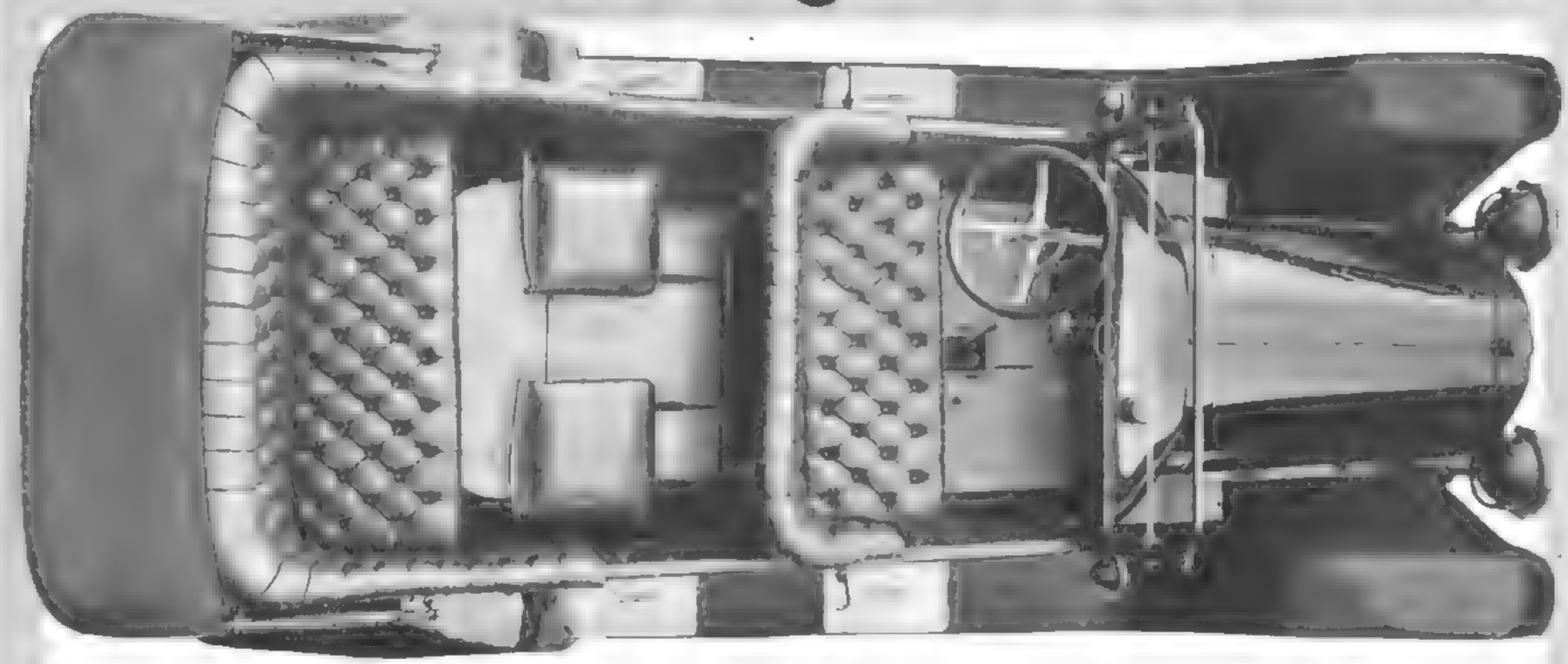

*This is a faithful photographic reproduction of the Studebaker SIX, taken from above and showing the complete and generous proportions of the car and its seating arrangements for seven passengers*

IN the picture at the top of this page you are given a graphic idea of the size and seating capacity of the Studebaker SIX. On the opposite page are portrayed its generous outer dimensions—its beauty and dignity of design. Now—study these two pictures in the light of the remarkable price.

# Studebaker SIX

# $1575

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## Electrically Started Electrically Lighted Seven Passenger Full-Floating Rear Axle

EVERY day it becomes clearer to the country at large that this Studebaker SIX at $1575 is a perfectly phenomenal value.

The more frequently this SIX is seriously compared with automobiles selling for several hundred dollars more—the more widespread and certain becomes the conviction that it is unique in the world's market.

Studebaker sales rose in the dead of winter to an unprecedented volume. That volume is now being increased 75%. City by city, and state by state, the whole country has been won over to this wonderful car.

*Our earnest recommendation to you is to file your order with your Studebaker dealer at the earliest possible moment.*

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| FOUR Touring Car | $1050 |
| SIX Touring Car | $1575 |
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| SIX Special | $1[illegible] |
| 35 Roadster | $[illegible]5 |
| 35 Touring Car | $[illegible] |
| 35 Touring Car | $1[illegible] |
| 35 Coupe | $1[illegible] |
| SIX passenger SIX | $1[illegible] |

F. O. B. Walkerville, Canada

| | |
|---|---|
| FOUR Touring Car | $1[illegible] |
| SIX Touring Car | $1[illegible] |
| SIX [illegible] Roadster | $[illegible] |
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"STANDISH"
*the new*
ARROW COLLAR
is an ultra smart style which correctly expresses the trend of fashion
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If it has the Wood Core it is the Genuine

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—and it pays to get the genuine—for these reasons:

**Compo-Board** is strongest and most durable—better than lath and plaster in many ways.

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Remember that the wood core is a patented feature, that **Compo-Board** is the name of the particular wall board that has this feature and that you can always identify the genuine **Compo-Board** by this wood core. There are many wall boards, but only one **Compo-Board.**

Dealers almost everywhere have **Compo-Board** in strips 4 feet wide and up to 18 feet long. Write us for booklet and sample piece, and we'll send you nearest dealer's name.

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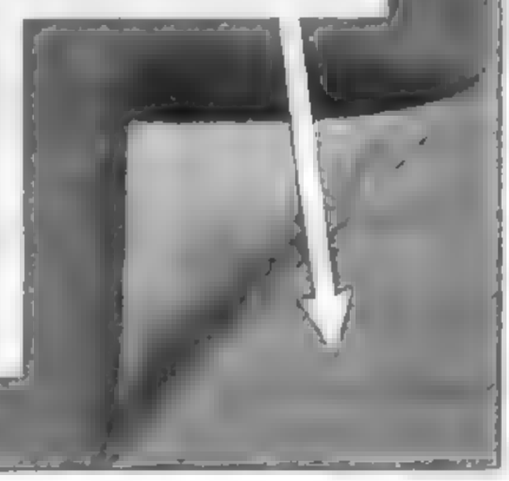


## AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 22)

euphonious title of Toad in the Hole. Toad in the Hole consists of a full-grown and fragrant sheep's kidney entombed in an excavated retreat at the heart of a large and powerful onion, and then cooked in a slow and painful manner, so that the onion and the kidney may swap perfumes and flavors. These people do not use this combination for a weapon or for a disinfectant, or for anything else for which it is naturally purposed; they actually go so far as to eat it!

You pass a cabmen's lunchroom and get a whiff of a freshly opened Toad in the Hole—and you imagine it is the German invasion starting and wonder why they are not removing the women and children to a place of safety. All England smells like something boiling, just as all France smells like something that needs boiling.

Seemingly the only Londoners who enjoy any extensive variety in their provender are the slum-dwellers. Out Whitechapel-way the establishment of a tripe dresser and draper is a sight wondrous to behold, and will almost instantly eradicate the strongest appetite; but it is not to be compared with an East End meatshop, where there are skinned sheep faces on slabs, and various vital organs of various animals disposed about in clumps and clusters.

I was reminded of one of those Fourteenth Street museums of anatomy—tickets ten cents each; boys under fourteen not admitted. The East End butcher is not only a thrifty but an inquiring soul. Until I had viewed his shop I had no idea that a sheep could be so untidy inside; and as for a cow—he finds things in a cow she herself did not know she had.

Breakfast is the meal at which the Englishman rather excels; in fact England is the only country in Europe where the natives have the faintest conception of what a regular breakfast is—or should be. Moreover it is now possible in certain London hotels for an American to get hot bread and ice-water at breakfast, though the English round about watch him with undisguised horror as he consumes them, and the manager only hopes that he will have the good taste not to die on the premises.

### *The Tasty Penny Stamp*

It is true that, in lieu of the fresh fruit an American prefers, the waiter brings at least three kinds of particularly sticky marmalade and, in accordance with a custom that dates back to the time of the Druids, spangles the breakfast cloth over with a large number of empty saucers and plates, which fufill no earthly purpose except to keep getting in the way.

The English breakfast bacon, however, is a most worthy article, and the broiled kipper is juicy and plump, and does not resemble a dried autumn leaf—as our kipper often does. And the fried sole, on which the Englishman banks his breakfast hopes, invariably repays one for one's undivided attention. The English boast of their fish; but, excusing the kipper, they have but three of note—the turbot, the plaice and the sole. And the turbot tastes like turbot, and the plaice tastes like fish; but the sole, when fried, is most appetizing.

I have been present when the English gooseberry and the English strawberry were very highly spoken of, too, but with me this is merely hearsay evidence; we reached England too late for berries. Happily, though, we came in good season for the green filbert, which is gathered in the fall of the year, being known then as the Kentish cobnut. The Kentish cob beats any nut we have except the paper-shell pecan. An English postage stamp is also much tastier than ours. The space for licking is no larger, if as large—but the flavor lasts.

As I said before, the Englishman has no great variety of things to eat, but he is always eating them; and when he is not eating them he is swigging tea. Yet in these regards the German excels him. The Englishman gains a lap at breakfast; but after that first hour the German leaves him, hopelessly distanced, far in the rear. It is due to his talents in this respect that the average Berliner has a double chin running all the way round, and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely

Lent is over—
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A pound of sweet surprises—the Easter gift to the Easter girl—and she will be *hungry* for them, too. Forty days without

**Chocolates Extraordinary**

will make them the more appreciated. This beautiful *lavender* box contains three trays of tid-bits of various flavors—every one so *satisfying*. This is the reason Johnston's Chocolates leave a lasting impression.

Ask the dealer who caters to candy connoisseurs, or send a dollar direct if he cannot supply you, and we will send a pound postpaid.

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*No Buttons*
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**Faultless**
**Pajamas Night Shirts**
SINCE 1861

Slips on, slips off—quick as a wink No buttons!
Another innovation in Faultless nightwear—a new idea, a new style, and greater sleeping comfort.

Pajamas $1 50 and up.
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Kenyon Slip-ons protect you from showers and sudden changes, and are guaranteed not to decompose or become hard or stiff; nor will the seams or stropping come apart.

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Keep Home Tools Sharp

It is foolish to ... when you stop to think of it ... to endure the annoyance of dull knives and tools. A sharp edge ... its work in half ... kitchen ... edged tool is twice as ... when ...

It ... how quickly a PIKE Sharpening Stone gets a lively keen edge on a knife or tool. One of the ... and cheapest Pike stones is the

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It makes carving easy and kitchen work more pleasant—Just by sharpening knives so well—50 cents at your hardware or tool store. Ask ... to see the wood-mill Pike Strop-Hone for razors, a Pike Peerless Tool Grinder (used by most manual training schools) or a Pike India Oilstone, the fastest sharpening stone for the handy man's tools. Every Pike article is Guaranteed. "PIKE'S PIKE."

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clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry; and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through into his dining room.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals—four in number and all large ones; and in between times he now and then gathers a bite. For instance, about ten o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard-boiled coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about four in the afternoon he browses a bit, just to keep up his appetite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say, a school of Bismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake, and one thing and another—merely a preliminary to the real food, which will be coming along a little later on.

Between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at eleven, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer, and nibbling on such small tidbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphalia ham.

There are forty-seven distinct and separate varieties of German sausage and three of them are edible; but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly over-rated. It is pronounced Westfailure with the accent on the last part, where it belongs.

In Germany, however, there is a pheasant agreeably amothered in young cabbage which is delicious and in season plentiful The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the grasping and avaricious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, forty cents for a whole pheasant and half a peck of cabbage—say, enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.

### *A Lost Ambassador*

The Germans like to eat and they love a hearty eater. There should never be any trouble about getting a suitable person to serve us at the Kaiser's court if the Administration at Washington will but harken to the voice of experience. To the Germans the late Doctor Tanner would have been a distinct disappointment in an ambassadorial capacity; but there was a man who used to live in my congressional district who could qualify in a holy minute if he were still alive. He was one of Nature's noblemen, untutored but naturally gifted, and his name was John Wesley Bass. He was the champion eater of the world, specializing particularly in eggs on the shell, and cove oysters out of the can, with pepper sauce on them, and soda crackers on the side.

I regret to be compelled to state, however, that John Wesley is no more. At one of our McCracken County annual fairs, a few years back, he succumbed to overambition coupled with a mistake in judgment. After he had established a new world's record by eating at one sitting five dozen raw eggs he rashly rode on the steam merry-go-round. At the end of the first quarter of an hour he fainted and fell off of a spotted wooden horse and never spoke again, but passed away soon after being removed to his home in an unconscious condition.

I have forgotten what the verdict of the coroner's jury was—the attending physician gave it some fancy Latin name—but among laymen the general judgment was that our fellow townsman had just naturally been scrambled to death. It was a pity, too—the German people would have cared for John Wesley as an ambassador. He would have eaten his way right into their affections.

However, I am not decrying the abilities of our present representative in Germany. Judge Gerard is not only a gentleman of parts and a born diplomat, but he knows mighty well how to order a dinner.

We have the word of history for it that Vienna was originally settled by the Celts, but you would hardly notice it now. On first impressions you would say that about Vienna there was a noticeable suggestion—a perceptible trace—of the Teutonic; and this applies to the Austrian food in the main. I remember a kind of *Wiener-schnitzel*, breaded, that I had in Vienna; in fact for the moment I do not seem to recall much else about Vienna. Life there was just one *Wiener-schnitzel* after another.

Watch your skin thrive and glow with health

Lifebuoy Health Soap contains an antiseptic solution which purifies and protects. Unwrap a cake of Lifebuoy and smell it. The clean, wholesome odor tells the story.

The other ingredients of Lifebuoy are refined cocoanut and red palm oils, which produce a quick, big, lasting lather and cleanse the skin of all dirt and grime and stains.

Lifebuoy is a wonderful *cleanser*, but it does *far more* than clean—it purifies and protects the skin—and thus promotes its health and beauty. It soothes and relieves chafing and irritation. It takes away all perspiration and body odors and makes the skin *thrive with health and vigor*. Use Lifebuoy for your toilet and bath, and note the glorious feeling of new life and energy it gives you.




LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP 5c

Get it from your grocer or druggist—the price is only 5 cents. If you do not find it readily send 5 cents (stamps or coin) for a big generous cake to LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. S, Cambridge, Mass



Are YOU Setting on Advertising Eggs that won't Hatch?

Perhaps not, but—

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One of these three books fits your case, and you'll find it treats advertising from the business man's standpoint—which is more unusual than you might think.

Some of the facts of actual experience related in these books are eye-openers to the average advertiser.

Check "A" on the coupon if you are a non-advertiser, "B" if you are spending $25,000 or less a year, "C" if you are spending more.

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THE MULTIGRAPH
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A ☐ B ☐ C

Send booklet (free) checked above, as explained in your advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post*, April 11.

Attach this coupon to your business letterhead, signing your name and official position and mail to above address

# Non-Skid Guarantee vs. Non-Skid Theory

To place the right value on our guarantee that these tires will not skid on wet or greasy pavements, you must clearly grasp this absolute distinction:

It is not on the mere projections of the tread that we rely, as we do not believe that projections pure and simple can improve the hold of a tire on an unyielding, smooth surface.

It is the *Sealed Suction Grip* on the slippery surface continuously exerted by the strong elastic Vacuum Cups that makes the slightest slip or slide impossible.

This exclusive principle of

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

represents the difference between Vacuum Cup safety-reality and ordinary non-skid theory.

Vacuum Cup Skid safety lasts with the tire. As the center cups wear down the reserve cups at the sides begin service equally dependable.

4,500 miles guaranteed as a minimum—Records of upward of 12,000 miles are more frequent than adjustment claims.

Absolutely oilproof—Vacuum Cup Tires have also this exclusive distinction—the greatest tire saver ever achieved.

Dealers Everywhere

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|---|---|---|
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| Chicago | Los Angeles | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Cleveland | Detroit | Seattle |
| Boston | St. Paul | Dallas |
| Pittsburgh | Minneapolis | Atlanta |

*An Independent Company with an independent selling policy.*


In order to spread sweetness and light, and to the end, furthermore, that the ignorant people across the salted seas might know something of a land of real food and much food, and plenty of it and plenty of variety to it, I would that I might bring an expedition of Europeans to America and personally conduct it up and down our continent and back and forth crosswise of it.

And if I had the money of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller I would do it, too, for it would be a greater act of charity than building public libraries or endowing public baths. I would include in my party a few delegates from England, where every day is All Soles' Day; and a few sausage-surfeited Teutons; and some Gauls, wearied and worn by the deadly *poulet* routine of their daily life—and a scattering representation from all the other countries over there.

In especial I would direct the Englishman's attention to the broiled pompano of New Orleans; the kingfish fillet of New York; the sand-dab of Los Angeles; the Boston scrod of the Massachusetts coast; and that noblest of all pan fish—the fried crappie of Southern Indiana. To these and to many another delectable fishling would I introduce the poor fellow; and to him and his fellows I fain would offer a dozen apiece of Smith Island oysters on the half shell.

And I would take all of them to New England for baked beans and brown bread and codfish balls; but on the way we would visit the shores of Long Island for a kind of soft clam which first is steamed and then is esteemed. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they should have a live broiled lobster measuring thirty inches from tip to tip and fresh caught out of the Piscataqua River.

Vermont should come to them in hospitality and in pity, offering them buckwheat cakes and maple sirup. But Rhode Island would bring a genuine Yankee blueberry pie and directions for the proper consumption of it, namely—discarding knife and fork, you raise a crusty, dripping wedge of blueberry pie in your hand to your mouth, and you take a first bite, which instantly changes the ground-floor plan of that pie from a triangle to a crescent; then you take a second bite, and then you lick your fingers—and there isn't any more pie.

### *Doesn't Your Mouth Water?*

Down in Kentucky I should engage Mandy Berry, colored, to fry for them some spring chickens and make for them a few pones of real cornbread.

In Creole Louisiana they should sample crawfish gumbo; and in Georgia they should have 'possum baked with sweet potatoes; and in Tidewater Maryland, terrapin and canvasback; and in Illinois, young gray squirrels on toast; and in South Carolina, boiled rice with black-eyed peas; and in Colorado, cantaloupes; and in Kansas, young sweet corn; and in Virginia, country hums, not cured with chemicals but with hickory smoke and loving hands; and in Tennessee, jowl and greens.

And elsewhere they should have their whacking fill of prairie hen and sucking pig and barbecued shote, and sure-enough beefsteak, and goobers hot from the parching box; and scrapple, and yams roasted in hot wood-ashes; and hot biscuit and Parker House rolls—and the thousand and one other good things that may be found in this our country, and which are distinctively and uniquely of this country.

Finally I would bring them back by way of Richmond, and there I would give them each an eggnog compounded with fresh cream and made according to a recipe older than the Revolution. If I had my way about it no living creature should be denied the right to bury his face in a brimming tumbler of that eggnog—except a man with a drooping red mustache.

By the time these gorged and converted pilgrims touched the Eastern seaboard again any one of them, if he caught fire, would burn for about four days with a clear blue flame, and many valuable packing-house by-products could be gleaned from his ruins. It would bind us all, foreigner and native alike, in closer ties of love and confidence, and it would turn the tide of travel westward from Europe, instead of eastward from America.

Let's do it sometime—and appoint me conductor of the expedition!

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Two's company—
three's a crowd—
When you're feasting on

Milady

CHOCOLATES

"EVERY PIECE A SURPRISE"
50c, 85c, $1, $2, $3 the Box

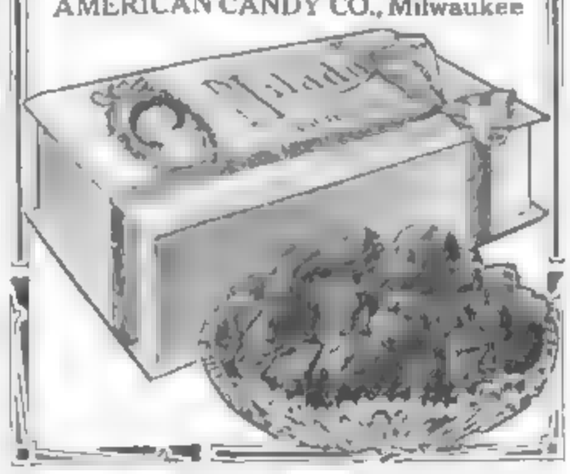
REX CHOCOLATES
"KING OF BITTER SWEETS"
35c, 60c, and $1 the Box

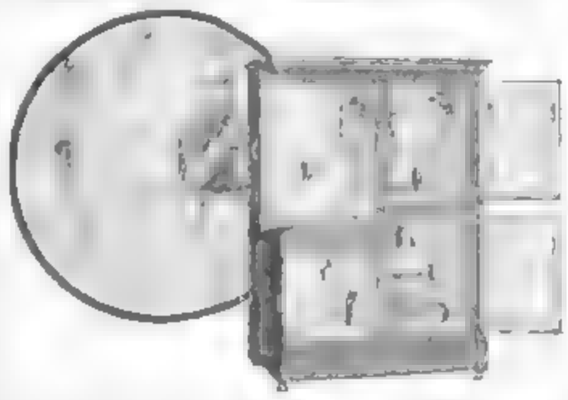
MALTED MILK CHOCOLATES
50c and $1 the Box

CHOCOLATE and CREAM DIPPED BRAZILNUTS. 50c and $1 the Box

*At your dealers or sent on receipt of price*

AMERICAN CANDY CO., Milwaukee





KEEP THE ICEMAN OUTSIDE

Any McCray may be arranged with outside icing door to be iced from rear porch—which keeps the iceman with his muddy tracks outside the house.

McCray
Sanitary Refrigerator

[illegible] Glass, Porcelain, White [illegible] which give scrupulous [illegible] active circulation of pure, cold, dry [illegible] foods fresh.

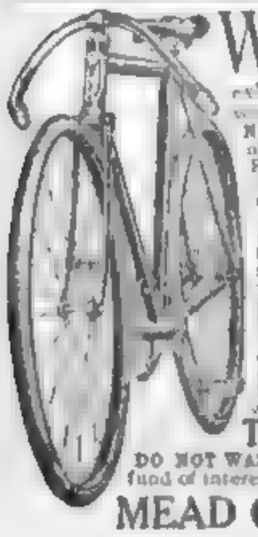
Any McCray may be arranged with an outside icing [illegible] be iced from the rear porch—which keeps the [illegible] with his muddy tracks outside.

Let Us Mail You Our Catalog

*No. 91—Regular Sizes for Residences* [illegible]
*No. 75 For Florists* [illegible]
*No. A 11 Built-to-Order* [illegible]

**McCray Refrigerator Co.**
674 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind.
New York, McCray Building, 7-9 West 30th Street
Chicago, 158 North Wabash Avenue

*For branch salesrooms in other cities see your local telephone directory*



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making big money and are getting rich quick. Write at once for our special offer.

NO MONEY REQUIRED [illegible] anywhere in U.S. [illegible] TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL. [illegible] to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycle with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains and pedals and many other exclusive features at exceedingly low prices. You cannot buy a better bicycle than the "RANGER," no matter what you pay, and you cannot buy a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer you. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our special prices and attractive new offer.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the low prices we can make you. BICYCLE DEALERS, we can offer you very attractive [illegible] liberal terms on [illegible]

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices.

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

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PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED [illegible] free. How to Obtain a Patent; What to Invent; List of Inventions wanted; prizes; [illegible] FREE

Main Offices VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

# What are the Styles this Spring?

BELOW we show several that are authoritative. You can choose any one of them with assurance. They are abreast of the times.

In some of them we have permitted our designer to peer even a little ahead of the season.

For men who are young in years or inclinations we have produced a snappy series of **"Yungfelo"** models. Most of them are cut along very English lines. The fabrics include smart pencil stripes, chalk lines, hair lines and shepherd plaids. You can't go wrong in a **"Yungfelo"** model. You'll know them by this label—

Yungfelo

The Kirschbaum dealer can show you, too, the newest of Balmacaan top coats and raincoats. Also dress clothes in case you plan to make the Big Step in June or expect to help some one else make it.

Whatever you buy that bears the Kirschbaum label is guaranteed to be all-wool, fast in color, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, tailored by hand and sewn at all points of strain with *silk* thread.

Look for the Kirschbaum Guarantee and Price Ticket on the sleeve of our $15, $20 and $25 specials, and our $18 special True-Blue Serge

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

# Kirschbaum Clothes

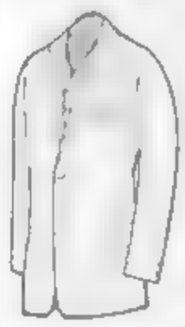
$15 - $20 $25 and up

*"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve"*

Model above is the "Yungfelo" Chatmore

(Copyright 1915 A. B. Kirschbaum Co.)

"CHIC"



FOR young men who want rousing style we have produced this "Chic" model. Coat is extremely soft front effect. No stiffening. No padding in the shoulders.

Notice the soft rolling lapels. Vest is 6-button with vestee. Trousers are spare. One of our famous "Yungfelo" designs.

"WALL STREET"

THIS very patrician tan model we call the "Wall Street." Coat is a three-button sack, cut along small lines. Rolling, notched lapels to second button. Back is form fitted. Center vent 7½ inches deep. Vest comes either collarless or with notched lapels. Trousers hang very straight.

"MEDIAN"

If you look closely at the lapels of this coat, you'll appreciate the careful designing we put into our clothes. These lapels roll soft to the second button. Form-fitting back. No vent. Vest comes with or without collar.

Trousers are along English lines.

"LAGOON"

THE straight graceful hang of this "Lagoon" Outercoat was reached only through the most skillful tailoring. This coat does double duty. In appearance it's a smart top coat. It also defies rain by virtue of its cravanetted fabric.

Four buttons. Patch pockets. Loose turn-back cuffs.

# Who is using all this Stafford's Commercial?

HERE are some interesting facts about ink that you probably never thought of before. America uses more ink than any other nation.

The simple reason is that a larger percentage of our population is able to read and write.

Ink business, broadly speaking, is of two kinds—the small bottles picked up by the casual purchaser at any sort of store, and the commercial sizes or quarts of writing fluid used by offices and business houses.

The small-bottle ink is of miscellaneous kinds and qualities.

The buyer of the five- or ten-cent bottle has never been as critical as he should be.

But in the modern business office you get a true test of ink quality.

Here ink is a factor.

Ink used day after day by bookkeepers and office men has got to be good ink.

Any advantage or superiority is fully noted and credited there.

### Has Preference in Business Offices

Now the majority of these business men are convinced that Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid has never been surpassed for fluidity, clear, intense color, permanence, freedom from sediment, or in any of the qualities that make an ink fluid agreeable and efficient in practical use.

Their experience has led them to give Stafford's Commercial the preference—as is evidenced by the fact that there is much more Stafford's Commercial bought and used by business houses than any other ink in America.

Since 1858 we have had the largest ink business in this country in the commercial sizes.

As fast as small-bottle buyers become critical about the ink they use, they will insist upon Stafford's.

### Fountain Pen Users Discover Stafford's Commercial

About four years ago a curious condition began to show itself.

We already had the larger share of the Commercial business. Yet the demand for office sizes in Stafford's Commercial began to increase out of all proportion to the growth in population or the extension of general business.

This in spite of typewriters, billing and adding machines and all factors that would tend to reduce the amount of ink used in offices.

And the increase continues.

We started an inquiry among our thousands of stationers and we found the reason.

There are over nine million fountain pens in use.

More than a million new fountain pens are being turned out every year.

86 per cent. of these pens are going into business offices.

Office men are finding out that no ink they can buy works better in any kind of a fountain pen than the old reliable Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid.

### "Special" Inks Bought by the Novice

When a man buys a fountain pen for the first time it is a novelty. He thinks he must go out and get a special fancy-price fountain-pen ink to use in it.

Stafford's Commercial will fill perfectly all the needs of a fountain pen and fancy fountain pen inks cost 60% to 100% more.

The business man has learned this and is not paying a fancy price when he can get Stafford's Commercial.

### Stationers Tell Their Regular Customers

Stationers everywhere, aware of these conditions, are not taking chances with their good office-supply customers by pushing special fountain-pen inks.

While ink is not a great factor in their business, it has come to be a sort of test of good faith with the purchasing agent or office manager.

The important thing with the stationer is the confidence and good will of his regular customers for office supplies.

### The New *Filler Bottles* of Stafford's Commercial

For your convenience as an individual fountain pen user, we are now putting up *Desk and Traveler's Bottles of Stafford's Commercial*—complete with combined stopper and filler, the stopper of the desk filler being protected by an aluminum cap.

Ask your dealer to show you the bottle (No. 958) that makes a self-filler of every fountain pen.

Stationers all over the country have got these new bottles in stock.

**Special to Fountain Pen Users**—To prove that Stafford's Commercial is better and that you will like it better than any other ink you ever used in your fountain pen, we ask you to make a test of it at our expense.

We have arranged with your Stationer to *give you a Trial Bottle.* This bottle contains a month's supply of Stafford's Commercial—enough for some twenty fillings of your pen.

Cut out this Coupon. Go to your stationer. Make a twenty-five cent purchase (not necessarily our goods, but of any goods in his store). He will hand you the bottle with his compliments and ours.

Write your name and your stationer's name in the spaces below. Cut off this coupon and give it to the stationer. He will give you the Bottle with any 25c. purchase.—S. S. STAFFORD, Inc.

*Customer's Name*

*Stationer's Name* *City*

**S. S. STAFFORD, Inc.**

New York, U. S. A. Toronto, Canada

Manufacturer of Inks, Mucilage, Paste, Carbon Paper and Typewriter Ribbons

# MY SON

(Continued from Page 19)

used his head more than a good many farmers. Here is where cleanliness would count more than anywhere else. The idea was to have a cement floor drained by a gutter, and then to arrange the cows in such a manner that they should be kept lined up on this gutter. The gutters themselves were made from six inches deep on the shallow end to eight inches on the deeper end. The stalls were so arranged as to fit each cow and keep her in place. They were from three feet to three and a half feet wide and were divided by a swinging partition. This was hinged in the center. The milkman, when going in to milk, unfastened the fastening and swung it back against the cow behind him. This gave him plenty of room, and when swung in place again kept the cow within bounds. A chain hitched behind the cow just over the edge of the drop kept her from backing out of place.

The manger was made adjustable to the length of the cow. A continuous cement manger ran the length of the stall. An adjustable piece of lattice work hung from the center of this, and could be moved back and forth and so adapted to the length of each cow. The object of the whole arrangement, as has been said, was merely to keep the cows lined up on the gutter, which left the stall proper sweet and clean. It doesn't seem possible that so obvious a device should have awaited for years the intelligent thought of one man, but the situation is even worse than that. Though the device is so obvious and though it has been published to the world, it is not in general use even today. Go through the stables of this country and you'll find even now the fixed stall, often undivided, where the cow wallows all day and sleeps in her own filth during the night. Ninety per cent of them are as they always were and will undoubtedly remain unchanged for the next hundred years. This device is simple, does not require a large investment, saves labor, saves the cow, saves the milk, saves the barn—and yet it remains unused.

Hadley looked it over after it was done.

"It's purty enough," he said, "but what's the use of it?"

I explained in detail the use of it.

"Mebbe you're right," he said; "but we've got along without them things a good many years, and I reckon most of us can a few years longer."

"Maybe you can," I said; "but it's only a matter of a few years when the world is going to get along without you."

He accepted that statement philosophically.

"I reckon so," he said.

Windows were put in at the rear of the stall and one in each end, letting in for the first time since the barn was built a flood of sunlight, the cleanest, sweetest God-given agent the farmer possesses. It warms, it quickens, it strengthens, it cleanses. No other toilers on the earth are given with such liberal prodigality such an asset as farmers are given in sunlight. And yet they fail to use it. They shut it out of their soil; they shut it away from their orchards; they shut it out of their stables; they shut it out of their homes and their lives. It is worth millions of fine gold to them, and yet they have not learned how to use it. With sunlight and water a world was created; with sunlight and water it is maintained.

Dick says I'd better scratch out all this or people will think I'm trying to be a poet.

The sunlight makes even the poets.

*VIII*

WITH a stable clean to start with and so built as to be easily kept clean, the boy was ready for his cattle. The remodeling had cost him a trifle over nine hundred dollars.

Dr. Barney watched the remodeling of the barn with as much interest as though he were doing it himself. Dick had submitted to him the plans and he had heartily endorsed them. His advice from the first had been to keep the plant simple.

"There's no need of making it either complicated or expensive," he said. "The minute you make it complex it is all the harder to keep clean, and every added item of expense must be added to the cost of the milk. In talking with farmers round here I've found the chief worry of those who are ready to make a change is the fear that it's going to cost a lot. When they're only getting four cents a quart for their milk I don't much blame them, though the added expense of producing clean milk isn't half what they think it is."

Four cents a quart delivered at the station was what the few farmers who did raise milk in Brewster received. Those who sold to the creamery when it was run by outsiders received about the same. This same milk was sold by the contractors for eight and nine cents a quart, which meant that the producer received on an average of less than fifty per cent of the amount paid by the public for the milk. There is something wrong here. And the farmer pleading for a fairer share is the one blamed by the public for the increased cost of living. He risks his capital, works from twelve to fourteen hours a day—and does it cheerfully if he's a live farmer—and receives only about thirty-five per cent of the price paid by the public for his product. If, to keep him in the business, the contractor does pay him a cent more for an eight and a half quart can, the contractor turns round and raises the price to the consumer a cent a quart, which is eight and a half cents a can. The growl which follows is leveled at the farmer.

When the boy was ready to buy his small herd he was confronted with the debatable question of whether it was better for him to invest in fancy stock or in grade cows—that is, cows without a registered pedigree. He decided on the latter, and for the following reasons: The initial investment would be smaller, which would cut down the initial cost of his milk to the consumer; grade cows raised locally would be much less of an experiment for an inexperienced dairyman than high-bred cows requiring more expert care; and, finally, it seemed both more interesting and profitable to raise the standard of his own cows by careful breeding.

This matter of breeding is one of the most fundamental factors of successful dairying, and yet it is one of the most neglected next to the care of the cattle themselves. The pure-bred dairy bull is often the keystone to the whole business. The results are so manifest that there isn't even a chance for argument about it. They are as patent as the result of irrigating desert land or proper fertilization of barren lands. And the principle is much the same. Yet a recent inspection of over a hundred farms in one New England state revealed the fact that only twenty-seven per cent of farmers raising dairy cows used pure-bred bulls. In many cases beef breeds were being placed at the head of herds used for nothing but the production of market milk. That's like trying to raise trotting horses by mating them with draft stallions, as the man who made the report said.

Dick bought four Holsteins, three Ayrshires and five Jerseys. Barney preferred milk from a mixed herd. He bought them on their records of being good producers, although that information was somewhat vague, as no records had been kept. He paid an average of seventy-five dollars a cow for them, on the condition that every cow should be submitted to the tuberculin test before being paid for.

The tuberculin test consists simply of injecting into the cow a preparation derived from tubercle-bacilli. If the cow is at all tuberculous she responds by a rapid rise of temperature; if she is sound no effect at all follows and the injected bacilli are quickly eliminated. As a result of this test one of the cows was instantly discarded by Barney. The reaction was slight and the cow looked to be in ideal physical condition. The owner protested that the test wasn't fair and that the cow in question was one of the best producers in his herd.

"It ain't right," the owner objected.

"What isn't right?" demanded Barney.

"To give a cow like that a bad name. It will get round town that you said the cow was sick."

"You bet it will get round town," said Barney. "If that cow isn't buried within a week she'll be the best-advertised cow in this neighborhood. Talk about rights—what right have you to shift your misfortune to the shoulders of little children? Take your medicine like a man and kill the beast. It's a kindness to her, to the rest of your herd and to the whole town. You'd be the first to kick if the fish man, to save his purse, sold you his tainted fish, wouldn't you?"

"That's different," said the man.

"Not a mite. That cow's milk is poisoned even though you can't smell it. After you've killed her I'll come up here and

# Get Off
## at the Clothcraft Stop

STREET number and name of the nearest Clothcraft Store are probably given in the local paper you read. If not, we shall be glad to give you a personal note of introduction.

It's an easy matter to drop in and try on a No. 5130 Blue Serge Special, ready for wear.

And, incidentally, to find more real style, comfort and lasting satisfaction than you ever realized could be yours in a man's suit at $15.00.

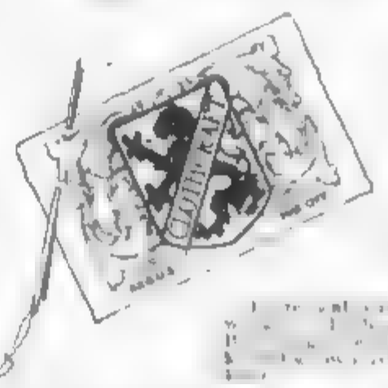
The explanation is simple, it's merely in knowing how to perform each one of the 277 operations in making a suit of clothes in the very best and shortest way. That means better workmanship at lower cost. The saving goes into better fabrics, finer linings and many little points of added quality.

Of course Clothcraft is not limited to one fabric or one model. You have many styles to choose from in No. 5130 or in a variety of other fabrics and pleasing patterns.

And Clothcraft is the one GUARANTEED ALL WOOL line at $10 to $20.

Write for the new Style Book.

This label on every Clothcraft Suit. Our signed guaranty in the pocket of every coat



**The Joseph & Feiss Company**

*Founded 1840*
*Oldest Makers of Men's Clothes in America*

620 St. Clair Ave., N. W. Cleveland, Sixth City

# *Just Guess This Taste!*

YOU don't have to be good at guessing games, to guess what makes Underwood Deviled Ham the *Big Taste* for "partyntes" and picnics of every kind!

Just you taste this delicious minced spiced ham, spread in sandwiches of fresh white bread, and forever after it will be a part of all your parties—April Fint parties, May Day parties, fancy dress parties, domino parties, etc., etc.

Write for free book of Little Red Devil Recipes for Good Fun Occasions—sandwiches, salads, rarebits, etc. Recipes, too, for breakfast, luncheon, dinner—omelets, soufflés, croquettes, etc., etc. Just send us your grocer's address and say if he sells Underwood. Better still, send his address and 15c. for small can to try. Economical—makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

Smartest grocers everywhere sell Underwood Deviled Ham. See if your grocer carries it—*today*. If not, he'll get some for you, if you'll ask.

*Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 49—Underwood Cream Toast*

Melt butter size of egg in double boiler. Add teaspoonful flour, three cups milk. When smooth stir in a small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Pour over slices of freshly toasted bread and sprinkle with crumbs of grated hard-boiled egg.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

# UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil, but fit for the Gods."

And if you want the pistol that you can whip into action in a flash, you'll see that you have a Colt in the car holster. If attacked suddenly, all you have to do is to grab your Colt and get the drop on the other fellow. If necessary, you can shoot—instantly. You don't have to tinker and fuss throwing off safety devices, because

**The Colt Automatic**

***Is Automatically Safe When Ready for Instant Action***

When you cock the Colt, the unique safety device in the grip (see circle) automatically locks the action; and when you *purposely* pull the trigger, you automatically press in the Grip Safety and the Colt shoots—instantly. The Colt is the ideal pistol for car and home protection.

***Don't be stalled off a COLT if you want the best gun—it costs you no more. Write for catalog 85.***

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**



**Why Pay Two Prices For Fences?**

Buy direct from our factory. Handsome [illegible] styles. Write for Ornamental [illegible] for every purpose, Gates, etc. Write for Free Catalog. Free Order and Early Buyer's Offer!
Ward Fence Mfg. Co., 108 Penn St., Decatur, Ind.



**FINE PANAMAS**

Genuine Imported Panama Hats for ladies and gentlemen closely woven, beautiful [illegible]

Exp. prepaid anywhere $6.00
HOUSTON HAT CO
Dept. A, Houston, Texas



**How Many Hides Has a Cow?**

This may seem a foolish question.

Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide is about three times that of the whole hide.

How?

By splitting the hide into three sheets, and coating and embossing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather.

Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID

**MOTOR QUALITY**

which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a woven fabric much stronger and more uniform than the fleshy split hide, but coated and embossed in the same way.

The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Send 50c for sample 18 x 25 inches. Enough to cover a chair seat. Mention this weekly and specify Black Motor Quality Fabrikoid.

**DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY**
WILMINGTON
DEL.


prove it to you, or I'll pay for the cow myself if I can't."

"I'll take ye up on that," said the man without hesitation.

The evidence Barney showed that man wasn't pretty to look at, but it was convincing. He insisted on the spot that Barney submit the rest of his herd to the test, and though Barney was not a veterinarian he knew how to do it and did it. As a result that farmer received some advertising, but it was different from the kind of advertising he would have received if he had kept the cow. That cow, dead, paid him five times over. Barney was always as eager to spread the news of decent conditions as he was of foul.

The fact that Barney took this work on his own shoulders gave the other doctors in town an opportunity to dub him a "Vet." It reached my ears that one of them declared that such work wasn't dignified and lowered the standard of the profession. But Barney never was much concerned with his dignity. He'd do his best for a sick horse or dog or cow as quick as he would for a sick person. Such gossip only made him laugh.

"Lord bless you!" he said to me. "I've cured a whole neighborhood by curing a cow and I've cured a whole family by curing the dog."

Whenever he was called in to treat one of the family he regularly inspected the barn and all the livestock.

"If there's anything sick round the place, even the cat, I want to know it," he used to tell folks.

When Dick finally drove home his herd and had them installed in his barn he was the proudest farmer in Brewster.

"I don't know whether there's going to be any money in them or not," he said to me, "but after all I've read and after all I've seen it's worth the price just to have those clean beasts in clean quarters. It's going to be worth something to use that milk myself and to know that others are using it."

I liked to hear the boy talk like that. He was in no position to conduct his enterprise as a purely philanthropic enterprise, and had no intention of so doing. He was entitled to a fair return on his investment and I had no doubt but what he would receive it; but after all if a business man gets from his business nothing but a money return he doesn't get much.

Why, even in the contracting business, which is a matter of bricks and stones and not of flesh and blood, I got a tremendous amount of satisfaction in helping a man build well. And though sometimes I wasn't allowed to do the work as well as I would have liked, I always refused to do absolutely poor work, no matter what the profit in it was for me or how little the responsibility was my own. I lost one or two jobs, but even from a money point of view that policy paid me and paid the men who used me. A Carleton job stood for something and still stands for something. When all is said a man today can make himself felt back of his business, even back of a steam shovel. And that counts as much for the man as his business.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A TWO-WHEEL car that balances itself exactly the same as a bicycle rider does—by turning the front wheel slightly toward the side on which a fall is threatened—has been built by a British scientist. It would be possible on this principle to make a mechanical toy bicycle rider that could ride in a straight path and keep its balance as easily as a living rider, and by the same method.

Power is applied to the back wheel of the car. Above the front wheel is placed a gyroscope. If the car starts to fall over to one side the force of the gyroscope pulls the handlebars—to use the analogy of a bicycle—and the front wheel turns just enough to prevent the fall.

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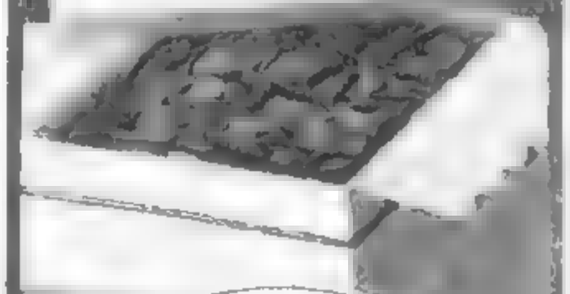

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# THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sh! They do not come for rooms. They inquire for the Herr Doktor Byrne and the others!"

"No!"

"Of a certainty."

"Then let me to the door!"

"A moment. She tells them everything and more. She says—how she is wicked, Katrina! She says the *Fräulein* Harmony was not good, that she sent them all away. Here, take the door!"

Thus it happened that Doctor Jennings and Mrs. Boyer, having shaken off the dust of a *pension* that had once harbored three malefactors, and having retired Peter and Anna and Harmony into the limbo of things best forgotten or ignored, found themselves, at the corner, confronted by a slovenly girl in heelless slippers and wearing a knitted shawl over her head.

"The Frau Schwarz is wrong," cried Olga passionately in Vienna dialect. "They were good, all of them!"

"What in the world ——"

"And, please, tell me where lives the *Fräulein* Harmony. The Herr Georgiev eats not nor sleeps that he cannot find her."

Doctor Jennings was puzzled.

"She wishes to know where the girl lives," she interpreted to Mrs. Boyer. "A man wishes to know."

"Naturally!" said Mrs. Boyer. "Well, don't tell her."

Olga gathered from the tone rather than the words that she was not to be told. She burst into a despairing appeal in which the Herr Georgiev, Peter, a necktie Peter had forgotten, open windows and hot water were inextricably confused. Doctor Jennings listened, then waved her back with a gesture.

"She says," she interpreted as they walked on, "that Doctor Peter—by which I suppose she means Doctor Byrne—has left a necktie, and that she'll be in hot water if she does not return it."

Mrs. Boyer sniffed.

"In love with him, probably, like the others!" she said.

XIX

PETER went to Semmering the next morning, tiptoeing out very early and without breakfast. He went in to cover Jimmy, lying diagonally across his small bed amid a riot of tossed blankets. The communicating door into Harmony's room was open. Peter kept his eyes carefully from it, but his ears were less under control. He could hear her soft breathing. There were days coming when Peter would stand where he stood then and listen, and find only silence.

He tore himself away at last, closing the outer door carefully behind him and lighting a match to find his way down the staircase. The *portier* was not awake. Peter had to rouse him, and to stand by while he donned the trousers which he deemed necessary to the dignity of his position before he opened the street door.

Reluctant as he had been to go, the change was good for Peter. The dawn grew rosy, promised sunshine, fulfilled its promise. The hurrying crowds at the depot interested him: he enjoyed his coffee, taken from a bare table in the station. The horizontal morning sunlight, shining in through marvelously clean windows, warmed the marble of the floor, made black shadows beside the heaps of hand luggage everywhere, turned into gold the hair of a toddling baby venturing on a tour of discovery. The same morning light, alas! revealed to Peter a break across the toe of one of his shoes. Peter sighed, then smiled. The baby was catching at the bits of dust that floated in the sunshine.

Suddenly a great wave of happiness overwhelmed Peter. It was a passing thing, born of nothing, but for the instant that it lasted Peter was a king. Everything was well. The world was his oyster. Life was his, to make it what he would—youth and hope and joy. Under the beatific influence he expanded, grew, almost shone. Youth and hope and joy—that cometh in the morning.

The ecstasy passed away, but without reaction. Peter no longer shone; he still glowed. He picked up the golden-haired baby and hugged it. He hunted out a beggar he had passed and gave him five hellers. He helped a suspicious old lady with an oilcloth-covered bundle; he called the guard on the train "son" and forced a grin out of that dignitary.

Peter traveled third class, which was quite comfortable, and no bother about "*Nicht Rauchen*" signs. His unreasonable cheerfulness persisted as far as Gloggnitz. There, with the increasing ruggedness of the scenery and his first view of the Raxalpe, came recollection of the urgency of Stewart's last message, of Marie Jedlicka, of the sordid little tragedy that awaited him at the end of his journey.

Peter sobered. Life was rather a mess after all, he reflected. Love was a blessing, but it was also a curse. After that he sat back in his corner and let the mountain scenery take care of itself, while he recalled the look he had surprised once or twice in Marie's eyes when she looked at Stewart. It was sad, pitiful. Marie was a clever little thing. If only she'd had a chance!—Why wasn't he rich enough to help the ones who needed help. Marie could start again in America, with no one the wiser, and make her way.

"Smart as the devil, these Austrian girls!" Peter reflected. "Poor little gutter-snipe!"

The weather was beautiful. The sleet of the previous day in Vienna had been a deep snowfall on the mountains. The Schwarza was frozen, the castle of Liechtenstein was gray against a white world. A little pilgrimage church far below seemed snowed in against the faithful. The third-class compartment filled with noisy skiing parties. The old woman opened her oilcloth bundle, and taking a cat out of a box inside fed it a sausage.

Up and up, past the Weinzettelwand and the Station Breitenstein, across the highest viaduct, the Kalte Rinne, and so at last to Semmering.

The glow had died at last for Peter. He did not like his errand, was very vague, indeed, as to just what that errand might be. He was stiff and rather cold. Also he thought the cat might stifle in the oilcloth, but the old woman too clearly distrusted him to make it possible to interfere. Anyhow he did not know the German for either cat or oilcloth.

He had wired Stewart; but the latter was not at the station. This made him vaguely uneasy, he hardly knew why. He did not know Stewart well enough to know whether he was punctilious in such matters or not: as a matter of fact he hardly knew him at all. It was because he had appealed to him that Peter was there, it being only necessary to Peter to be needed, and he was anywhere.

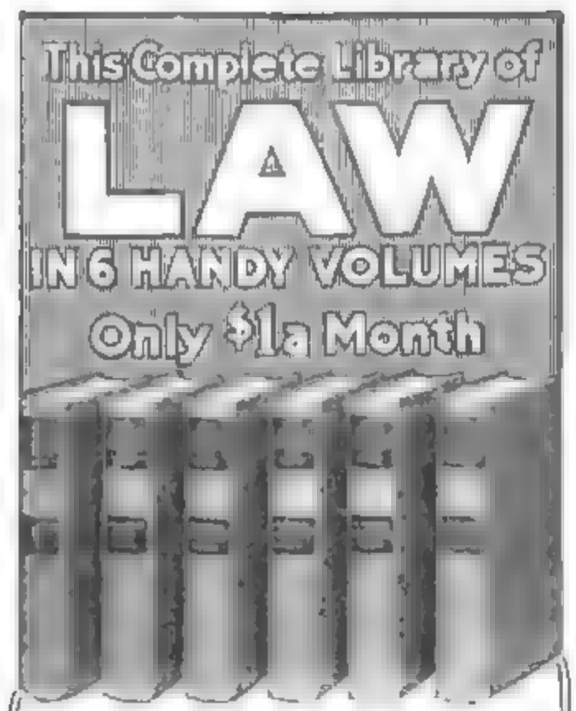
The *Pension* Waldheim was well up the mountains. He shouldered his valise and started up—first long flights of steps through the pines, then a steep road. Peter climbed easily. Here and there he met groups coming down, men that he thought probably American, pretty women in "tams" and sweaters. He watched for Marie, but there was no sign of her.

He was half an hour, perhaps, in reaching the Waldheim. As he turned in at the gate he noticed a sledge, with a dozen people following it, coming toward him. It was a singularly silent party. Peter, with his hand on the doorknocker, watched its approach with some curiosity.

It stopped, and the men who had been following closed up round it. Even then Peter did not understand. He did not understand until he saw Stewart, limp and unconscious, lifted out of the straw and carried toward him.

Suicide may be moral cowardice; but it requires physical bravery. And Marie was not brave. The balcony had attracted her: it opened possibilities of escape, of unceasing regret and repentance for Stewart, of publicity that would mean an end to the situation. But every inch of her soul was craven at the thought. She crept out often and looked down, and as often drew back, shuddering. To fall down, down on to the tree tops, to be dropped from branch to branch, a broken thing, and perhaps even not yet dead—that was the unthinkable thing, to live for a time and suffer!

Stewart was not ignorant of all that went on in her mind. She had threatened him with the balcony, just as, earlier in the winter, it had been a window-ledge with which she had frightened him. But there was this difference, whereas before he had drawn her back from the window and slapped her into sanity, now he let her alone. At the end of one of their quarrels

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she had flung out on to the balcony, and then had watched him through the opening in the shutter. He had lighted a cigarette!

Stewart spent every daylight hour at the hotel, or walking over the mountain roads, seldom alone with Anita, but always near her. He left Marie sulking or sewing, as the case might be. He returned in the evening to find her still sulking, still sewing.

But Marie did not sulk all day, or sew. She too was out, never far from Stewart, always watching. Many times she escaped discovery only by a miracle, as when she stooped behind an oxcart, pretending to tie her shoe, or once when they all met face to face, and although she lowered her veil Stewart must have known her instantly had he not been so intent on helping Anita over a slippery gutter.

She planned a dozen forms of revenge and found them impossible of execution. Stewart himself was frightfully unhappy. For the first time in his life he was really in love, with all the humility of the condition. There were days when he would not touch Anita's hand, when he hardly spoke, when the girl herself would have been outraged at his conduct had she not now and then caught him watching her, seen the wretchedness in his eyes.

The form of Marie's revenge was unpremeditated after all. The light mountain snow was augmented by a storm; roads were plowed through early in the morning, leaving great banks on either side. Sleighbells were everywhere. Coasting parties made the steep roads a menace to the pedestrian; every up-climbing sleigh carried behind it a string of sleds, going back to the starting point.

Below the hotel was the Serpentine Coast, a long and dangerous course, full of high-banked curves, of sudden descents, of long straightaway dashes through the woodland. Two miles, perhaps three, it wound its tortuous way down the mountain. Up by the high road to the crest again, only a mile or less. Thus it happened that the track was always clear, except for speeding sleds. No coasters, dragging sleds back up the slide, interfered.

The track was crowded. Every minute a sled set out, sped down the straightaway, dipped, turned, disappeared. A dozen would be lined up, waiting for the interval and the signal. And here, watching from the porch of the church, in the very shadow of the saints, Marie found her revenge.

Stewart had given her a little wrist watch. Stewart and Anita were twelfth in line. By the watch, then, twelve minutes down the mountainside, straight down through the trees to a curve that Marie knew well, a bad curve, only to be taken by running well up on the snowbank. Beyond the snowbank there was a drop, fifteen feet, perhaps more, into the yard of a Russian villa. Stewart and Anita were twelfth; a man in a green stocking cap was eleventh. The hillside was steep. Marie negotiated it by running from tree to tree, catching herself, steadying for a second, then down again. Once she fell and rolled a little distance. There was no time to think; perhaps had she thought she would have weakened. She had no real courage, only desperation.

As she reached the track the man in the green stocking cap was in sight. A minute and a half she had then, not more. She looked about her hastily. A stone might serve her purpose, almost anything that would throw the sled out of its course. She saw a tree branch just above the track and dragged at it frantically. Some one was shouting at her from an upper window of the Russian villa. She did not hear. Stewart and Anita had made the curve above and were coming down at frantic speed. Marie stood, her back to the oncoming rush of the sled, swaying slightly. When she could hear the singing of the runners she stooped and slid the tree branch out across the track.

She had acted almost by instinct, but with devilish skill. The sled swung to one side up the snowbank, and launched itself into the air. Marie heard the thud and the silence that followed it. Then she turned and scuttled like a hunted thing up the mountainside.

Peter put in a bad day. Marie was not about, could not be located. Stewart, suffering from concussion, lay insensible all day and all of the night. Peter could find no fracture, but felt it wise to get another opinion. In the afternoon he sent for a doctor from the Kurhaus and learned for the first time that Anita had also been hurt—a broken arm.

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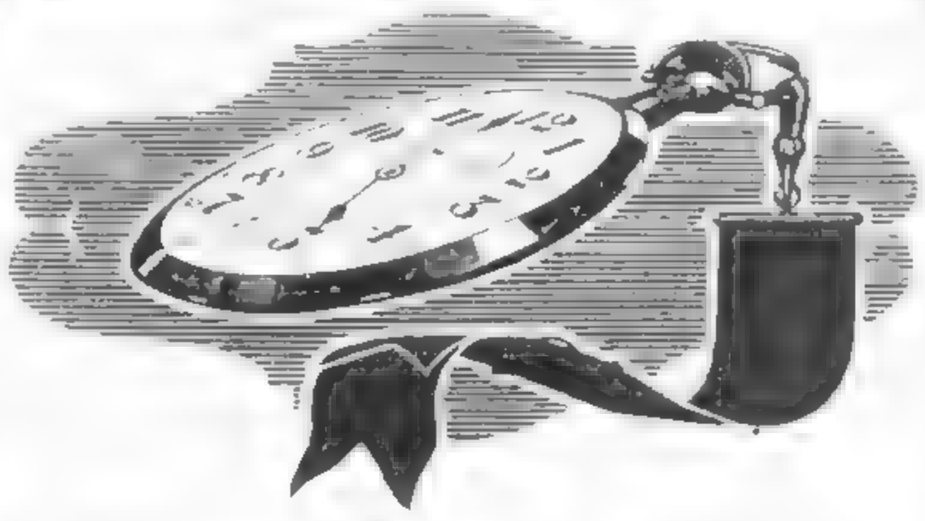

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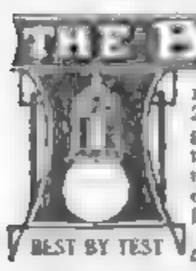

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"Not serious," said the Kurhaus man. "She is brave, very brave, the young woman. I believe they are engaged?"

Peter said he did not know and thought very hard. Where was Marie? Not gone surely. Here about him lay all her belongings, even her purse.

Toward evening Stewart showed some improvement. He was not conscious, but he swallowed better and began to toss about. Peter, who had had a long day and very little sleep the night before, began to look jaded. He would have sent for a nurse from the Kurhaus, but he doubted Stewart's ability to stand any extra financial strain, and Peter could not help any.

The time for supper passed, and no Marie. The landlady sent up a tray to Peter, stewed meat and potatoes, a salad, coffee. Peter sat in a corner with his back to Stewart and ate ravenously. He had had nothing since the morning's coffee. After that he sat down again by the bed to watch. There was little to do but watch.

The meal had made him drowsy. He thought longingly of his pipe. Perhaps if he got some fresh air and a smoke! He remembered the balcony.

It was there on the balcony that he found Marie, a cowering thing that pushed his hands away when he would have caught her and broke into passionate crying.

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Cannot what?" demanded Peter gently, watching her. So near was the balcony rail!

"Throw myself over. I've tried, Peter. I cannot!"

"I should think not!" said Peter sternly. "Just now when we need you too! Come in and don't be a foolish child."

But Marie would not go in. She held back, clinging tight to Peter's big hand, moaning out in the dialect of the people that always confused him her story of the day, of what she had done, of watching Stewart brought back, of stealing into the house and through an adjacent room to the balcony, of her desperation and her cowardice.

She was numb with cold, exhaustion and hunger, quite childish, helpless. Peter stood out on the balcony with his arm round her, while the night wind beat about them, and pondered what was best to do. He thought she might come in and care for Stewart at least until he was conscious. He could get her some supper.

"How can I?" she asked. "I was seen. They are searching for me now. Oh, Peter! Peter!"

"Who is searching for you? Who saw you?"

"The people in the Russian villa."

"Did they see your face?"

"I wore a veil. I think not."

"Then come in and change your clothes. There is a train down at midnight. You can take it."

"I have no money."

This raised a delicate question. Marie absolutely refused to take Stewart's money. She had almost none of her own. And there were other complications—where was she to go? The family of the injured girl did not suspect her since they did not know of her existence. She might get away without trouble. But after that, what?

Peter pondered this on the balcony, while Marie in the bedroom was changing her clothing, soaked with a day in the snow. He came to the inevitable decision, the decision he knew at the beginning that he was going to make.

"If I could only put it up to Harmony first!" he reflected. "But she will understand when I tell her. She always understands."

Standing there on the little balcony, with tragedy the thickness of a pine board beyond him, Peter experienced a bit of the glow of the morning, as of one who stumbling along in a dark place puts a hand on a friend.

He went into the room. Stewart was lying very still and breathing easily. On her knees beside the bed knelt Marie. At Peter's step she rose and faced him.

"I am leaving him, Peter, for always."

"Good!" said Peter heartily. "Better for you and better for him."

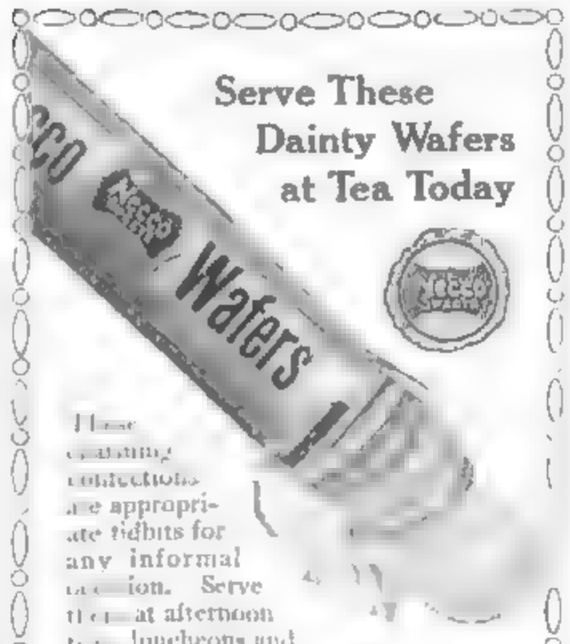
Marie drew a long breath. "The night train," she said listlessly, "is an express. I had forgotten. It is double fare."

"What of that, little sister?" said Peter. "What is a double fare when it means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? And there will be happiness, little sister."

He put his hand in his pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


Serve These Dainty Wafers at Tea Today




These delicious confections are appropriate tidbits for any informal occasion. Serve them at afternoon teas, luncheons and parties. Their delicate flavors and dainty attractiveness make an irresistible appeal to hostess and guest.

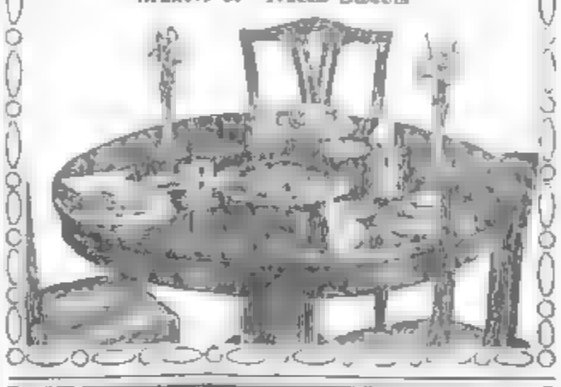
Necco Wafers
Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers
Transparent Paper Wrapper

are wrapped in dust-tight packages, which contain a tempting variety of eight toothsome flavors. The refreshing goodness of these tasty sweets has made them popular with youngsters and grown-ups everywhere.

Sold by the best confectioners.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.
*Makers of "Necco Sweets"*



Esterbrook Pens 250

Esterbrook's Relief No. 314 is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

*Write for illustrated booklet.*

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Protect Your Building with a Majestic Coal Chute

"It catches all the coal"

Write for catalog, prices and name of local dealer
THE MAJESTIC CO
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# Vitralite

## THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

LITTLE Blessed's hands are soft and pink (and perhaps a little black?) but they do a deal of harm to improperly finished woodwork.

It is baby's business to investigate things. And this wanderlust often destroys the mother's peace of mind. Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel* eliminates worry. It can be washed time and again without even dulling the finish. Vitralite *stays*, while the little finger marks disappear. It produces a lasting, porcelain-like surface that will not crack nor chip, whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. Shows no brush marks and will positively not turn yellow. Send for

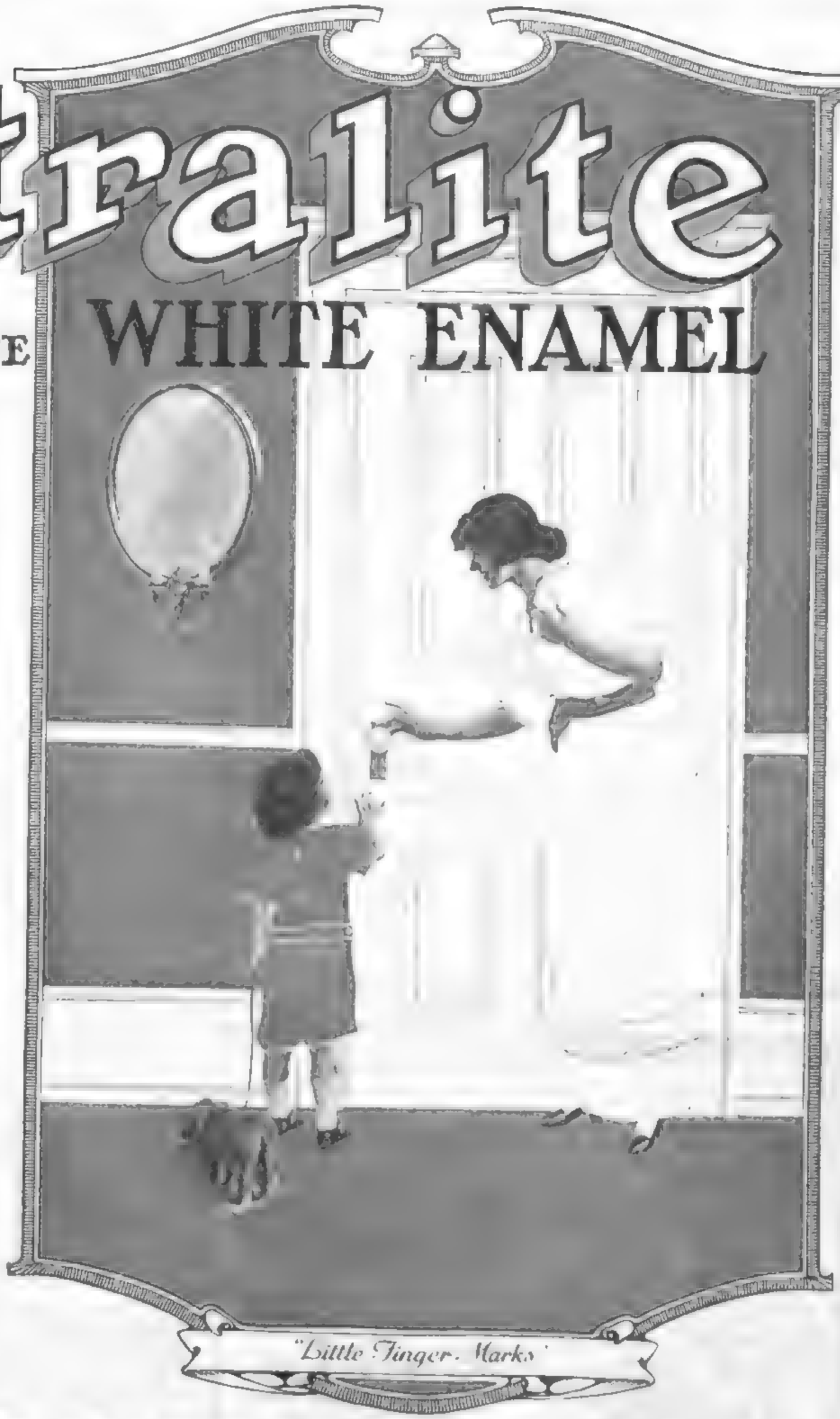
**Booklet and Two Sample Panels**

one finished with Vitralite and the other with "61" Floor Varnish, the varnish that is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof. Hit it with a hammer! You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

*The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.*

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

**Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.**




# "61" FLOOR VARNISH

## PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

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BRIDGEBURG, CANADA

ESTABLISHED 65 YEARS

FOREIGN FACTORIES
LONDON PARIS
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"Why, John, you said it was an *old* house!"

"And so it is. But the painter has been at work. That's the difference."

A house is only as old as it looks. A house painted in colors tastefully selected and with paint mixed of

**Dutch Boy White Lead**

and Dutch Boy linseed oil looks new, and long retains that look of freshness.

Such paint wears long and smoothly, without cracking and scaling Consult your painter as John did his. Make your house new. No other improvement so satisfactory can be made for the same money.

***Write for our Paint Adviser No. 65—a group of helps, Free***

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Buffalo Chicago
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
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Save $25 to $75 — Do it yourself at home with the Arsenal system. Experience unnecessary. Ford outfit $6.50 [illegible] $5.00 up. All colors. Top and leather [illegible] enamel, etc. Everything for improving appearance. Pair of 10½ inch bullet electric headlights with bulb $12.50. Mechanical Hand Horn $8.00. Big 42 page book *"The Car Beautiful"* tells about it. Free to motorists.

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MULLINS Cedar Canoes when equipped with patented buoyancy pads are the safest canoes afloat. Broad, flat bottoms — Open gunwales — Brass lung plates — Light, strong, graceful and seaworthy. Two thousand canoes, assorted lengths, grades and colors in stock for immediate shipment. Write for beautiful colored catalog.

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A Pure, Delicious Confection and Valuable Premiums for Wrappers Returned

**Surprise Wafers**

are delightful, dainty discs, of purest candy, wrapped in dust proof, air tight, transparent paper. *Assorted flavors* to please every taste. *Save the Wrappers.*

5c Everywhere

*Ask for Premium List where you buy the Candy*

**Package Confectionery Company . Boston**


# THE OTHER CHEEK

(Continued from Page 17)

another door—then the scurrying of feet down cold stone steps that awakened echoes in the deserted street.

The cold air stung her flaming cheek; a policeman glanced after her; a drunken sailor staggered out of a black doorway, and her trembling limbs sped faster; a labyrinth of city streets and rows of blank-faced houses; an occasional pedestrian, who glanced after her because she wheezed and ever so often gathered her strength and broke into a run; then a close, ill-smelling apartment house, with a tipsy gas light in the hall, and a dull brown door that remained closed to her knocks and rings. The sobs were rising in her throat and the trembling in her limbs shook her as with ague.

A knock that was more of a pound and a frenzied rattling of the knob! Finally from the inside of the door a thump-thump down a long hallway—and the door creaked open cautiously, suspiciously!

In its frame a pale figure in the rumpled clothes of one always sitting down, and hunched on a pair of silver-mounted mahogany crutches that slanted from her sides like props.

"Goldie! Little Goldie!"

"Oh, Addie! Addie!"

Youth has rebound like a rubber ball. Batted up against the back fence, she bounces back into the heart of a rosebush or into the carefully weeded, radishless radish bed of the kitchen garden.

Mrs. Trimp rose from the couch-bed-davenport of the Bopp sitting-dining-sleeping room, with something of the old light burning in her eyes and a full-lipped mouth to which clung the memory of smiles. Even Psyche, abandoned by Love, smiled a specious smile.

Eddie Bopp reached out a protective arm and drew Goldie by the sleeve of her shirtwaist down to the couch-bed-davenport again.

"Take it easy there, Goldie. Don't get yourself all excited again."

"But it's just like you say, Eddie—I got the law on my side. I got him on the grounds of cruelty if—if I show nothin' but—but this cheek."

"Sure you have, Goldie; but you just sit quiet. Addie, come in here and make Goldie behave her little self."

"I'm all right, Eddie. Gee! With Addie treating me like I was a queen in a gilt crown, and you skidding round me like a tire, I feel like cream!"

Eddie regarded her with eyes that were soft as rose-colored lamps at dusk.

"You poor little kid!"

Addie hobbled in from the kitchen.

"I got something you'll like, Goldie. It's hot and good for you too."

God alone knew the secret of Addie. He had fashioned her in clay and water, even as you and I—from the same earthy compound from which spring ward politicians and magic-throated divas; editors and plumbers; poet laureates and Polish immigrants; propagandists and pieceworkers; single-taxers and suffragettes.

He fashioned her in clay; and it was as if she came from under the teeth of a street-car fender—broken, but remolded in alabaster, and with the white light of her staunch spirit shining through—Addie, whose side, up as high as her ribs, was a flaming furnace and whose smile was sunshine on dew.

"You wouldn't eat no supper; so I made you some chicken broth, Goldie. You remember when we was studying shorthand at night school, how we used to send Jimmie over to White's lunchroom for chickenette broth and a slab of milk chocolate?"

"Do I! Gee! You were the greatest kid, Addie!"

"Eat, Goldie—gowan."

"I ain't hungry—honest!"

"Quit standing over her, Eddie; you make her nervous. Let me feed you, Goldie."

"Gee! Ain't you swell to me!" Ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"Like you ain't my old chum, Goldie! It don't seem so long since we were working in the same office and going to Recreation Pier dances together, does it?"

"Addie! Addie!"

"Do you remember how you and me, and Ed and Charley Snuggs, used to walk up and down Ninth Avenue summer evenings eating ice-cream cones?"

"Do I? Oh, Addie, do I!"

"I'm glad we had them ice-cream days, Goldie. They're melted, but the flavor ain't all gone." Addie's face was large and white and calm-featured, like a Botticelli head.

"You two girls sure was cut-ups! Remember the night Addie first introduced us, Goldie? You came over to call for her and us three went to the waxworks show on Twenty-Third Street. Lordy, how we cut up!"

"And I started to ask the wax policeman if we was allowed to go past the rail!" They laughed low in their throats, as if they feared to raise an echo in a vale of tears. "It's like old times for me to be staying all night with you again, Addie. It's been so long! He—he used to get mad like anything if I wanted to see any of the old crowd. He knew they didn't know any good of him. He was always for the sporty, all-night bunch."

"Poor kid!"

"Don't get her to talking about it again, Eddie; it gets her all excited."

"He could have turned me against my own mother, I was that crazy over him."

"That," said Addie softly, "was love! And only women can love like that; and women who do love like that are cursed—and blessed, while it lasts."

"I'm out of it now, Addie. You won't never send me back to him—you won't, ever?"

"There now, dearie, you're gettin' worked up again; ain't you right here, safe with us?"

"That night at Hinkey's was the worst, Goldie," said Eddie. "It makes my blood boil! Why didn't you quit then; why?"

"I ain't told you all, neither, Eddie. One night he came home about two o'clock, and I had been ——"

"Just quit thinking and talking about him, Goldie. You're right here, safe with me and Eddie; and he's going to get you a job when you're feeling stronger. And then, when you're free—when you're free ——"

Addie regarded her brother with the tender aura of a smile on her lips and a tender implication in her eyes that scurried like a frightened mouse back into its hole. Eddie flamed red; and his ears, by a curious physiological process, seemed to take fire and contemplate instant flight from his head.

"Oh, look, Ad. We got to get a new back for your chair. The stuffin's all poking through the velvet."

"So it is, Eddie. It's a good thing you got your raise, with all these newfangled dangles we need."

"Tonight's his lodge night. He never came home till three—till three o'clock, lodge nights."

"There you go, Goldie—back on the subject, makin' yourself sick."

"Gee!"

"What's the matter, Goldie?"

"Tonight's his lodge. I could go now and get my things while he ain't there couldn't I?"

"Swell! I'll take you, Goldie, and wait outside for you."

"Eddie, can't you see she ain't in any condition to go running round nights? There's plenty time yet, Goldie. You can wear my shirtwaists and things. Wait till ——"

"I got to get it over with, Addie; and daytimes Eddie's working and I'd have to go alone. I—I don't want to go back there alone."

"Sure; she can't go alone, Addie; and she's got to have her things."

Eddie was on his feet and beside Goldie's palpitating figure, as though he would lay his heart, a living stepping-stone, at her feet.

"We better go now, Addie; honest we had! Eddie'll wait outside for me while I go upstairs."

"You poor kid! You want to get it over with, don't you? Get her coat, Eddie."

"I ain't scared a bit, Addie. I'll just go in and pack my things together and hustle out again."

"Here's your coat and hat, Goldie."

"Take care, children; and, Goldie, don't forget all the things you need. Just take your time and get your things together—warm clothes and all."

"I'll be waiting right outside for you, Goldie."

"I'm ready, Eddie."

## In Tight Corners—

In places where you can scarce move the handle; where with other drills you'd have to take apart the construction, this "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill No. 555 with its five adjustments, will do the work quickly and accurately.

A move of the adjusting pin gives any one of five adjustments (1) Right-hand Ratchet; (2) Left-hand Ratchet; (3) Rigid hand Ratchet for working in close quarters where every move of the crank forward and back causes the drill to cut continuously; (5) Gear locked—for changing drills.

**"YANKEE" TOOLS**

*Make Better Mechanics*

"Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill

Length 17 inches—weight 6½ lbs.
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*Your dealer can supply you.*

[illegible] and householders, and "Yankee Tools in the Garage," for automobilists—both free

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[illegible] delicacy. For two generations the favorite [illegible] sent from the Golden State by traveling friends.

These candied fruits are made by the original Townsend Process, from the choicest of California's luscious fruits.

Packed in attractive hand painted boxes, containing Apricots, Peaches, Oranges, Pears, Cherries, Prunes.

A full pound box will be sent you for $1.00

Put up also in 5 pound boxes, $4.00. We pay delivery charges. Send check, draft or P. O. order.

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Save
Buy This Rocker Direct From Factory For $9.75!
Solid Quartered Oak—30 in. wide, 24 in. deep, 36 in. high
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"Don't let her get excited and worked up, Eddie."

"I ain't scared a bit, Addie."

"Sure you a'n't?"

"Not a bit!"

"Good-by, Addie. Gee, but you're swell to me!"

"Don't forget to bring your rubbers, Goldie; going to work on wet mornings you'll need them."

"I—I ain't got none."

"You can have mine. I—I don't need them any more."

"Good-by, Ad—leave the dishes till we come back. I can do 'em swell myself after you two girls have gone to bed."

"Yes. I'll be waiting, Goldie; and we'll talk in bed like old times."

"Yes, yes!" It was as if Addie's frail hands were gripping Goldie's heart and clogging her speech.

"Good-by, children!"

"Good-by."

"S'long!"

The night air met them with a whoop, and tugged and pulled at Goldie's hat.

"Take my arm, Goldie. It's some howler, ain't it?"

Their feet clacked on the cold, dry pavement, and passers-by leaned into the wind.

"He was a great one for hating the cold, Eddie. Gee, how he hated winter!"

"That's why he wears a fur-collared coat and you go freezing along in a cheesecloth jacket, I guess."

"It always kind of got on his chest and gave him fever."

"What about you? You just shivered along and dassent say anything!"

"And I used to fix him mustard plasters and hot-water bags half the night. When he wasn't mad or drunk he was just like a kid with the measles! It used to make me laugh so—he'd ——"

She turned away and finished her sentence in the teeth of the wind; but Eddie's arm tightened on hers until she could feel each distinct finger.

"I ain't scared a bit, Eddie."

"For what, I'd like to know! Ain't I going to be waiting right here across the street?"

"See! That's the room over there—the dark one, with the shade halfway up. Gee, how I hate it!"

"I'll be waiting right here in front of Joe's place, Goldie. If you need me just shoot the shade all the way up."

"I won't need you."

"Well, then, light the gas, pull the shade all the way down, and that'll mean 'All's well.'"

"Swell!" she said. "Down comes the shade, and 'All's well!'"

"Good!"

They smiled and their breaths clouded between them; and down through the high-walled street the wind shot javelin-like and stung red into their cheeks, and in Eddie Bopp's ears and round his heart the blood buzzed.

Goldie crossed the street and went up the steps lightly, her feet grating the brown stone like fine-grained sandpaper. When she unlocked the front door the cavelike mustiness and the cold smell of unaunned hallways, and the conglomerate of food smells from below, met her at the threshold. Memories like needle-tongued insects stung her.

The first-floor front she opened slowly, pausing after every creak of the door; and the gas she fumbled because her hand trembled, and the match burned close to her fingers before she found the tip.

She turned up the flame until it sang, and glanced about her fearfully, with one hand on her bruised cheek and her underlip caught in by her teeth.

Mr. Trimp's room was as expressive as a lady's glove still warm from her hand. He might have slipped out of it and let it lie crumpled, but in his own image.

The fumes of bay rum and stale beer struggled for supremacy. The center table, with a sickening litter of empty bottles and dead ashes, was dreary as cold mutton in its grease.

A red satin slipper—an unhygienic-drinking goblet, which had leaked and slopped over full many a paper novel—lay on the floor, with its red run into many pinks and its rosette limp as a wad of paper. Goldie picked her careful way round it. Fear and nausea and sickness at the heart made her dizzy.

The dresser, with its wavy mirror, was strewn with her husband's neckties; an uncorked bottle of bay rum gave out its last faint fumes.


## 'Regal'

*A Smart Style for Every Occasion*

THIS season, "the simpler, the smarter" is the decree of Fashion. The Oxford, shown above, with the *plain-stitched tip* invites attention by seeming to avoid it and has the supreme "smartness" of extreme plainness.

***"ARLINGTON" Corded-Tip Oxford—$4.50***

Russet Calf; semi-slender, receding toe; plain stitched toe-cap (no perforations) with raised or "corded" effect between rows of tip stitching; broad shank; solidly planted heel; invisible eyelets; English cord laces; back seam locked with an "anchor stay"; expressly shaped and steadied to clasp the ankle and hug the heel. Also available in Black Calf.

*Exclusive Custom Styles*
**$4** *and up*

*There are 100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Send for our Spring Style Book—it's free.*

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

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House Clock

Pocket Watch

Automobile Timepiece

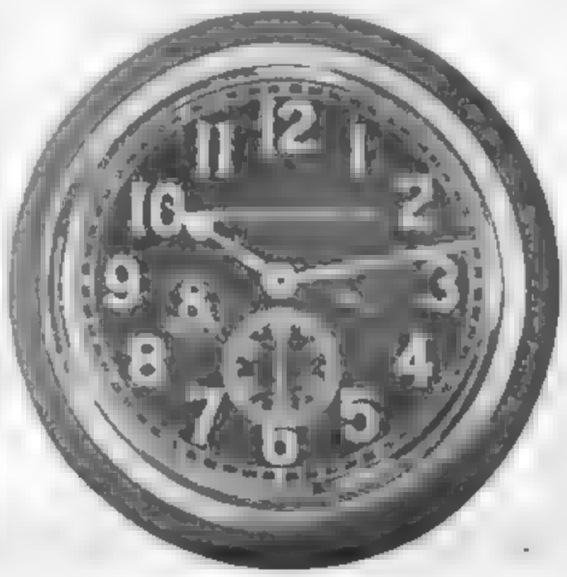
Let these lines represent the difference in vibration to which the house clock, the pocket watch, and the automobile timepiece are subjected. No mere house-clock differently cased and named, is strong enough to meet strenuous automobile conditions.

Waltham Automobile Timepieces are the first ever manufactured exclusively for motor-cars. Their strength and resistance to excessive temperatures and vibrations are absolutely unique.

Here at last is a timepiece in appearance and service worthy of cars of the highest grade.

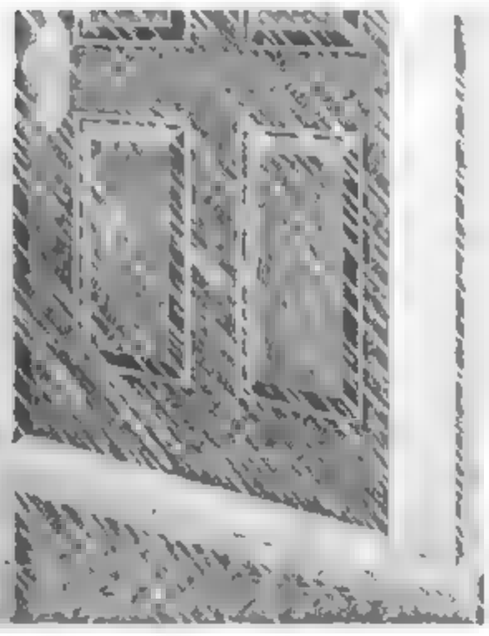
Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

*Manufacturers of the famous Waltham "Riverside" Watches*



**Waltham Automobile Timepieces**

# Stormy Weather



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The trouble with most front doors is the varnish—ordinary varnish will not stand continued exposure to water and weather. There is one varnish that is really waterproof—Valspar. No amount of rain or snow can turn it white, or cause it to chip off.

Make *your* front door look like new with Valspar. Stress of weather only serves to keep it bright and clean. Try Valspar on your floors and woodwork, and your furniture.

You can wash it with soap and water—it keeps it immaculate. A leaky radiator, a spilled kettle, an overflowing bathtub, need cause no worry, for water can not injure Valspar.

Valspar is *the varnish that water will not turn white.*

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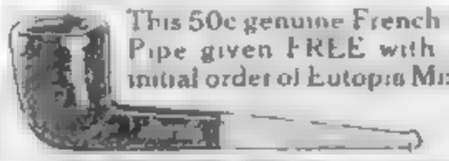
We make Eutopia Mixture of the choicest North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, [illegible], Perique, Latakia and [illegible] they can buy. It is blended according to [illegible] formula that has been in the Cameron family many [illegible] Packed in handsome humidor cans [illegible] sell Eutopia Mixture for $1.50 per full lb. and [illegible] will only. It is the equal of tobaccos that [illegible] cost you double that price.



This 50c genuine French Briar Pipe given FREE with each initial order of Eutopia Mixture

HERE IS OUR OFFER. We will upon request send you [illegible] pound of Eutopia Mixture and the French Briar Pipe [illegible] prepaid. Smoke ten pipefuls and if you are not pleased return [illegible] pound. If you DO like it simply send us the price, $1.50 [illegible] offer at 5 [illegible] pound, our Jefferson Mixture, a [illegible] pipe tobacco, blended from choice Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky Havana and Perique, and give with first order a fine 39c pipe free.

Interesting booklet about these tobaccos mailed on request.

CAMERON TOBACCO CO.

Semmes and 9th Sts., Richmond, Virginia


She opened the first long drawer with a quivering intake of breath and pulled out a shirtwaist, another and yet another, and a coarse white petticoat with a large-holed embroidery flounce. Then she dragged a suitcase, which was wavy like the mirror, through the blur of her tears, out from under the bed; and as she quickly threw things in, the door behind her opened, and her heart rose to her throat with the sudden velocity of an express elevator shooting up a ten-story shaft.

In the dresser mirror, and without turning her head or gaining her feet, she looked into the eyes of her husband.

"Pussy-cat!" he said, and came toward her with his teeth flashing like Carrara marble in sunlight.

She sprang to her feet and backed against the dresser.

"Don't! Don't you come near me!"

"You don't mean that, Goldie."

She shivered in her scorn.

"Don't you come near me! I came—to get my things."

"Oh!" he said, and tossed his hat on the bed and peeled off his coat. "Help yourself, kiddo. Go as far as you like."

She fell to tearing at the contents of her drawer without discrimination, cramming them into her suitcase and breathing furiously, like a hare in the torture of the chase. The color sprang out in her cheeks and her eyes took fire.

Her husband threw himself, in his shirtsleeves and waistcoat, across the bed and watched her idly. Only her fumbling movements and the singing of the gas broke the silence. He rose, lowered the flame and lay down again.

Her little box of poor trinkets spilled its contents as she packed it; her hairbrush fell from her trembling fingers and clattered to the floor.

"Can I help you, Goldie-eyes?"

Silence.

He coughed rather deep in his chest and she almost brushed his hand as she passed to the clothes wardrobe. He reached out and caught her wrist.

"Now, Goldie, you ——"

"Don't—don't you touch me! Let go!"

He drew her down to the bed beside him.

"Can't you give a fellow another chance, baby? Can't you?" She tugged for her freedom, but his clasp was tight as steel and tender as love. "Can't you, baby?"

"You!" she said, kicking at the sloppy satin slipper at her feet, as if it were a loathsome thing that crawled. "I—I don't ever want to see you again, you—you——"

"You drove me to it, pussy; honest you did!"

"You didn't need no driving. You take to it like a fish to water—nobody can drive you. You just ain't—no—good!"

"You drove me to it. When you quit I just went crazy mad. I kicked the skylight—I tore things wide open. I was that sore for you—honest, baby!"

"I've heard that line of talk before. I ain't forgot the night at Hinkey's! I ain't forgot nothing. You or horses can't hold me here!" She wrenched at her wrists.

"I got a job yesterday, baby. Bill made good. Eighty dollars, honey! Me and Cutty are quits for good. Ain't that something—now ain't it?"

"Let me go!"

"Pussy-cat!"

"Let me go, I say!"

He coughed and turned on his side toward her.

"You don't mean it."

"I do! I do! Let go! Let go!"

She tore herself free and darted to the wardrobe door. He closed his eyes and his lashes lay low on his cheeks.

"Before you go, Goldie, where's the mustard plasters? I got a chest on me like an ice-wagon."

"Sure, you have. That's the only time you ever show up before crack of dawn."

He reached out and touched her wrist.

"I'm hot, ain't I?"

She placed a reluctant hand on his brow.

"Fever?"

"It ain't nothing much. I'll be all right."

"It's just one of your spells. Stay in bed a couple of days and you'll soon be ready for another jamboree!"

"Don't fuss at me, baby."

"They're in the washstand drawer."

She threw a shabby cloth skirt over her arm and a pressed-plush coat that was gray at the elbows and frayed at the hem. He reached out for the dangling empty sleeve as she passed.

"You was married in that coat, wasn't you, hon?"

"Yes," she said, and her lips curled like burning paper; "I was married in that coat."

"Goldie-eyes, you know I can't get along without my petsie; you know it. There ain't no one can hold a candle to you, baby!"

"Yes, yes!"

"There ain't! I wish I was feelin' well enough to tell you how sorry, baby—how sorry a fellow like me can get. I just wish it, baby—baby "

She surrendered like a reed to the curve of a scythe and crumpled in a heap beside the bed.

"You—you always get me!"

He gathered her up and laid her head backward on his shoulder so that her face was foreshortened and close to his.

"Goldie-eyes," he said, "I'll make it up to you! I'll make it up to you!" And he made a motion as though to kiss her where the curls lay on her face—but drew back as if sickened.

"Good God!" he said. "Poorlittlebaby!"

Quick as a throb of a heart she turned her left cheek, smooth as a lily petal, to his lips.

"It's all right, Harry!" she said in a voice that was tight. "I'm crazy, I guess; but, gee, it's great to be crazy!"

"I'll make it up to you, baby. See if I don't! I'll make it up to you."

She kissed him, and his lips were hot and dry.

"Lemme fix your plaster, dearie; you got one of your colds "

"All right, hon."

"Gee! Lemme straighten up. Say, ain't you a messer, though! Look at this here washstand and those neckties! Ain't you a messer, though, dearie!"

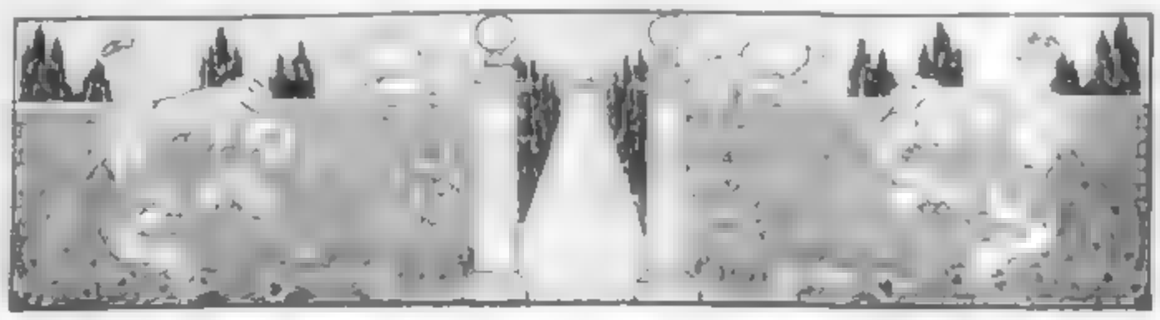
She crammed the ties into a dresser drawer, dragged a chair into place, removed some things from the washstand drawer, hung her hat and jacket on their peg - and lowered the shade.

## The Next Car

HEADWAY clocks, to indicate to waiting patrons how long it will be before a trolley car will come along, are just beginning to come into use abroad. On the clock face are the words: "Next car due to leave here in number of minutes indicated." And a hand points to the proper number on the dial. Such clocks could be placed at waiting sheds along the country trolley line, at the ends of lines, or at any points where many passengers are taken aboard.

In one design the pointer stops two minutes at zero, to allow for any slight deviation from the schedule; and then if the car does not come along after the two minutes the pointer moves to a notice that the cars are off schedule. In this system the pointer is set by the conductor of each car as he reaches the clock. If the schedule is half hourly, for instance, the conductor of a passing car sets the hand of the clock at thirty minutes. The clock pointer then moves round the dial so that it will get to zero in thirty minutes. In another design, in actual use in England, the setting of the pointer is done automatically by an electrical arrangement as the car passes, and the only occasions when any attention must be given the clock are times when the schedule is changed to run cars oftener or less frequently.

In the English system the clock is intended primarily for the attention of the motormen or engineers, to let them know how far distant the car ahead of them is, and thus help them keep the cars evenly spaced; but in actual use its information is sought by passengers.



# Stop stopping to foot bills

### *Self-Footing*

In most offices bookkeepers first write out bills and statements and then stop to foot and prove.

The interruption for footing now represents an absolute time-waste.

*Hereafter bills will be written and accurately footed at one operation—on one machine.*

### *Self-Auditing*

The method is simple.

With the easy-running Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter your typist copies off the items on your bill head.

The dollars and cents add mechanically—*while they are being typed.* Discounts are deducted automatically.

The last stroke of the numeral key is the last act in addition or subtraction. Not a moment is spent on footing or proving.

The total once typed is equivalent to an expert accountant's O. K. It *must be* correct.

### *Instantaneous Totals*

This new Remington method supplants slow brains with quick fingers. It replaces a time-consuming process with instantaneous results.

*From this time forward, old methods of totaling bills and statements will be relics of a past business age.*

### *Billing, Listing, Letter-Writing*

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter is a complete easy-running typewriter for letter-writing.

Switch a lever and it is a rapid, absolutely accurate adding machine.

But, most important, it simultaneously *writes and adds on the same page.*

Your present typist can learn its operation in a few minutes.

### *A New Business Era*

Thousands of offices, banks and retail stores, large and small, are now saving both time and money with the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter.

The United States Sub-Treasury and prominent public service corporations use it constantly

This machine has been thoroughly tested and proven for the past five years. It quickly pays for itself in errors caught and bookkeeper's time saved.

### *20th Century Speed*

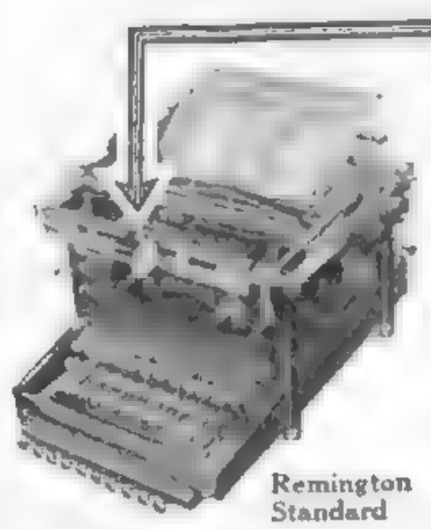
Whenever you see a clerk stopping to foot bills or statements you can now say, "There is time being wasted." Stop this waste.

## REMINGTON
## Adding and Subtracting TYPEWRITER
(WAHL MECHANISM)

* * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the tried and proven Remington Models shown below.

Write today for our booklet, "The New Remington Idea." It shows you how to save time and blunder-proof your totals.



Remington Standard

Monarch Model

Smith-Premier Model

*Your totals are shown here as fast as the figures are typed*

**Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City *(Branches Everywhere)***

*For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Send for samples.*

# PAIGE

## THE Business Man's Car Must Be a Car of Super-Quality

It must be staunch and rugged—and at the same time light and easily handled.

It must be economical in operation and inexpensive in up-keep.

It must be a car of class and distinction—big and roomy in proportions—classic in design—handsome in finish—complete in equipment—and withal low enough in price to meet modern ideas of business economy.

Measure the Paige by these standards and you will understand immediately—why people so universally say that dollar for dollar the Paige car offers greater actual value than any other car ever built.

You have always known that the Paige is a good car.

You have seen its beauty and bigness of design.

You have recognized in its specifications the important structural parts usually found only in cars costing $2000 or more.

You have heard Paige owners enthusiastically describe the splendid efficiency of the car and its remarkable economy in up-keep and operation.

And you have probably wondered how it is that the Paige can offer you so much for so little money.

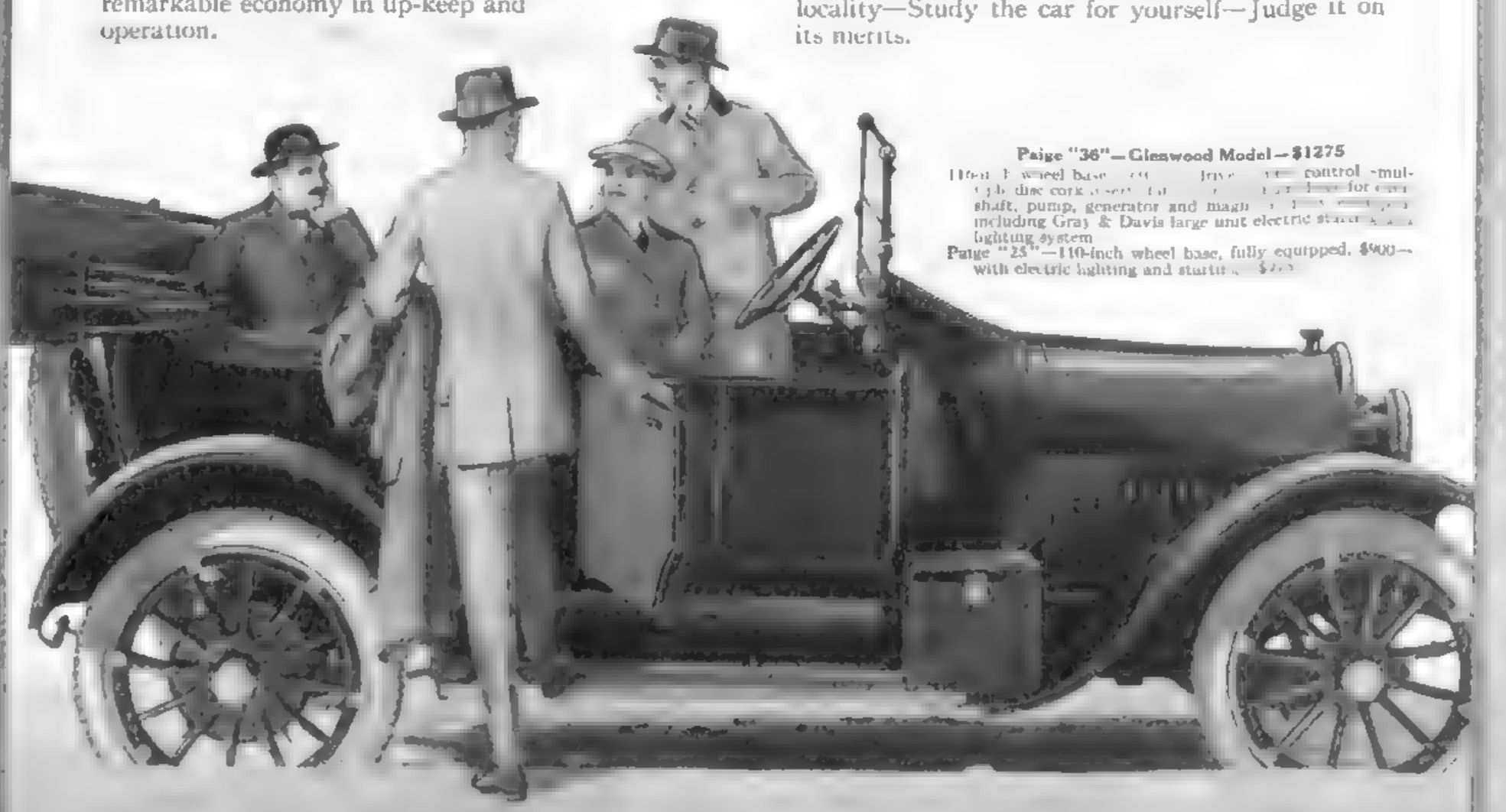
To find the answer you must go back of the car to the company itself.

And there you will find an organization of strong, successful business men—A splendidly equipped factory—A corporation without a dollar of bonded indebtedness, with small capitalization and with no excessive overhead expenses of any kind—no interest to pay bond holders—no dividends to earn on watered stock—nothing to think about or worry about but just to build cars and put every possible dollar of value into them.

Don't you see what we mean when we say—"When you buy a Paige you pay only for the car"?

Write us for the booklet explaining in detail why the Paige Company can give so much of car value for so little money

Get acquainted with the Paige dealer in your locality—Study the car for yourself—Judge it on its merits.



**Paige "36"—Glenwood Model—$1275**

[illegible] wheel base [illegible] control—multi- [illegible] disc cork [illegible] for [illegible] shaft, pump, generator and magn[illegible] including Gray & Davis large unit electric start[illegible] lighting system

**Paige "25"**—110-inch wheel base, fully equipped, $900—with electric lighting and startin[illegible] $[illegible]

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

DETROIT, MICH.

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

*The Elite—Velvet Calf—tan or black — Skeleton Lined for "keep cool" comfort.*

READY to wear. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models—all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

*Free on Request*
*"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"*

**The Florsheim Shoe Co.**
**Chicago, U.S.A.**

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

## Handy When Needed

Equip your machine with a "Bridgeport" Telescope Motorcycle Pump and be prepared for emergencies. You can attach it quickly and easily by means of "Bridgeport" adjustable clips which fit any frame and hold the pump securely.

"Bridgeport"

## Motorcycle Pumps

Are powerful, compact and easy-working. They are reliable and unusually durable. Made from selected seamless brass tubing (including inner plunger tube) which will not rust.

The handle and nipple ends are reenforced. Rubber tube and hose connection telescope into the handle and barrel of pump when not in use. Hose connections furnished for either American or foreign valves. Made in two sizes and weights.

Ask your dealer for "Bridgeport" Motorcycle Pumps. Write for new Booklet.

**"Bridgeport" Automobile, Motorcycle and Bicycle Pumps**
are sold by dealers everywhere. Well made, dependable and easy-working. Every one is guaranteed for long service.

**BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.**
**300 East Main St. Bridgeport, Conn.**

## THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

*(Continued from Page 11)*

"Smooth as velvet!" replied Jones. "There wasn't any work to it hardly—just a pleasure jaunt; a regular junket the whole time. Private car!"

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"That's what I'm telling you. Why, what did you think? Do you suppose the great and only Gann is going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common, ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not! I hardly think he would have had the nerve to have invited me if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which I had been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke and Mrs. Jones joined in heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.

"Private car," resumed Jones; "private cook; private porter; and Gann's own private valet."

"Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones rather anxiously.

"The valet? Well, yes; considering his position, he unbent quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Gann."

"Treated me like a prince! He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dare-to-presume way he's got. Several times I suspected him of being human. Yes; it was 'Anything you want touch the button!' And the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game; fish; steaks three inches thick! Say, I never knew there were such steaks—and I ate right at the same table with His Highness!"

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a handout on the rear platform," said Jones jocularly. "And I met all manner of magnates."

"I'm so glad you got that suit," murmured Mrs. Jones. "Then you think he liked ——"

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do—not compared with the office; but once or twice I had to hustle. And things came up—matters of business, where I was able to put him right. You know I'm a sort of a sponge for soaking up information. Of course Gann is considerable of a graven image, but I think he was surprised; and when we got through one evening he gave a very successful imitation of a smile and said he wasn't missing Pakenham at all."

"Really?"

"Honest! And when we met Gibbons, at Hookerburg, he introduced me quite nicely and began to talk business right away.

"Gibbons raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me; but Gann said: 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see the confidence with which I am regarded!"

"You ought to have said: 'Yes, I am paid well to be trusted.'"

"I know that's what I should have said," agreed Jones, smiling; "but I have a foolish streak once in a while and I just kept my head closed."

"Papa," said Peter Parkin, "those puppies ——"

"Parkin!" reproved his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbons mansion palace in Clydedale. Talk about luxury! Talk about style!"

"Suppose some day we should be living in luxury!" mused Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Gann is pleased with you he might give you something better, and then —— What a beautiful time you must have had!"

"The darnedest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life!" said Jones. "Here! I want my old coat and slippers—my old slippers. Get off me, you scaramouches! Mother, what have you got the cloth laid for? You don't mean to say you're going to feed me! What's for supper?"

"I suppose after all the lovely things you've been ——"

"What's for supper?" reiterated Jones, embracing her.

"It's—it's Irish stew," faltered Mrs. Jones.

John Parkin took his hat from the table, threw it into the air and then dexterously caught it.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I thought of Irish stew. I smelled Irish stew, but I hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my

# Michaels-Stern Clothes

WHEREVER smart dressers gather; wherever there's healthy pride in presence and personality; wherever fitness and manliness are cherished, one sees MICHAELS-STERN clothes.

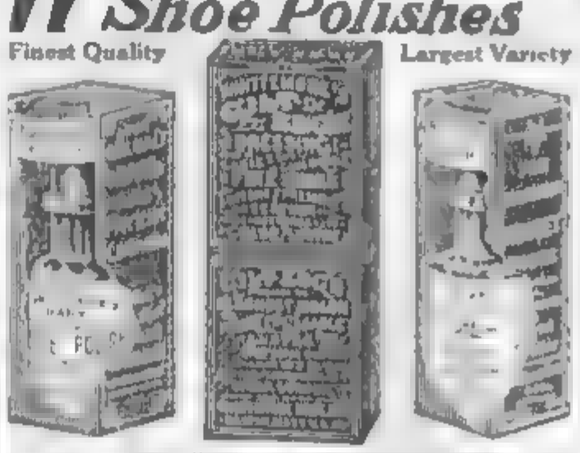
The grace, the "gumption," the genuineness of MICHAELS-STERN garments have identified them with the Fellowship of Smart Dressers.

We'd like to send you our portfolio, illustrating Michaels-Stern Clothes by means of color photography from life. Ask for it.

**Michaels, Stern & Co.,**
*Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing*
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

# Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety



"GILT EDGE," [illegible] Oil, [illegible] shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning or polishing 1 [illegible] 10c. "DANDY" size 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c, and 25c.

"BABY ELITE" combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A 1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 10 cents. "ELITE" size 25 cents.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.

**WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.**
**20-26 Albany Street Cambridge, Mass.**
*The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.*

# Roof Leak?

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

*The Celebrated Roof Paint*

Will add years to the life of any roof, old or new—tin, shingle or felt.

*Sure relief for roof trouble*

**Roof Leak** stops leaks, prevents rust, decay or warping. Is not affected by heat, brine, cold or acid. Does not crack in winter or soften in summer. Highly fireproof.

**Roof Leak** is a rubber-like liquid cement that affords the utmost protection, can be easily applied to any roof and is the best investment the owner of any new or old roof can make.

If you are interested we will gladly send you a full half pint prepaid to your door by parcel post—choice of Black, Maroon, Olive or Moss Green. This sample will enable you to make a thoroughly practical test and will be sent together with booklet and color card upon receipt of ten cents, coin or stamps.

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IT'S a Colonial season but more especially a LA FRANCE season in Colonials. The types we show in our line will make a special appeal to the well-dressed woman.

You'll find it difficult to resist the LA FRANCE combination of appearance and moderate cost.

It will give us pleasure to mail you our book of styles and inform you where you can get this desirable footwear.

No. 806. This is one of our Colonial Models in Sterling Patent Colt, welt, with the new Kidney heel. In 706 we have the same model in Gun Metal with Cuban heel.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
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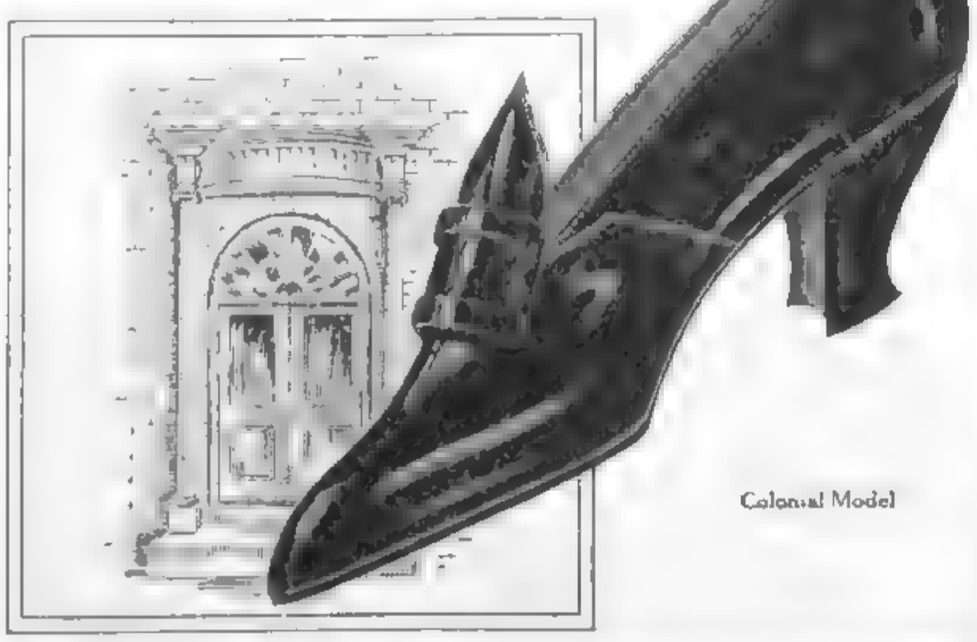
Retailers should ask for a copy of the La France Exclusive Selling Franchise.

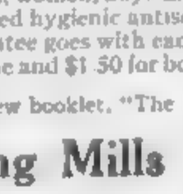


Colonial Model



PLATALTOS TIMELESS DAYDARK PHOTO POST-CARD MACHINE

With this money-maker Engessor made $42.50 in 8 hours. You can earn big money taking photos on streets, [illegible] anywhere.



Free Trial —10 days, sent prepaid. Write to-day for [illegible] catalogue and sample [illegible] the work this machine does.

DAYDARK SPECIALTY CO 623 Daydark Bldg St. Louis, Mo.

No Experience Necessary



Add extra money to your salary! Men and women: Sell the nationally advertised Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper—big demand—all inquiries referred to local agents. Its low price clinches sales and leaves you a big profit. Each territory now open. Write for agents' discount.

Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper Co., 6511 South State St., Chicago



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[illegible] 18 year quality reputation. [illegible] commissions net handsome income. All or part time. ROCHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.



The Yarn is the Thing!

AFTER all, it's yarn more than knitting that puts wear in hosiery. Hosiery knit of loosely spun yarn quickly wears through under shoe-friction.

The special yarn of which Knox-Knit hosiery is made gets an extra twist in spinning that brings its fibers so firmly together that its ability to stand hard wear is greatly increased.

Knox-Knit Hosiery

*"It wears and wears."*

It is reinforced at heels and toes to give more service than a quarter actually entitles the purchaser to. Special machines shape the ankles to fit like gloves.

Knox Knit medium weight is just right for year 'round wear. Knox Knit Gauziest Gauze is a very sheer summer weight, with double sole, high spliced heel and extension toe to make it stand hard usage.

All Knox-Knit hosiery for men, women, boys and girls is furnished in latest shades and colors. The guaranteed hygienic antiseptic dyes cannot irritate or poison. An unlimited wear guarantee goes with each pair. If your dealer does not carry Knox-Knit, send his name and $1.50 for box of six pairs by parcel post.

FREE—Write for unique new booklet, "The Hole Darn Family."

Knoxville Knitting Mills Co., M'f'rs.
Dept. A, Knoxville, Tennessee


legs alone! Let's all go out into the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew!"

The children were in bed at last. John Parkin was back in his Morris chair, smoking his crusted and cracked old brier with a very serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, when Mrs. John came in from Baby Bunting's cot. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and gently removed the pipe from his mouth and laid it aside.

"Now tell me!" she said.

John Parkin looked up at her. His face was still grave, but a twinkle came into his eyes.

"I suppose I'll have to some time," he admitted. "Well, when we got to the office this morning I was put back on the old job. But I expected that."

Mrs. Jones' face twitched. Then she smiled.

"Of course, dear," she agreed. "Then Mr. Pakenham ——"

John Parkin cleared his throat.

"Mr. Pakenham is dead," he said huskily. "We got word of it last night. Double pneumonia—poor fellow!" He took his wife's hand and held it closely. "I succeed him," he said. "I'm assistant and confidential secretary to Mr. Gann."

Mrs. John laid her head on his shoulder and began to cry. He soothed her, and when she was calmer he resumed his story—how Burleson had been called into Gann's office; and how, after a long conference, he, John Parkin, had been summoned; how Gann had examined him minutely concerning structural steel in all its branches and phases, skillfully testing him with hypothetical cases involving questions of judgment as well as information; how Gann had nodded at each reply; and how finally he had pointed to Pakenham's desk and chair and told John Parkin they would be his; how Burleson had congratulated him and Morphew had shaken his hand and the other men.

Parkin's voice failed him here.

"Good fellows all!" he said brokenly. "Not one grudged me the boost! It's a big salary, but Gann says it will be bigger if I'm the man he takes me for."

"Oh, John, what luck!" cried his wife. "What luck!"

"Is it?" queried John Parkin with an odd, slow smile. Then he quoted:

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men*
*Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."*

"What fortune is this going to lead us on to, I wonder? Do you know, my dear, I've always counted myself one of the luckiest of men, because, with you and our babies, even in our poverty, I have been one of the happiest! But—what of the shallows and miseries of prosperity, Evvy, darling?"

"I can bear them," said Mrs. Jones, smiling through her tears. "They will be a change from the other sort." She drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her eyes. "John, are you sorry? You take it so calmly and I feel like flying! Hold me, John!"

John held her.

"You see, sweetheart," said he, "this comes on you unexpectedly, while I've positively known for twenty years that something like it was bound to happen. At the same time, I'm pleased," John Parkin conceded.

He laughed so much that he had to recapture his handkerchief to wipe his own eyes.

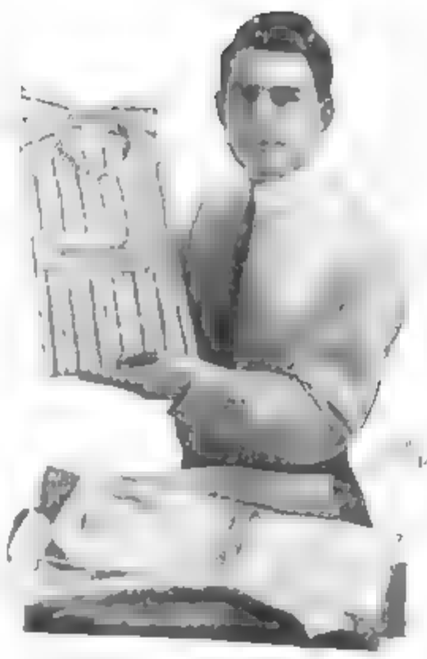
"Yes, I'm decidedly pleased!"

Mrs. John Parkin patted him on the shoulder.

"There, there, father!" said she.

## Antiseptic Ice

OXYGENIZED ice is now being manufactured to keep food in refrigerators, with the idea of providing antiseptic effect from the ice, as well as cold. Peroxide of hydrogen is combined with the water during the manufacture of the ice, so that the ice is really made of oxygenated water, the peroxide being incorporated by a special process at just the right stage of the freezing. In order to distinguish it from other ice it is proposed to tint it slightly with some harmless coloring matter. It must be kept in the ice compartment of a refrigerator—not in direct contact with the food—and the oxygen has the effect of keeping the entire outfit sweet.

No fading!

Emery Shirts

are made from tested fast-color fabrics. You get your Emery shirts back from the laundry with colors bright and fresh; like brand new. Important in the "good old summer-time" when you peel down to your shirt!

No tightening up around the neck: for Emery neckbands are pre-shrunk. Emery workmanship is seven times inspected.

Guaranteed *fit, color and wear*

Look for Emery at dealers.

Pay Emery $1.50 up.

*Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and catalog of Emery shirts.*

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia
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PLANT THE SEED TAPE!

IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY
Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

Just unwind American Seed Tape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced [illegible] and [illegible] work [illegible] the paper at [illegible] seed. Sprouts [illegible] soil. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. You save time and back-breaking labor.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. *each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds* 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. *NO AGENTS.*

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.
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Make BIG Money

Be Your Own Boss

You need no experience. Our line sells itself. We have the most complete, fully guaranteed, line of knives, razors and cutlery specialties. Golden Rule Knives are hand forged, made of genuine English razor steel. We can put any photo or lodge emblem on one side of transparent handle and name and address on the other. Write for catalog and terms—exclusive territory.

GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO., 552 W. Lake St., Dept. 141, Chicago



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and [illegible] brought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Vitally Results* and Terms Book. E. G. & A. B. Lacey Dept. T Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869



The Bookworm Boy

stays indoors, his nose buried in a book. Many [illegible] It is wholesome [illegible] evening hours, but during [illegible] time by day a boy should be outdoors.

For you to tell your son that too diligent [illegible]

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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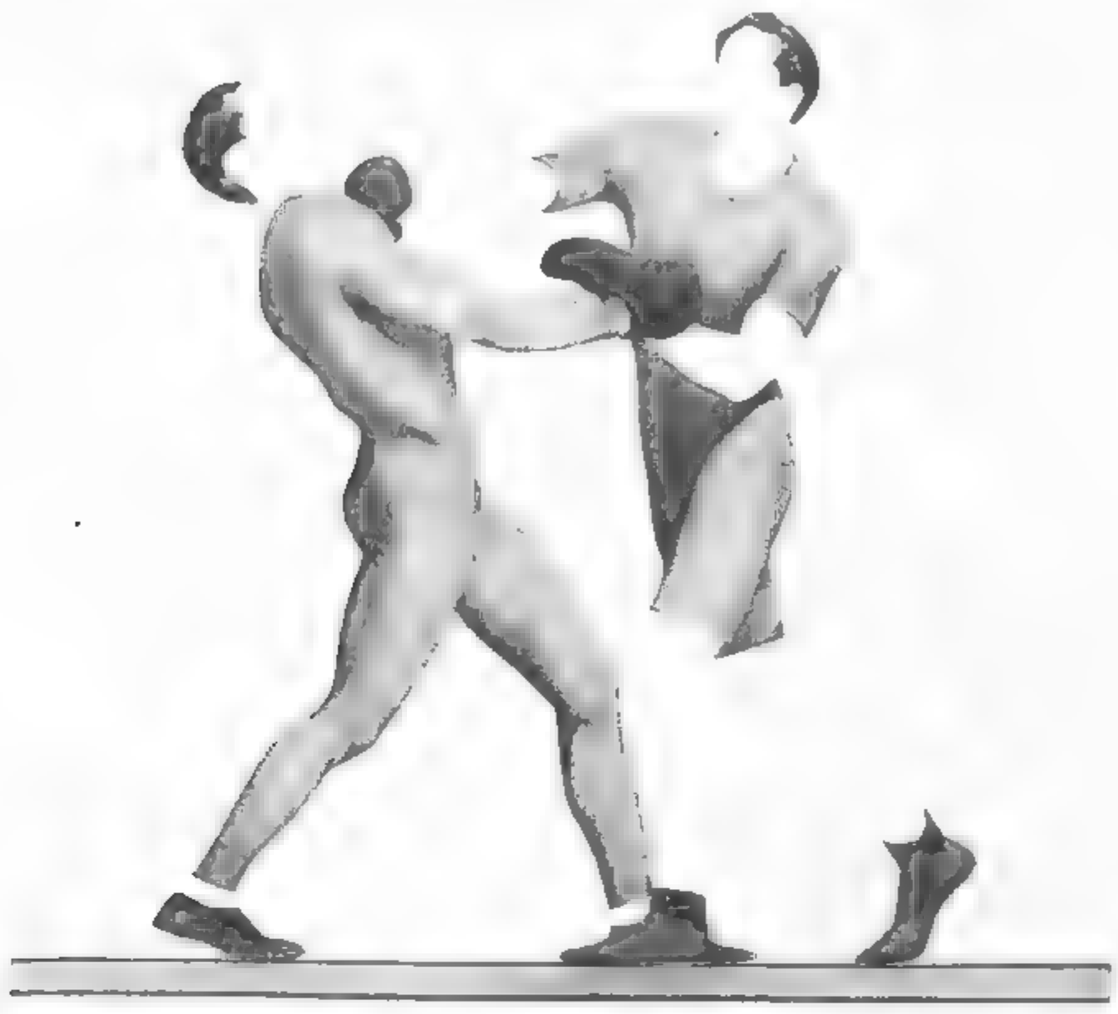

# "Straight from the Shoulder"

## *(Why Chalmers "Porosknit" Wins)*

**Read this "straight from the shoulder" talk about underwear. Read why Chalmers "Porosknit" is so comfortable—so much for the money—why you should insist on the genuine.**

**Read of the IDEAL behind "Porosknit's" manufacture. Then judge if imitations will content you.**

CHALMERS "Porosknit" has many imitations. But *who* can duplicate it? Who, indeed?

Who can duplicate "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness!*

Underwear can be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." That is, to hasty eyes—or careless.

But the "look" is all. None may match the genuine in the real features of "Porosknit" supremacy. None.

For this, there are basic, permanent reasons.

### The Chalmers Ideal

The manufacture of "Porosknit" has become more than a mere business to its makers. It is a union of the Ideal and the Commercial.

We have been told that the yarn in "Porosknit" is *better* than it need be. Some say we are too "finicky." That we *could* use less costly combed yarn. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars each year. That the yarn would still be good enough. That we *could* "get away with it."

True. We might. None might realize the difference but ourselves. *You* probably would see no change in Chalmers "Porosknit." Nor would dealers be likely to discover it.

### The "Hidden" Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn — and "Porosknit" would still *look* about the same.

Yet—the durability—the *wear*—would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity

So—we take no chances with durability — no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot *see*. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

Such is the "hidden," *extra* quality in Chalmers "Porosknit." Guaranteed

The yarn we use is the finest of long-fibre, combed.

### Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Take a Union Suit, for instance. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced. They are double-seamed by cover seaming.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The "stretch" in knit goods is entirely one way. But observe the triangular piece in the back of a Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit.

See how this piece of fabric is reversed. It runs opposite to the rest.

***Buy by this Label***

This means full elasticity in the seat—up-and-down—as well as across. It *gives*—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch."

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits *stay* buttoned while on. They do not gape between buttons.

Each has a comfortable Closed Crotch. It fits. It stays put.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. Soft yarn eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can *see* and feel.

The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to Amsterdam. There, in a new mill, clean as a new pin, "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful. Hygiene at the maximum. Dirt at the minimum.

Countless patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is aerated with hot, dry, pure air, for extra-cleanness' sake.

Other machines complete the finishing touches. Then, each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

### No-Limit Guarantee

If you have read what's printed here, you will understand why Chalmers "Porosknit" can be guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

> **"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."**

*Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none.*

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## HOW I BECAME A PILOT

(Continued from Page 8)

at anchor and it would stand straight out. The current runs from six to eight knots an hour."

His next question was a natural one:

"Can we get in?"

To speak the truth, I didn't know. When one is betwixt devil and deep sea one just goes ahead and does one's best. But I tried to reassure the skipper and the two mates. Then I set the engines ahead and made for the smother of that bar.

We struck in the outer line of breakers and right there the ship was dead. I have never figured out just what happened. I think the skeg of her propeller fetched away and ripped through the bottom. She washed on about a quarter of a mile, with the engineers pumping oil overside to keep the seas from smashing us entirely, and then she sank, while we got away in two boats.

It was a lucky affair all round, but I quit the Columbia. I told mother and father that I had had enough. Of course it's all right now except for the log rafts from Stella; but when I left, that bar was the limit.

Naturally I went to San Francisco; but I found it impossible to get a branch there for the bar. And I didn't want bay and river work. However, I did make a few trips with a friend of mine just to learn the business. It was during this time that I had one of my most memorable experiences.

The San Francisco pilot schooners lie off Meiggs' Wharf, where is also the lookout of the Marine Exchange. I went down to the exchange on a February day, and met there a former Columbia River man. He told me that he was now a Golden Gate pilot and invited me to accompany him out in the schooner that night. I agreed, as I not only wished to consult him as to my future but was also incurably curious about all the details of my profession. I was then thinking seriously of taking command of a coaster, and in that case I must be a pilot for San Francisco Bay.

### *Sunk in Deep Water*

Late that evening I boarded a steamer with my friend just off the Farallones. On the steamer was a large company of passengers, including a consul-general of the United States. This gentleman insisted—coming up on the bridge—that his engagements in Washington demanded that he be landed in San Francisco by eight in the morning.

The captain demurred, as did my friend the pilot. They pointed out that there was a very heavy fog, considerable sea, and, as well, quoted the company's rules as to entering port at night or in a fog.

It was finally agreed between the consul-general and the master of the steamer that she should start in at daylight. That would at least be obeying one-half of the company's rule.

I recall very distinctly the conversation between the captain and the pilot next morning. It was not my business at the time nor is it now. Suffice it to say that the captain decided to take his ship in at daylight in spite of the fog. An hour later the steamer was sunk in the deep water inside the Golden Gate, the captain was with her, and the consul-general, whose haste had brought about the catastrophe, was drifting out to sea a corpse.

I and my friend the pilot managed to clear ourselves of the suction of the sinking ship, and with many of the passengers and crew we were picked up by the fleet of tugs and launches that came to our aid.

This was a lesson to me. I determined that I would never, as a pilot, share my responsibility with any one. I had lost one ship myself and I had seen a friend lose another. In both cases we pilots were blameless.

I was now twenty-six years old and had quite a little money laid by. I went home and consulted with my father and mother as to what I should do. My father's advice was to stay on shore and enter business. My mother did not assent to this.

"You have learned an honorable and lucrative profession," she insisted. "Would one advise a doctor to give up his practice when he is well established? You like it, you have been trained for it, and it would be unfair to yourself and to others to quit."

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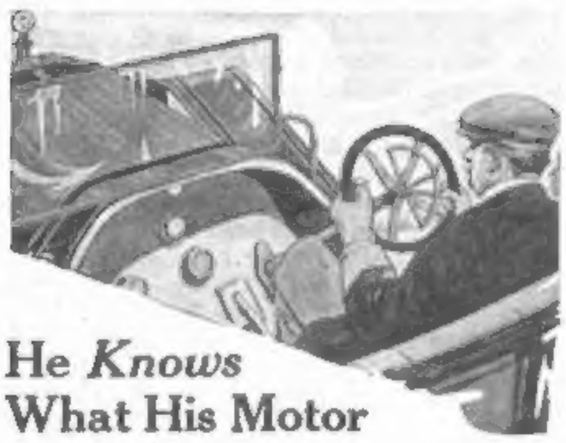

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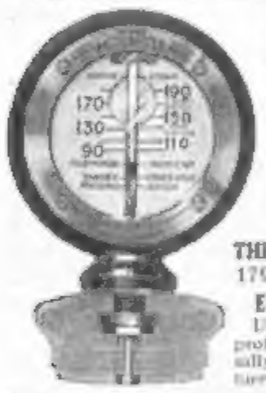

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"But where shall I go?" I demanded. "I am done with the Columbia River, for I know that sooner or later I shall lose another ship and possibly lives. I cannot get into San Francisco."

"New York," said my mother promptly. "And some day when I come home from the Mediterranean I shall see you coming aboard, off Fire Island, and I'll be proud of you."

I agreed to this and came to New York. I found that my previous experience had only a moral pull. I had simply to start all over again.

I arrived in New York just when the old system of separate pilot boats was going out of existence. The New Jersey and New York men had discovered that rivalry was bad all round, and they had formed an association called The Sandy Hook Pilots. They had sold their individual vessels, numbering some thirty, and established two steamers and two schooners, the sailing craft to be used in summer weather, one steamer to deliver pilots, the other to be a take-off ship.

After investigation I was certain that I must enter myself as an applicant for apprenticeship. This meant three to three and a half years doing everything from swabbing decks to managing a yawl. I had commanded big ships. It was a comedown; but I had money and I had learned the lesson of discipline. I went on board the Number 2, the Ambrose Snow, and served three years and one month before I was allowed my apprenticeship. I was then just thirty years old.

I may say that these years were by no means either dreary or unprofitable. I found myself in the company of a self-respecting and capable lot of men, most of whom each handled from ten to fifteen million dollars' worth of vessels a week. I also discovered that everything was arranged by the Board of Commissioners consisting of five persons—three selected by the New York Chamber of Commerce and two elected by the governing officers of the marine insurance companies in New York, usually called by us the underwriters.

### *Drawing Mitten Money*

This body is actually in charge of the commerce of the Port of New York. They assign the pilots, conduct the examinations, and keep a strict supervision over every detail of the work of conducting ships in and out.

I really did not get it into my head that these gentlemen had much to do with our business until I came up for examination. This was after I had served eight years as applicant, apprentice and boatkeeper—second mate of a steamer. I never went through so stiff a test. There were two of the commissioners and an old pilot. I thought I knew New York Harbor from Elizabethport to Fire Island Light. My last three months I had steadily piloted vessels in and out under the direction of a full-branch man. But the commissioners seemed to have uncanny insight into the intricacies of the many channels, and the questions they asked me about berthing big steamships would have stumped almost any one.

When I had passed, the elder commissioner—one of the underwriters' representatives—said: "Captain, you understand that your eighteen-foot license will entitle you to bring in some pretty large craft. Remember one thing: A pilot out of New York is not only under the written regulations, but he is also under that unwritten law that decides what conduct is becoming a pilot."

I was rather hurt and showed him my old Columbia River branch. He was interested and made me sit down while he asked me about my experiences. After some conversation he told me that he wished me to keep him posted as to what I was doing and what I hoped to do. I have no better friend at present.

I spent a year taking in vessels under eighteen feet in draft, and then got my twenty-four-foot license. This meant that I had no longer to handle only cargo boats. And my "mitten money" was piling into a tidy sum.

Mitten money is an allowance of four dollars extra for every vessel taken in or out during the winter months. The phrase is a very old one, and its origin, as I understand, is in the fact that a former unwritten law said that a ship should provide mittens for the pilot when the Jacob's ladder was ice-covered.


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THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

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**The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.**

**Poles**
enough to build a stockade around California—12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about $40,000,000.

**Telephones**
enough to string around Lake Erie—8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell-owned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory $45,000,000.

**Wire**
to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,000 miles of it, worth about $100,000,000, including 260,000 tons of copper, worth $88,000,000.

**Switchboards**
in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, $90,000,000.

**Lead and Tin**
to load 6,600 coal cars—being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than $37,000,000.

**Buildings**
sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost $44,000,000.

**Conduits**
to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse $9,000,000.

**People**
equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employés, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.

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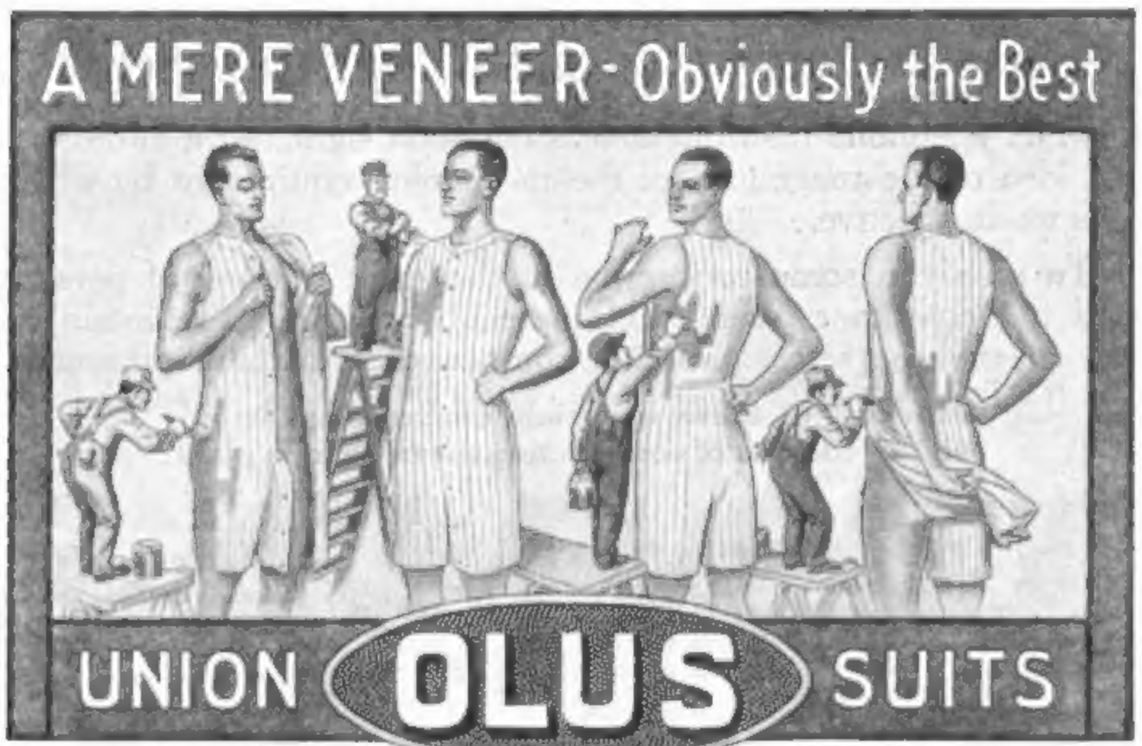


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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA


There are many apparent anomalies in the regulations of the Sandy Hook Pilots. Here is an example:

"Sec. 2107. For services rendered by pilots in moving or transporting vessels in the Harbor of New York the following shall be the fees: for moving from North to East River, or vice versa, if a seventy-four gun ship twenty dollars, if a sloop of war ten dollars, if a merchant vessel five dollars . . ."

This rule is in force this year—1914—though the seventy-four gun ship and the sloop of war have long been obsolete. But it illustrates how old our business is, and every now and again we do get a job that would remind one of the time of Columbus. For instance, I had to bring in an ancient Austrian training ship one morning. I think she was about as old a craft as I ever saw, apart from the whaler Mary Snyder. She had single topsails, bows like a butter-boat and anchors with wooden stocks. I sailed her in through Gedney Channel, and when I finally yelled, "Let go!" and the old hook tumbled from the cathead and splashed into the water, I was glad.

Another time I had to bring in an old Norwegian bark called the Nordlyset. She was built in 1857 by a small company of men who, I think, did the work themselves. The skipper was worn out—it was in the dead of winter—and he left her to me. There was no tug and I simply had to get her in, for when I boarded her the ice was a foot thick on her decks and she was getting dangerously down by the head. It is easy to figure the extra weight, if you recall that a cubic foot of ice weighs about sixty pounds and that she carried on her decks and rigging approximately nine thousand cubic feet of ice above the waterline. She was afterward lost in the Bay of Biscay, and the derelict was picked up by the Glen Line steamship Glenlochy.

When I got my full branch, which entitles me to handle any size of ship that enters New York Harbor, I felt very proud. I wrote to my mother that she could now cross to Naples and come back and see her son mounting the ladder off Sandy Hook. By this time I was making very good money, too, and had got married. We had made our home in Brooklyn, and my wife used to say that the two and three days I could spend ashore each week were her Sundays. She was a very religious woman, as most good women are, and I appreciated the compliment.

### *Bringing in the "Lucy"*

My first ship under my full branch was the "Lucy"—the Lusitania. She draws ordinarily thirty-one and a half feet. This was her first trip, and it was due to my friend on the board that I had the chance to pilot her inbound.

For some time before her arrival the Cunard people had been making special soundings. They had sent over several of their best skippers to do this, and I was assigned to help them. Under the rules she should have taken the next pilot in rotation, but after the company explained that I had done the soundings and that they wanted me, the association said that I could go out of my turn and pilot her in.

Of all the vessels that I have handled I like the White Star the best. During the Cup Races of 1899 I was bringing in the Cedric, when the Cromwell liner Louisiana came through the fleet of vessels gathered about the starting point. The Cedric was standing full ahead and I thought that I had a clear course to Quarantine. I think the captain of the Louisiana thought the same, for he kept to starboard and I soon saw that I was going to get into trouble in the Narrows. I had never handled the Cedric before and I was cautious. But like all her sisters she proved as easy to manage as a yawl, and the Louisiana's captain afterward told me that when he realized just what I was doing and had to do he was amazed at the way the ship answered.

My chief worry in bringing vessels into New York Harbor is the railroad carfloats. In the first place they are usually in charge of a tug without power to swing them quickly, much less to bring them to stop. In the second place they are very heavy and most of them seem to think the fairway belongs to them exclusively.

One risk we pilots have to run is that of being swamped while boarding a big steamer in ballast. One doesn't mind coming alongside of a laden ship. It doesn't flop over on you. But a light ship may. Captain Arthur Gridley had an experience of this kind and lives to tell the tale.

He was boarding a tramp when a heavy, sweeping sea took the dory right against the side of the steamer. Then the steamer rolled over until its bilges showed. Under them went the dory. When all was over, Gridley was on the other side, having been carried clear under the keel.

Then occasionally we have other risks to take—such as Daniel Gillespie took once when he brought in a Spanish cruiser. The Maine had blown up some time before, and the captain of the cruiser knew that public feeling was running very high. He refused to allow Pilot Gillespie to take the ship in in the dark. After some dickering the pilots agreed to convoy her in with the station ship New York. Thus an international complication was avoided.

### *The Traffic Squad of the Port*

Of course taking ships in and out is mere routine. We are a kind of traffic squad, we pilots. But we have one other duty—like the traffic policeman—and that is to rescue those in peril and save life whenever possible. It is in the rules and regulations that we shall never forget to answer signals of distress. Most people think that this work falls on the revenue cutters and the life-saving crews. We do a lot of it, and sometimes we manage to save a few millions for the stockholders of a big line and the underwriters.

Let's just mention a few instances, without going into details:

Ship Commodore T. H. Allen, afire.

Carmania, aground in Ambrose Channel, December 7, 1907.

Deutschland, ashore in Gedney Channel, June 4, 1903.

Then we often have to rescue the passengers and crew of excursion boats, and nearly always we have saved the vessel too.

The policeman who gets hold of a runaway team and prevents it from killing people usually has his heroic action written up in the papers. We don't, any more than do the life-saving crews. But we don't mind. It is all in the day's work and we are responsible men.

One question that often comes up is that delicate business of handling a new ship. No one knows just what she will do.

Another risk we have to take is running far out to sea on a chance. In the old days—and we did it off the Columbia River—a trip of three or four hundred miles to pick up an incoming ship was nothing to us. Now nothing of the sort is done except in an emergency. Lately we had to go offshore two hundred miles to pilot in a fleet of foreign warships. The weather was bad, and when we sighted them it was a problem to get aboard. Of course we did, but I shan't soon forget the experience. I looked right into the mouth of one of the barbette guns before I succeeded in catching the Jacob's ladder and scrambling to the deck.

I am quite satisfied. We charge ships according to their draft, and some vessels, such as the Imperator, pay as much as one hundred and eighty dollars for inward pilotage, and we nearly always get the same ship out—one hundred and eighty plus one hundred and thirty-one. Of course I don't touch this money myself; it goes to the association. Yet every dollar earned is so much in my pocket. I make a comfortable living and have no complaint. My mitten money—paid from November first to April first—does very well for general expenses, and I find that when the general division is made I am not a poor man.

When all is said and done I like my job. It has that element of romance that I longed for when I used to read Midshipman Easy back in Iowa. And on my last trip I found my mother standing on deck when I mounted from the dory.

"I heard you would have your turn on this ship," she said.

"My goodness," said I. "It's two in the morning!"

"Now that you are in charge I'll go to sleep, son," said she.

That is my reward for learning the ways of the sea and being finally intrusted with ten million dollars' worth of property at a moment's notice.

An hour later I had to anchor the big ship on account of fog. I went down to my mother's room. I pulled my fingers down the lattice. There was no answer. I gently opened the door. My mother was asleep.

She trusted me. And then I knew that I had made good.

# The Magnetic Speedometer Costs the Car Manufacturer More Money than all other Types. Equipment that includes a Magnetic Speedometer is Proof of a Quality Car.

BEFORE *you* buy a new car—before you even consider one seriously—be sure to look very carefully at the speedometer with which it is equipped. See that it is a Stewart "Magnetic Type."

95% of all the automobile manufacturers, who are constantly competing with each other to offer the best, most durable, most reliable equipment with their cars, are unanimous in their endorsement of the *magnetic type* speedometer. They *can* get *other* types for considerably less money. But they prefer to have their reputation and cars judged by association with the magnetic speedometer only. They willingly *pay more* for the magnetic type instrument, because they are far-sighted enough to realize that the continued good will and satisfaction of their customers are not to be jeopardized by even a considerable difference in cost. You will always find the *magnetic type* speedometer on their cars.

Figure it out for yourself. The competition between most automobile manufacturers these days is *not* altogether *price* competition.

**It is a contest to see which can give the most value for a certain price**

So when 95% of all the automobile manufacturers decide absolutely and solely on the *magnetic type* speedometer for their cars—and willingly pay more for it—then there can be no doubt in the mind of every car buyer as to which type of speedometer should be on the car he buys.

Seven years ago the centrifugal type speedometer was used almost universally.

Today nearly 300 car manufacturers equip with the magnetic speedometer *exclusively*. 95% of all Speedometers in use today are Magnetic Type.

About 6 car manufacturers still equip with other types.

When you buy your new car accept none other than the magnetic type speedometer. It is the most modern, reliable and handsome of all speedometers. It will outwear the car.

A magnetic type Stewart Speedometer on the car you buy will cost *you* no more than the other types.

**Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Factories: Chicago and Beloit, Wis.**

**Executive Offices: 1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago.**

*Seventeen branches, also service stations in all cities and large towns*

# Stewart Speedometer

MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

## The most Popular Speedometer in the world

# The best friend of a hostess is the Victrola

The hostess who has a Victrola never need worry about how the evening will "go".

Is there an awkward moment after the guests leave the dinner table? A Victrola will "break the ice".

Do the young people get tired of general conversation? A Victrola will furnish the latest dance music and set their feet to sliding.

Does someone mention a melody from the latest opera? Let us try it on the Victrola.

Always there is the Victrola—the treasure house of entertainment in reserve—never obtrusive but always ready.

Is your home like this? It might be—so easily.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $200, and any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate them to you.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

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